

# DRUMMER

ISSUE 125

4<sup>95</sup>

## DISCOVERY

*of the joys of submission  
of the ecstasy of male sex  
of the pleasure of giving  
of the need for a Master*

## MR. LEATHER NEW YORK

11 hot men on their  
Discovery of Leather

## NEW in DRUMMER

## REAR VIEW MIRROR

Exploration of  
Our Leather Roots

*Naked They Walk  
Without Any Shame  
Drawn Toward Their Masters*

# LIKE MOTHS TO A FLAME

The Dungeons of Europe Part II

## 20 QUESTIONS

Your chance to sound off to Drummer

DISTRIBUTION TO MINORS PROHIBITED



# DRUMMER



photo by Marathon Films

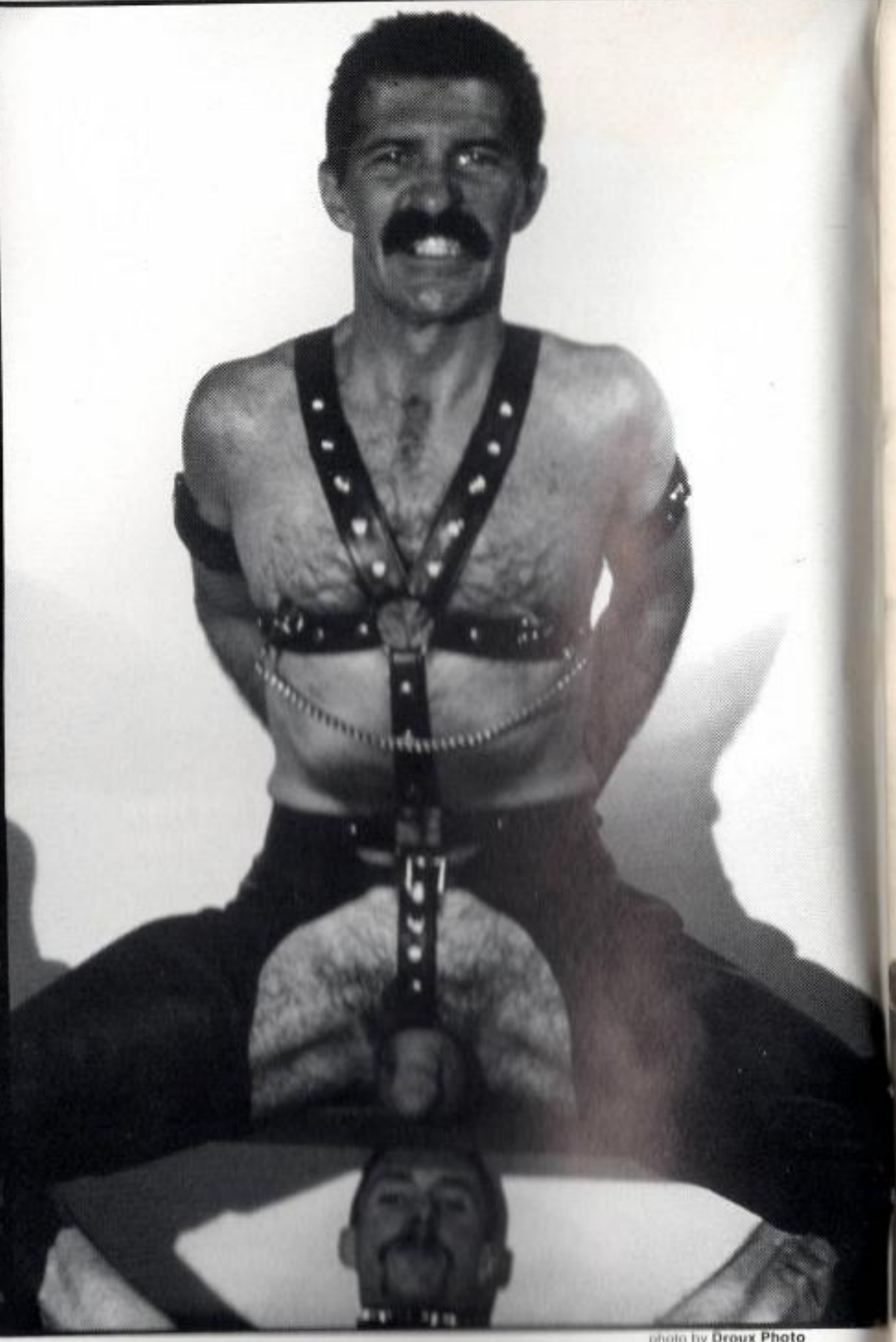


photo by Droux Photo

## SPECIAL FEATURES

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p><b>11</b> <b>Like Moths to A Flame</b><br/>Part 2 of the Dungeons of Europe Trilogy<br/>reviewed by Kevin Wolff</p> <p><b>30</b> <b>Mr. Leather New York Contest</b><br/>Eleven men describe the first time they realized<br/>leather turned them on.</p> | <p><b>50</b> <b>Leathermen Poster</b> by Leon<br/>The final sheet of this six panel mural</p> <p><b>84</b> <b>Ric Turner, Mr. Mid-Atlantic Drummer</b><br/>photos by Droux Photo</p> <p><b>97</b> <b>20 Questions</b><br/>Let us know what you think of Drummer!</p> |
|--|--|



# DRUM

ISSUE 125

"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music he hears, however measured or far away."  
Henry David Thoreau



## FICTION

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Discovery of the pleasures of submission and pain.
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Discovery of male sexuality, and of the joy of giving pleasure
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Fiction by David May, Photos by Satyr Studios  
Discovery of the need for every man to meet his Master

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## NEW IN DRUMMER

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**NEW IN DRUMMER**  
by Fledermaus  
An exploration of our Leather Roots

## Cover

Christian Breesen, the star bottom of Like Moths to a Flame, Part 2 of The Dungeons of Europe trilogy.  
Photo by Marathon Films

## Back Cover

Ric Turner, Mr. Mid-Atlantic Drummer & Sam Schultz, Mid-Atlantic Drummerboy  
Photo by Droux Studio

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PUBLISHER: **Anthony F. DeBlase**

EDITOR: **Fledermaus**

EDITORIAL ASSISTANTS: **Ken Lackey**  
**Paul Martin**

ART DIRECTOR: **Jameo Saunders**

ASSISTANT ART DIRECTOR: **John Wood**

TYPOGRAPHY: **Sal Vatore**

CLASSIFIED AD SERVICES: **Ken Lackey**

FEATURED CONTRIBUTORS:

**Guy Baldwin** **Larry Townsend** **Bill Ward**

FREQUENT CONTRIBUTORS:

Writers:

<b>Michael Agreve</b>	<b>David May</b>	<b>Scott Tucker</b>
<b>Fledermaus</b>	<b>Anthony Santos</b>	<b>Richard A. White</b>
<b>Jack Fritscher</b>	<b>Jay Schaffer</b>	<b>Kevin Wolff</b>
<b>Rick Jackson</b>	<b>Aaron Travis</b>	

Photographers:

<b>Adam &amp; Co.</b>	<b>Scott O'Hara</b>	<b>Satyr Studios</b>
<b>Albert</b>	<b>Old Reliable</b>	<b>Jim Wigler</b>
<b>Altomar</b>	<b>Palm Drive</b>	<b>Zeus Studios</b>

Artists:

<b>Boss</b>	<b>B. Clarke</b>	<b>Leon</b>	<b>R.A.W.</b>
<b>Cavelo</b>	<b>P. Dailey</b>	<b>Mad Dog</b>	<b>Rex</b>
<b>Cirby</b>	<b>The Hun</b>	<b>Olaf</b>	<b>Tallwing</b>

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# OFF THE TOP

Tony DeBlase

## DISCOVERY

You will notice that "Fetish Feature" is no longer emphasized. It was never our intent to make each *Drummer* issue a Theme issue based on the fetish, but merely to feature a particular fetish as a PART of each issue. Sometimes we got carried away but usually the magazine carried quite a bit of material unrelated to the fetish. We will continue to present articles, photo spreads, stories, etc. on particular turn-ons, but only very rarely will these be the dominant subjects in the magazine.

For example, issue 126 will feature motorcycles. Two of the four photo spreads to be included will feature men and bikes (one with former International Mr Leather, Colt Thomas, exposing his cock for the very first time on the pages of any magazine—He even kept it covered up for *Advocate Men*; and the second a HOT action scene with several bikers and several bikes); one of the three pieces of fiction will feature male sex in a straight bike club; and there will be a special selection of Tough Customers interested in motorcycles. The rest of the fiction, photos, etc. will cover a range of interests but with no particular emphasis on motorcycles.

So, with this said, I have to admit that this magazine in your hands is a theme issue of *Drummer*. But the theme is not a fetish. The theme, Discovery, is one of the great joys of life. In Rick Jackson's "Comrades in Arms" a jaded marine discovers the joys of truly giving sexually as he leads a squid through the excitement of finally discovering fulfillment in the male/male sex he has always yearned for. In C. A. Slater's "Discovery" (the inspiration for the theme issue) the protagonist finds the release and fulfillment that come with experiencing submission and pain from a Master who is simultaneously reassuring

and terrifying. In David May's "The Circle is Complete" an experienced Top discovers his need to go bottom to another man.

The eleven Mr. Leather New York contestants each share the first time they discovered that leather turned them on.

In "Like Moths to a Flame" Kevin Wolff, and the rest of us, discover one of the best, if not THE best, SM video produced in years. And in Mr. Mid-Atlantic *Drummer*, and this year's Mid-Atlantic *Drummer* boy we discover the results of a small group of men's work to keep Leather alive and well and on the forefront in the basically homophobic, and "leatherphobic", southern heartland.

This issue also introduces a new column "The Rear View Mirror." The purpose of this will be to help all leather men, and women, discover their roots as we explore the history of our leather community.

Finally, there is the questionnaire on pages 97-98. This is our attempt to discover what you like, and what you dislike, about *Drummer*.

Discovery will continue in *Drummer* 126—where we will finally DISCOVER Colt Thomas' cock; a straight biker will discover that getting his cock sucked isn't half bad, particularly while sitting on his Harley with his hands tied; a Utah boy will discover his real need for a Master; and a man will discover that his lover's leather gear is not frightening, in fact it's a turn on. We will all discover Max Bear, a new comic character, destined to give Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck, and Roger Rabbit heavy competition, at least in leather circles. And in Hoddy Allen's "A Hero's Welcome" we will discover, like Jimmy Stewart in *It's a Wonderful Life*, how one man's life impacts on many others. Howard Cruse is illustrating Hoddy's story and I can't wait to discover what his fertile imagination comes

up with!

Discovery. It's the theme for this issue, but it is also the theme behind much of what *Drummer* does. Please, take the time to complete the questionnaire on pages 97-98 and get it off to us.

## Drummer Subscriptions

I discovered long ago the problems of being a *Drummer* subscriber. I was one, briefly, then I started buying it on the news stand. Bulk mail, which until two years ago was the only kind of subscription possible, takes two to four weeks to be delivered. I know. I now have a subscription that is sent by bulk mail to my home here in the Bay Area. It takes the post office three weeks, on the average, to deliver to me. This time lag is infuriating when a new issue sits on the news stand rack for weeks before the bulk mail subscription arrives. But there is nothing we can do about it.

We did, when we took over publication of *Drummer*, initiate first class mail subscriptions. This is considerably more expensive: first class postage rates are nearly ten times bulk mail rates, but first class mail is infinitely more efficient.

Thus we have decided to stop offering bulk mail subscriptions to any of our publications. Beginning immediately all new subscriptions will be at the first class rate and will receive priority shipping. A problem in the past has been space, when the new issue arrives there is no room to move here. We have to get the large wholesale orders out so we have room to process subscriptions. But we have made new arrangements with the printer. Beginning with issue 126 we will receive a small first shipment which will go out to First Class subscribers before the rest of the magazine is even delivered to us! First class subscribers will also get first class service. □

**CAUTION:** Every decision a person makes, including the decision to get out of bed in the morning, has some degree of risk associated with it. We strongly believe that each competent adult must set for themselves the level of risk he or she is willing to accept. Some avoid crossing streets in heavy traffic—others stunt-ride motorcycles without a helmet. However, to intelligently confront and accept risk, a person *must* understand the dangers.

While *Drummer* hopes to educate its

readers on a wide variety of topics, its main purpose is to entertain! Works of fiction presented in this magazine are just that—fiction! They are not in any way intended to suggest or describe activities that anyone should—or often could—actually do. They are meant for entertainment only. In other than fictional pieces, we will emphasize safe sex with respect to contagious diseases and safe and sane behavior with respect to all activities and will try to point out all activities which deviate

from generally recognized safe-sex and safe-and-sane play activities. However, Desmodus, Inc., its officers and stockholders, the editors and staff of *Drummer*, columnists, authors, artists and other contributors to this publication and other organs of Desmodus, Inc. cannot be held responsible for accidents, injuries or other misfortunes that result from proper or improper application of information imparted or ideas generated by materials in *Drummer*, or from other Desmodus, Inc. products.



# MALE CALL

## THE NOSE KNOWS

Really enjoyed the Bears/Mountain Men issue and the stories were of a quality that *Drummer* should have more of.

In 116 Malecall someone complained of being asked to put out a cigar. Well, there are several things that the world can do without at bars as far as most are concerned. Stinking cigars (and maybe cigs, too); deafening music so loud it's dangerous to the health and any form of possible conversation; and assholes that smell like they fell into a cologne bottle.

If the writer is so concerned that he must have a cigar in his face to have the personality he thinks he is trying to project let him just stand around with an unlit stogie.

After all he'd look the same and probably smell much better in bed. . . and not wake up the next morning sounding like the last gasps of breath will end his day.

Remember, Telly S. ("Kojak") looked pretty hot with his lollipop!

—H. M., Bridgeport, CT

***Drummer* strongly endorses the rights of individuals to make their own choices regarding such personal matters as what to put in one's mouth. When we decide to go out in public, we inherently give up the right to completely control our surroundings. Otherwise, we might as well just stay at home.**

—KJL

## PIPE DREAMS

The receipt of *Drummer* #122 has made my day! I subscribed to *Drummer* approximately six months ago after purchasing a copy locally, because I noticed that two of my three fetishes were to be featured in upcoming issues, namely #119 (hairy, bearded bears,) and the most recent, #122 (cigar studs.) The wait for both issues was worth every minute.

I'm a 28 year old tall, smooth skin blond and I have always been turned on by big, hairy, bearded men smokin' big cigars, but even more so by men smokin' a pipe. I thoroughly enjoy getting off while smokin' a bowl and playin' with my hairy, bearded lover.

I have never seen this fetish featured in any publication and request that *Drummer* feature the "dreams of a pipe smoker." I am excited to see in the "Dear Sir:" section of issue #122 an ad for "pipe smokers' club forming," which of course I plan to join.

Keep up the good work and I'll be on your mailing list forever!

—P.S. (Pipe Smoker) / Ft. Lauderdale, FL

Okay, fine, but have you ever watched a "Kojak" rerun while sucking on a lollipop? Now, *there's* a thrill!

—KJL

## HIGH ON GUY

I have been wanting to let you know how valuable I find "The Ties that Bind," by Guy Baldwin, M.S. I've been reading his column in *Drummer* since you began offering it.

Guy's approach to the SM lifestyle, particularly Master-Slave relationships, reflects my personal philosophy. I am in a relationship with a slave trainee and have him read each column. (I photocopied past columns for him.) My slave is very eager to learn, anxious to serve me properly, and appreciates having Guy's writing to help him.

"The Ties that Bind" is, believe it or not, the first part I read in each *Drummer*. Such a high quality column contributes to the fine level of the magazine as a whole. Thank you for including Guy Baldwin as a regular contributor!

—Drew Nicholas / San Francisco, CA

**We're extremely gratified by the positive response to "Ties that Bind." Consistently Guy presents provocative and highly original thinking on S/M relationships, and it keeps getting better! It speaks well of our readership that they want to do more than just beat off. Yes, we're very proud of Guy's column.**

—KJL

## KEEP THE FAITH

After reading KR of Portland, OR's letter I had to write to let him know that many of us who read *Drummer* and who are into the leather scene, if we were totally honest, could definitely sign our names to his letter.

Coming out is the most difficult part of accepting our way of life and by writing his letter to *Drummer* he has begun that difficult process. Every one of us is behind you and believe me, KR, as rough and as scary as those black colors are, the best is yet to come. Top or bottom, it will be the best experience of your life. You can consider this leatherman a friend. Good luck and take that next step.

—Master Mike / MI

## NO REGRETS

I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart for publishing "View From a Sling." Geoff, I want to thank you from the depths of my soul and cunt for writing it.

Flooded with vivid, never to be forgotten memories of my experiences at the Catacombs, where only a few years ago (feels

like a century!) these "special brothers" shared with me, a woman, their ecstasies.

Yes, "we did embrace infinity" through the giving and the taking of the "mancunt," and in my case, "womancunt." And how I did "love their soul where I could really grab onto it," and vice versa!

Now I have lost so many of these "special brothers." In the memory of their exploded beauty in the Catacombs playpen, in the memory of their absolute openness, in the memory of their ecstatic screams. . . thank you for publishing Geoff Mains' marvelous account.

Geoff, thank you for your courage in telling the world how beautiful and significant that part of our life was, and that you have no regrets. "Non rien de rien, non je ne regrette rien." (Edith Piaf)

—Carla Wood / San Francisco, CA

**We three share some of the same memories, and Geoff certainly made them reverberate for me as well. Geoff Mains, who wrote so tenderly in "View From a Sling," will have a novel, *Gentle Warriors*, published by Knight's Press in April. Look for an excerpted chapter from the book in *Drummer* 127.**

—KJL

## SIT UP AND BEG

I would be remiss if I failed to mention just how much I enjoyed Jay Shaffer's "HOUNDED" (with illustration by the incomparable Rex,) in *Drummer* number 119. The story touched on a subject near and dear to my heart, and I have jacked-off to it any number of times since the priceless issue has graced my nightstand.

Since I have been accused by friends of often failing to pay attention, it should come as no surprise that I cannot remember *Drummer* ever printing any other fiction/nonfiction works that focused on similar elements of traditionally "forbidden" sexuality. Should I be whipping out my checkbook to order back-issues I overlooked; should I be rummaging through the stacks in my closets for morsels of exotic erotica that I failed to notice while looking at all your great photos and drawings? I would be forever grateful if you could provide an index of sorts to any of your back issues that may be of SPECIAL INTEREST to me. Arf, arf.

—M. J. / Dallas, TX

**You ain't nothin' but a Hound Dog! Whip out your checkbook and order a copy of Mach 8. You're sure to pant over the Harold Shaw photo spread, "Wolf-**



gang and I". I can also recommend Kai's confessional, "My Five Years as a Dog" with accompanying photos by Jim Wigler, which appeared in Mach 6. These back issues are available from Desmodus at \$5.00 each, plus \$1.00 postage per magazine. Also check out *Drummer* 86, for a story called "Mutt," by Hal de Compton, and issue 98 for "A Dog's Life" and "A Weekend with Daddy," by William Kilmer.

—KJL

## SLAVE SETH SPEAKS

*Drummer* 116 had several areas of excitement and interest for me, none of which were related to the fetish feature: Underwear. The topics which interested me are the following:

(1) Drum in the pictorial caricature got himself punished by the young man's father when the trio had to line up to receive a strapping in the barn; Drum ends by saying that it was the hottest barn dance that he ever attended.

(2) Guy Baldwin wrote in his column about "cueing" beginning in a relationship with the early training sessions and continuing with a proper understanding for action by both the bottom and top.

(3) In "Male Call" a writer-Master tells of his longevity of 14 years with slave tim, giving some details of their relationship; a reader had to feel that his slave did know his proper place in life.

(4) Also in "Male Call" a black slave

was dissatisfied with the pictorial and prose coverage in *Drummer* concerning black men in action; *Drummer* responded well to what may have had a flavor of racism; you documented much coverage of pictures and stories of blacks over the years in publishing *Drummer*. The reasons for my excitement and interest in the above topics are the following:

(A) i remembered when i was a bad boy at home in the South, my Daddy would send me out to the barn; he would take the strap from the nail where it hung and i would shuck off my well-worn jeans, bend and grab my ankles and take a good whipping from Daddy's strap. i was a bad boy and deserved his punishments frequently in our barn i remembered Daddy would say, "I need to tan your hide again, Seth!" But, that was an inside joke since my bare ass was black as coal and could never be tan. Or, another of Daddy's malapropos comments was, "Seth, I'll warm your buns 'till you have a fiery red ass!" i vividly recalled Daddy's leather strap.

(B) My Master had followed Guy Baldwin's "cueing" in my first training session; Master's single word terms sent the signal to my brain as to what was proper for me as a slave to do on cue. e.g.: "Sit" means to strip naked and sit on the floor before Master; "Stand" is for me to be naked, stand before Master with my head and eyes downward in humble submission, with my arms behind my back. "Under" indicates that i should be naked and crawl under his desk and stay there until he gives the command "Up!" "Code S!" means i will be punished with his black, wide leather strap for being a bad slave. "Code W!" tells me that i will be punished with his leather braided whip. Master's other cues are related to a stern look, a pointed index finger, or holding his right ear to mean total silence and no action. i was trained well from the start and the understanding is complete on my part; in an important sense, these cues are part of Master's discipline.

(C) i understand what the "Male Call" writer-Master was explaining about longevity because my Master who is white and i as a slave, have been together for five years. This has not been easy but it has been a lasting relationship. My white Master makes his black slave know his rightful place. Our two cultures and values are so different so adjustments have been difficult but not impossible. 1,826 days together is longevity; slave tim and i are out there in real life. Furthermore, my Master disciplines "his nigger" as a white Master would have done in the 1850s in the South. But, i get what i would expect; when i am a bad slave, i get punished; Master uses his strap on my black bare ass or

lashes my black bare back with his whip. My manners and behavior must match his standards. i am well trained and well disciplined. i have not always been that way and i have come a long way in some painful years, but i have the highest respect for my white Master and his corrections. We are happy and this relationship has lasted through trials.

(D) i am like the "Male Call" black slave-writer and i often had the same points that he had to offer in his letter to *Drummer*. You explained it well and to my satisfaction. You have no racism. You have now and in the past presented black men and his number is not great in real life of this community. The black slave seems frustrated and angry and i understand this, but you have presented your defense and your case. Maybe, your writer needs to take courage, defined as that quality of mind which enables one to meet dislikes, dangers and difficulties with firmness.

i know i need courage when i have been a bad slave and i must strip off my workshirt, my jeans and my workshoes and in my small stature, stand naked in all the blackness of my flesh, before my white Master who is strong and powerful in stature. It takes courage when Master lashes my bare back with his whip in forceful cuts across my flesh or as he whips my bare ass with his leather strap in a criss-cross fashion. But, i need to be mastered and disciplined and he is my Master, a reality that i learned a long time ago.

i do not believe that we as human beings are all equal, but that a hierarchy does exist in society; balance is probably a better term for this reality. e.g. father-and-son; teacher-and-student; rich-and-poor; Master-and-slave; employer-and-employee, etcetera.

Another reality is in the good-and-bad code of ethics and the parallel with reward-and-punishment. Personally, i may be good or bad; i may receive reward or punishment. We all fit into a balance as nature has a balance.

i need the courage to properly see that i am a slave in the hierarchy; i need the domination and submission and humiliation. I need my Master who is the counter-balance for me; he dominates; he commands; he disciplines. This is not just a philosophy of life for me but reality in daily life as a slave who happens to be black, with a Master who happens to be white. (Seth is the Hebrew word meaning "appointed.") Sir, i am not a dumb nigger, but a well-educated one although a slave should not be arrogant about who he is and his qualities; i do not mean to be uppity but Master may want to use his strap on me because of these last few lines. Humbly . . .

slave-seth/Van Nuys, CA

# PETER'S PHONE ACTION

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AMEX

MUST BE OVER 18





# DRUM

DRUM HAS BEEN  
KIDNAPPED AND HELD  
CAPTIVE BY A GANG  
WHO HOPE TO BLACK-  
MAIL DRUM'S FATHER  
TO USE HIS POLICE  
CONNECTIONS TO  
HELP THEM PULL  
OFF A BANK  
ROBBERY...

HI! THIS IS ANDY -  
A BARTENDER AT THE  
IRON BAR! WE'VE GOT  
A DRUNK IN HERE TALKING  
REAL WILD...

"SOMETHING ABOUT HAVING  
A GUY TIED UP AND WHO  
IS GONNA HAVE THE SHIT  
FUCKED OUTTA HIM IF THE  
GUY'S DADDY DOESN'T  
PLAY BALL ...

RIGHT! SEE IF  
YOU CAN KEEP HIM  
THERE! GIVE HIM PLENTY  
TO DRINK, I'LL PICK UP  
THE BILL. I'LL GET  
THERE SOON AS I CAN  
TO CHECK HIM OUT!  
THANKS, ANDY, I  
APPRECIATE THIS!







00 JUST AS A PRECAUTION  
I'LL MASK MYSELF. THIS  
GUY IN THE IRON-BAR  
MAY KNOW ME AS  
DRUM'S  
FATHER

HEY,  
MARK- THIS  
IS DRUM'S  
DAD...

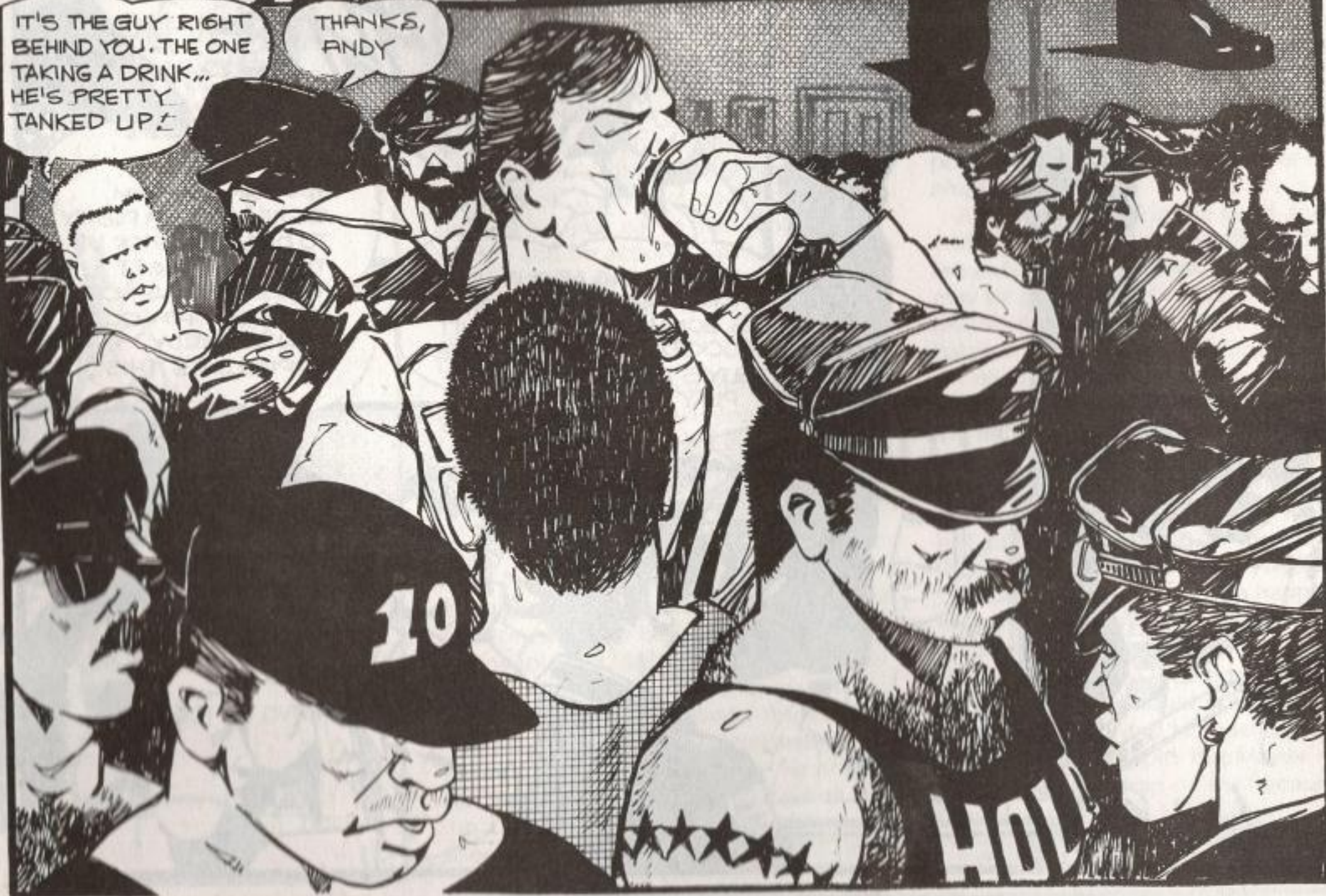


...CAN I USE  
YOUR PLAY-ROOM  
TONIGHT? I MIGHT  
NEED TO GET  
SOME INFORMATION  
OUT OF A DUDE...

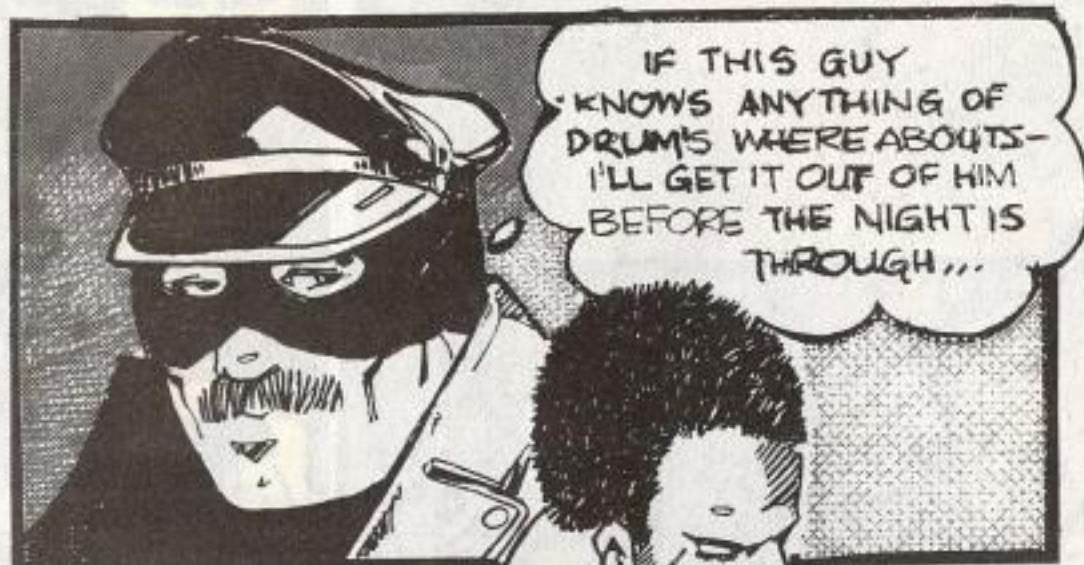


IT'S THE GUY RIGHT  
BEHIND YOU. THE ONE  
TAKING A DRINK...  
HE'S PRETTY  
TANKED UP!

THANKS,  
ANDY

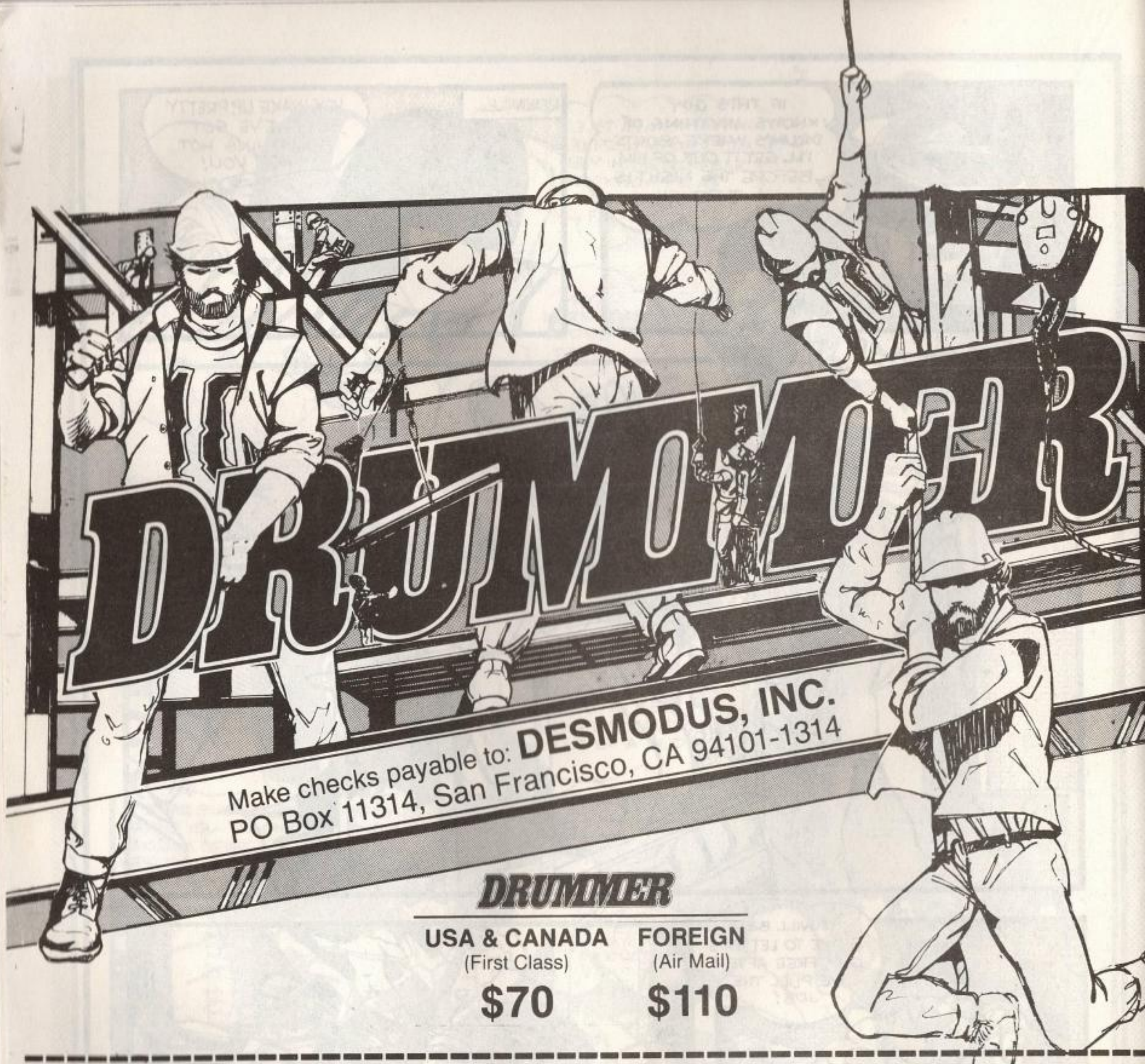






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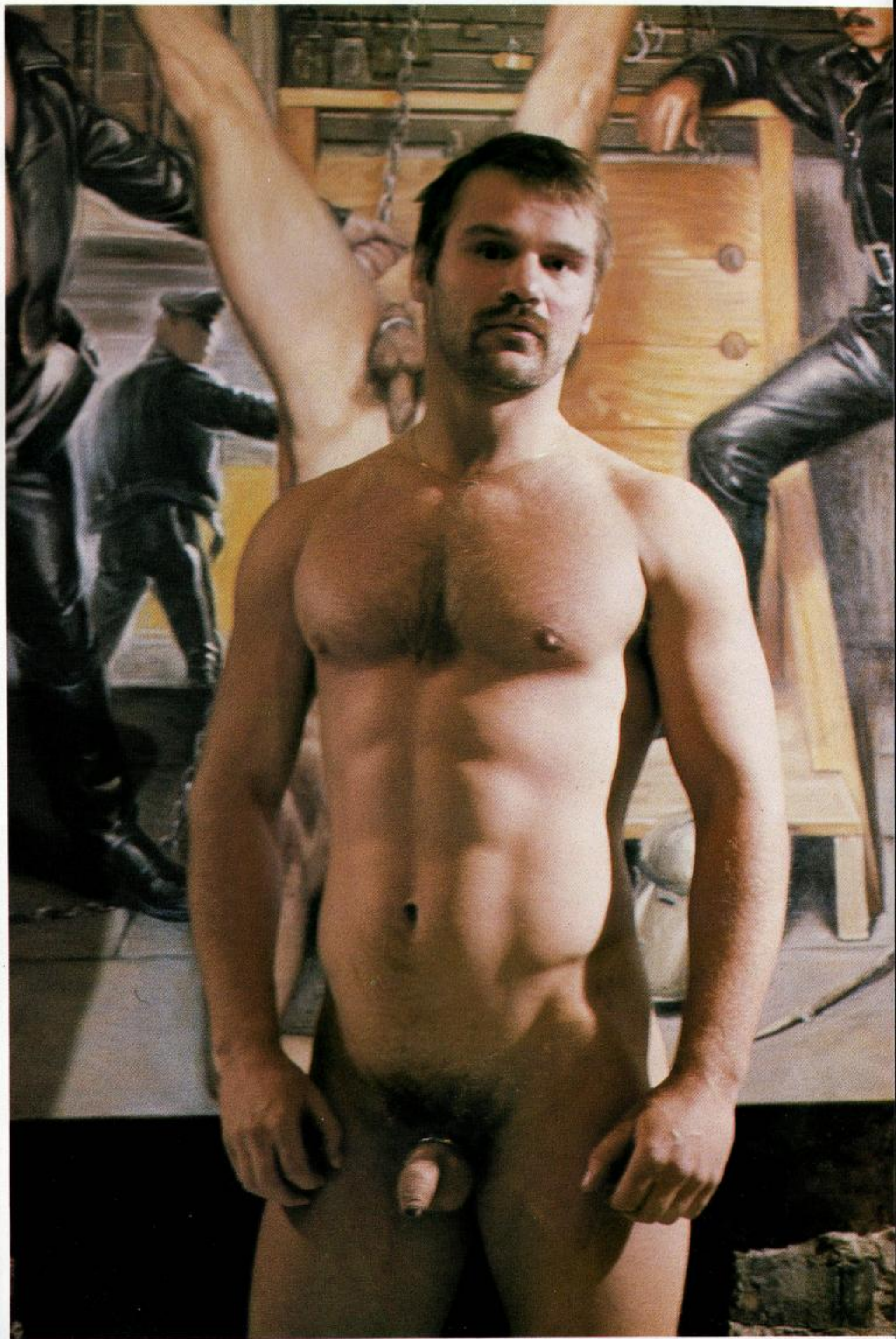
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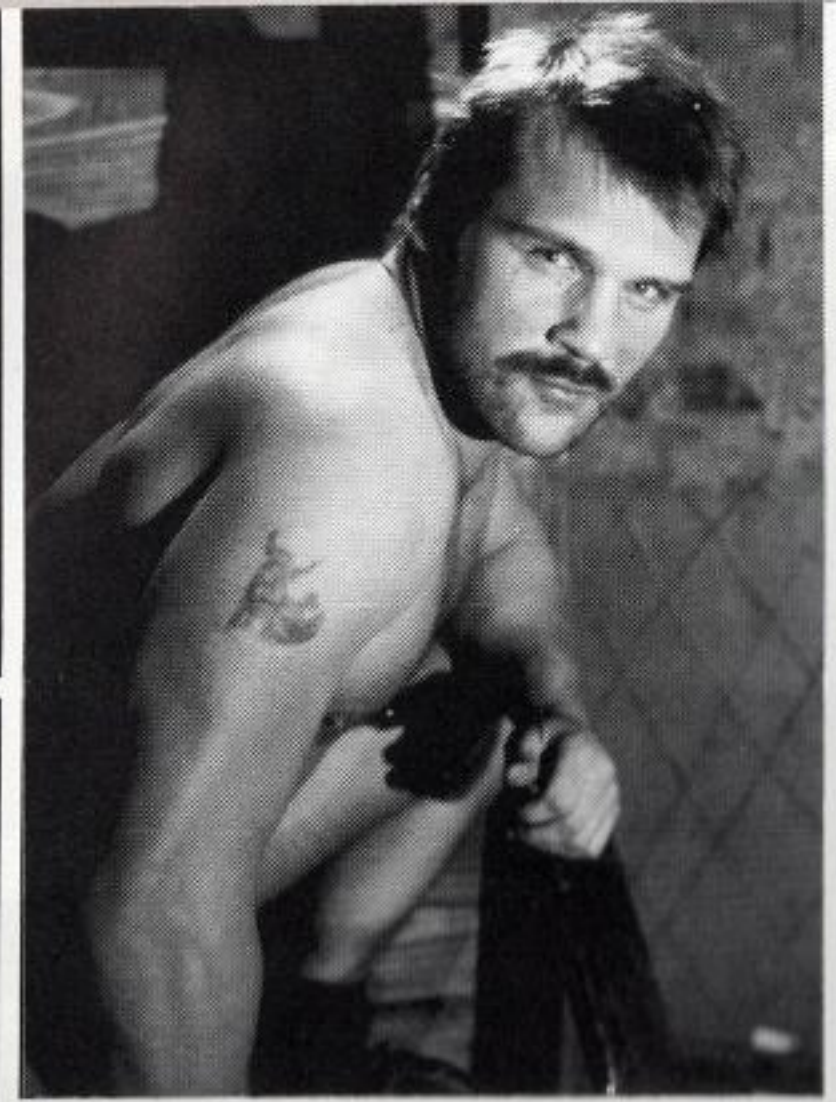
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# NAKED THEY WALK

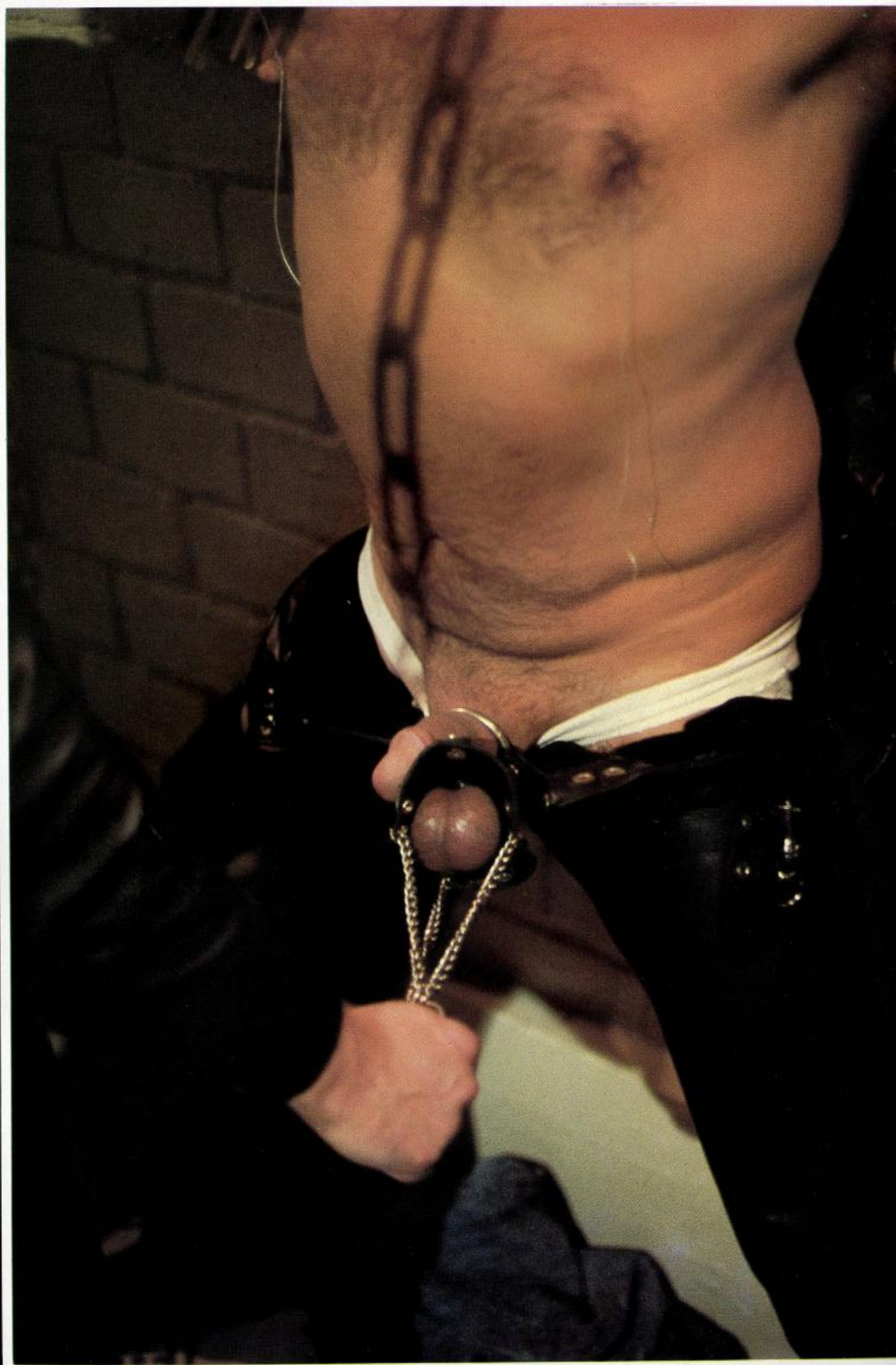




**WITHOUT ANY SHAME**







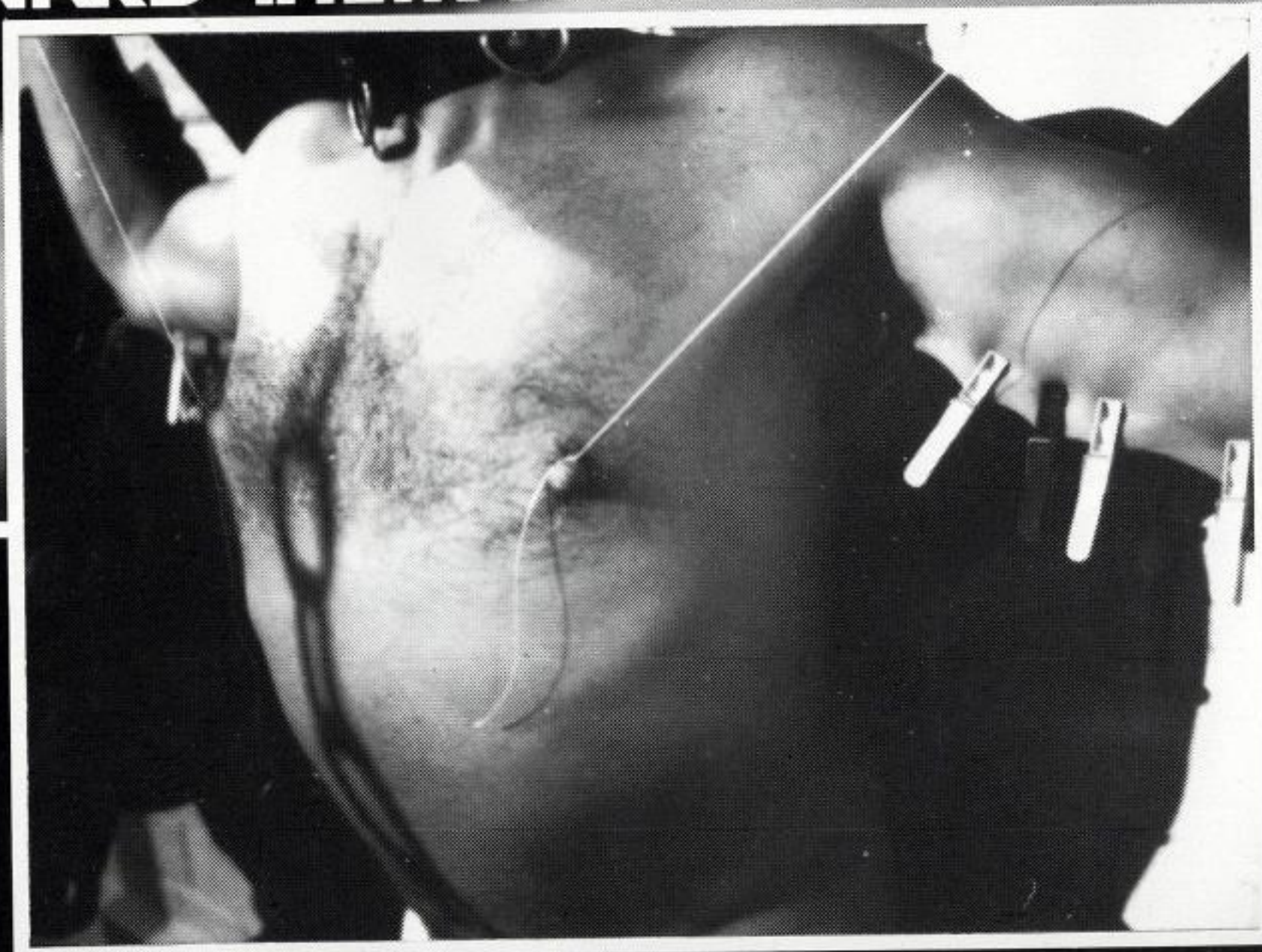








**DRAWN TOWARD THEIR MASTERS**





**LIKE MOTHS TO A**





## NAKED THEY WALK



### Delivers the Goods

Thank you, Roger Earl and Terry Le Grand. Thank you, men of "Dungeons of Europe." I believe, this time, you've done it.

*Like Moths to a Flame*, the second installment in the "Dungeons of Europe" trilogy, has just been released. And it was well worth the wait. They've served up a feast which *Drummer* readers will truly savor.

This is an exciting, hot film, well-paced, with stunning men, some very original trips, great camera work, stimulating editing, and no contrived story line. This film is just hot action, pure and simple.

The movie opens in a Frankfurt playroom. This first segment is just an appetizer, not really long enough for my taste, but it whets the palate. In seven minutes of footage, blond hunk Christian Breesen gets quite a workout from David Schultz, who crops and paddles Breesen into a sweat.

Just when I was ready for the next stage in that scene, the film shifts to London for a little light bondage and shaving with two very hot leathered men, Dave Gregory and Ken Dearn. Gregory, the Top, likes Dearn so much that he later decides to take his boy across town for a visit with England's famous Mr. Sebastian for a few piercings and a new tattoo.

We're not talking rings in a nipple or two. How about both nipples, the belly button, a guiche (below the balls,) another ring at the base of Dearn's dick, a fifth through the frenum, and a Prince Albert! I should note that these piercings are recorded with taste and performed in Mr. Sebastian's studio with great attention to sterility. Mr. Sebastian insisted on filming this in his office, according to Earl, and Earl precedes the segment with a cautionary note about piercing.

For the second course, Mr. Sebastian adds a serpent to an eagle tattoo that already adorns Dearn's beautiful dimpled ass. Mr. Sebastian is a wonderful sight himself, with dozens of intricate tattoos, piercings sprouting from every possible point of application, including an ivory bone through his nose.

Without skipping a beat, the action moves to Amsterdam, where we get the breezy glimpse of the infamous red light district before we descend with Top Ben Kent and bottom Ted DeBurin into a basement dungeon.

Kent inflicts some ingenious tit torture on a hooded DeBurin using a little fishing line (most Tops I know can't stay out of hardware stores and such.) Then he practically pulls off DeBurin's cock and balls, slowly. I even learned a little Dutch along the way, such as "Yezus Kristus!" Then it's into a sling for DeBurin, and a very hot cum scene.

After a kiss, we find ourselves back in a London playroom with the two hottest men in the

who is the Top in the dentist chair *Pictures from the Black Dance, to a Flame.*

is altogether one of the most video, in this case.) Attired in a chrome cock rings, he down, then spansks him in a rubber strips. Johnson is at once

yourself. Suffice to say that, for is when Johnson, clad in his a bad boy on a pony. It is a to his obvious love of playing. beautifully.

detail shots. Detail was often for missing some important from the *Black Dance* was also *Moths to a Flame* has no such were longer, absolutely, a to post-production editor Al

atmosphere, and in places and elongates playroom noises

and moans and groans from the players. It was often difficult to tell the real clinking of chains from the added tinkling bells. Earl says this was their intent and, if so, it works. On a couple of occasions I felt V.A.P. should have toned down the synth-processed groaning. Here and there it seems misplaced and melodramatic. But these are small criticisms.

One additional note. The film begins with a statement about S/M being "safe sex," and that this film seeks to promote this understanding. *Like Moths to a Flame* is generally true to this preface, although some viewers may differ with several demonstrations of pre-orgasmic, uncondomed dick-sucking. Otherwise, the film does a good job of demonstrating that people can have hot S/M sex and be safe, too.

In addition to producer Terry Le Grand and associate producer Jan Otterman, acknowledgments are due several people and establishments who contributed to the "Dungeons of Europe" series. They include: Larry Townsend; Maurice Stewart and Fellers of London and New York; Steve and Tony of Expectations; Brian Derbyshire; H.I.M. magazine; The Colhern, London; Schlosshotel Maonrepos, Frankfurt; Rob of Amsterdam; Charles Roden, Amsterdam; and three other Amsterdam establishments: Blue Boy, Le Boy, and the Victoria Hotel.

Gentlemen, dinner is served!

—Kevin Wolff □

"Dungeons of Europe" series so far (to my mind,) Dick Johnson, and suspension scenes from the first "Dungeons of Europe" video, and Christian Breesen, the bottom in the first scene in *Like Moths*

The interaction between these two men is a feast in itself. Johnson exciting, fascinating, and original men to ever stalk celluloid (or full body rubber suit, rubber boots, a motorcycle cap and several voraciously makes love to Breesen. First he hangs Breesen upside stocks, then he mummifies Breesen on a rotating table with wide tender and as ferocious as a lion hunting a herd of zebras.

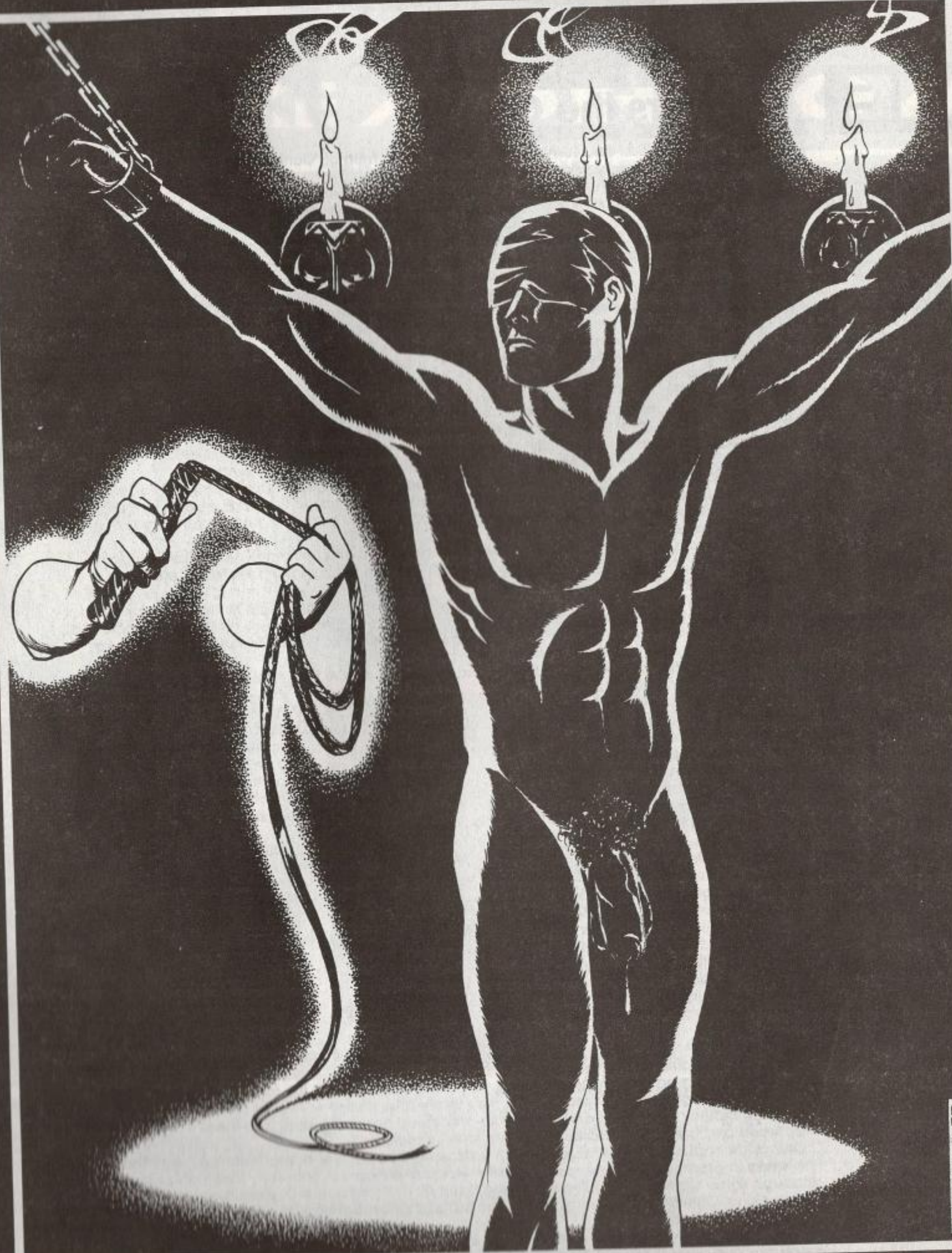
I'll let you discover the marvelous details of these fabulous scenes me, the most exciting moment I've ever witnessed in a gay sex film shiny rubber suit, leaps on Breesen's naked back and rides him like spontaneous moment that reveals Johnson's complete abandon Director Roger Earl and photographer Kevin Wolf capture the moment

In fact, one of the things I love about this film is the solid use of lacking in *Pictures from the Black Dance*, and that film was criticized opportunities to excite the viewer. Part of the problem with *Pictures* slow pace and editing that frustrated the storytelling process. *Like* problems. It moves quickly, and left me eager for more. I wish it comment I rarely make about sex films. Credit for this also belongs Burton.

The music, which was again created by V.A.P., creates a surreal becomes almost hypnotic. Often, the music directly complements







DRUMMER 125  
20



# DISCOVERY

by C. A. Slater

Art by Burton Clarke



How do I describe my thoughts on that evening? Sitting in the quiet security of my home, waiting to be picked up and delivered to a stranger, I reflected back in time. I recalled the days and nights of dreaming of what I had believed was impossible. My feelings were a dark secret then, a stain on my soul, the mark that set me apart from others. Yet even as I had guarded my secret, another part of me protested the lack of fairness; proclaimed the beauty and truth to be found in the dark spaces.

Fortunately, in time I found a friend who understood the dark spaces. He offered me support and assurance, but—since his need was the same as, not the complement of mine—it was not enough. So, as I continued to hide who I was my friend searched for something to offer to me.

On that fateful evening I wondered what was being offered: a moment of fulfillment; a lesson; a look at the truth; or a test? "Whatever it is, I am ready; and whatever I return home with will be real."

I prepared carefully. In some ways my entire life had been a preparation. From the moment when my friend had told me that there was a man, a true Master, who would see me (use me, test me, teach me,) I began to prepare. I had been given one week, which seemed both too short and too long. Part of me was ruled by clock and calendar, counting the minutes; yet, another part of me felt that a lifetime of preparation would not be enough. To offer oneself totally, one must possess one's whole self; and few ever achieve that. But a week of preparation was all I had, so I rested, exercised, thought, played, worked, meditated, partied, ate, prayed—in effect I lived as fully as possible.

Eventually the week ended and the appointed day—the day that would be different from any other day—arrived. My sense of the difference of the day affected me from the moment I awoke. Even as I went through the routine moves of my work there was a sense of change. By nine o'clock I sat on my couch, ready—bathed, shaved, douched, dressed (I hoped appropriately)—with one hour remaining until . . . "Until what," I thought. "A beginning, an ending, or both?"



It had been agreed that my friend would pick me up at nine-thirty since I was to be delivered precisely at ten. So I sat there having nothing to do but spend a half an hour alone with myself and wonder who I would be when I returned. At five after nine my reverie was interrupted by the ringing of the doorbell. It was my friend, coming early to make sure I was all right; to take me for a walk instead of leaving me to fret. We talked for a few minutes, until he was assured that I was as settled as I could be and then we left. It was a pleasant evening and as we walked he suggested that we drop in on an artist friend of his whose work he thought I would appreciate.

"John knows we might drop by and time is no problem; our ultimate destination is nearby," he said.

As we walked he talked about John, describing him as one of the best stained glass artists in the city; telling me how his sensitivity and strength showed in his work. Soon we were climbing the stairs of a stately Victorian, the door to one of the flats was opened and introductions were being made. As we settled ourselves with wine and a discussion of art the part of me that was leaning toward ten o'clock saw all that was happening as a scene from a Fellini film. It was all somehow unreal, yet more real than compared to what lay before me. Nonetheless I found myself being drawn into the conversation, and towards John. His voice was like his art; gentle yet firm and sure, all reflected in a Montana drawl. He had a confidence about himself which was expressed by his steady eye contact when he spoke to you, and by the ease with which he moved and rested in his muscular, six foot four body. There was something compelling about his face: strong jaw, full lips, dark brown eyes surrounded by laugh and frown lines, short dark brown wavy hair and a carefully trimmed full beard. It was the face of a man who was truly alive. As he sat there, his huge body comfortable settled in a leather armchair, smiling and talking, I found myself thinking that were it not for the dark spaces in me I would seek out this man (or one like him,) to share a part of my life with. Those thoughts brought back an awareness of the dark spaces and a concern about the time. At that moment John got up and excused himself for a minute.

I glanced nervously at the clock, lit a cigarette, and mentioned to my friend that it was getting late. "Don't worry, we have a little time yet. We'll be on our way as soon as John gets back," he said.

Just then I heard (or maybe only sensed) movement in the doorway. When I looked up John was standing there, towering over me as I sat immobile on the couch. The bill of his cap cast a shadow over his eyes; his full mouth was barely smiling; a heavy leather jacket embraced the upper part of his body, hanging open to reveal a muscular chest covered with a thick mat of hair; and black leather pants encased his powerful legs like a second skin. He stood there, perfectly still but not rigid, his heavy leather boots planted firmly on the floor. I looked across the room to my friend and breathed a silent "Thank you. When you said He was a true Master i should have known He would be like this."

Then John walked over to me, looked down from his full height and said, "Would you like to see My playroom?" in a tone of voice that, although soft, turned the question into a command.

I don't know how long I sat there, mute, overwhelmed with terror and hearing the question, "How will you survive if you say 'Yes' and then disappoint Him?" pounding away in my skull. Slowly, despite my terror, I looked up, nodded my head yes and stood, waiting—waiting for Him to take me to anyplace that suited Him.

John turned and walked out of the room, having said, "Come." I followed him out the back door and down a steep winding dark stairway to the basement. At the bottom of the steps I was directed to walk straight ahead, further into the darkness, and with each step I felt more vulnerable. Finally I felt a hand on my shoulder.

"Stop." We were next to a door, which he opened.

"Step down." I walked into a room that was more than a room; it was another reality, a dream come true, a temple or a purgatory. I was two or three steps into that room when I heard the door being closed and locked behind me.

There is no way to describe the entirety of what I saw. All I can put down are word images of each of the parts. The room was panelled in

a rich dark wood, and dimly lit by candles held in wrought iron holders. The ceiling was marked by heavy wood beams with chains and pulleys attached. In one corner there was a sink, a toilet, shelves that were stacked with towels, lubricants, clips, clothespins, razor items I couldn't make out, and a cassette deck that was playing a throbbingly intense electronic music. Along the wall opposite me were two wood frame armchairs with leather seats and backs, and a small wood table between them. Hanging from hooks along another wall were whips, cuffs, dildoes, hoods, cockrings, weights, straps, ropes, and more items that I didn't understand. The center of the room was dominated by a huge table, three-and-a-half feet high, four feet wide, eight feet long, resting on a four foot square base. Its top was completely covered with black leather. At each corner of the table there was a chain that ran to hooks in the overhead beams. I had only a moment to take all this in when my attention was distracted.

John had silently moved up behind me and was standing so close I could sense his breathing even though we weren't touching. As I felt my breath catch and my knees go weak he reached around me with both arms, his right hand holding my left hip and his left hand pressing my right ribcage, drawing me to him. From that contact I drew the strength for a firm stance—a stance that said I would remain there forever—and my body yielded itself to him, saying that I was his. Slowly, easily, I felt myself being lifted until my head was against his shoulder and my feet were clear of the floor. I reached back and placed my hands against his thighs, using my body's strength to let him know that I would work with him on the journey we were about to take.

I felt his thigh muscles tense as he walked around the table to the other side of the room. Each step that he took fed the fear in me and my voice in my head kept chanting "What if you fail?" He stopped before the chairs and lowered me until my feet touched the floor. Just as I myself approaching the edge of panic his lips brushed my ear saying:

"Don't be afraid. I only want to use you and teach you. Stay with Me and be open to Me—I'll help you—and we'll get to where we were meant to be. If at any point the fear becomes too great and you need My help, simply say My name. Otherwise you will address Me as Master. Do you understand—and do you trust Me?"

"Yes Sir, i trust you more than i trust myself."

With that He turned me around and, holding my face with massive hands He lowered His mouth to mine—slowly, tantalizingly until i ached with hunger for the taste of Him. He touched my lips with the tip of His tongue while exerting a steady pressure on the back of my neck, indicating that it was time for me to assume the proper position—on my knees before Him. the moment i was where He wanted me He stepped forward. Still holding my head He ground his crotch into my face. Feeling the outline of His cock i lost control, opening my mouth wide to caress Him with lips and tongue. The hotness of my breath, or possibly the pleasure of a new slave, or maybe an awareness of His own power began to affect Him, stimulating His cock.

"you want that, don't you?"

"Oh, God, yes," i moaned.

"Yes, Sir," i heard as i felt the sting of His slap on my face.

"Yes, Sir."

"Good. Stay with Me; no matter what happens, stay with Me! You are like that! You're Mine now, you belong to Me. This is what you want to be owned and used, isn't it?"

"Yes, Sir," i whispered.

"Louder."

"YES, SIR!"

"Good. Look at Me!" Lifting my head, my heart ached as my eyes lost contact with Him.

"What are you? Right this minute, kneeling in front of Me who are you?"

"i want to say, 'Anything You want me to be,' and i'm afraid to, say that and fail, then i've lied." He looked deep into my eyes and i knew deeply that i could feel Him penetrate to my soul.

"Down, go further down. Don't stop until you can go no further."



saying He lifted His hands from me. i lowered myself until i was lying face down on the floor, my head next to His left boot. Inside myself i also sank, deeper and deeper, until i was my dark spaces.

He caressed me with His voice as He said:

"you have a power, the power to give and surrender, the power to let go. Listen to yourself. Hear the voice whispering deep inside you. That voice will tell you that I'm right. Believe that voice. Believe Me. Now, what are you?"

This time i knew that i could say it and know it was true.

"Anything You want me to be, Sir," As i spoke His boot inched forward until it touched my face.

"Lick it!" As i tongued His boot i heard a zipper opening.

"Kneel up," He commanded.

i raised myself onto my knees. He used one hand to free His cock and cover it with a rubber, while His other hand clamped itself to the back of my neck. Once free His cock seemed to pulse. Very slowly i leaned forward to see if He would allow me the privilege of taking Him in my mouth. As i felt the press of His hand encouraging me on i slowed my breathing, focused on my lips, tongue and throat—vowing to express all that i was feeling in the way i touched Him. First i took only the cap in, letting it rest against the warm moistness of my mouth. Then i began to rotate my tongue, sliding the tip under the ridge to moisten my lips. Focusing myself i used my breath to relax my throat muscles. My mouth began its descent, my lips firmly holding Him while my tongue swirled and stroked along the underside. Finally i had taken all that i could. "God, He's huge," i thought. i have fairly good control of my throat muscles, but even relaxing as much as possible my lips were still two inches from the base. He pulled back a bit as His hand exerted a firmer control on the back of my head.

"you'll take it. Just like I want. you'll take it all, deep. It will gag you, choke you, but you'll take it." As He spoke His hands moved from my Head to my nipples. He took hold of them; pinching, pulling. As i began to moan He started thrusting His cock in my mouth, going deeper with each stroke.

"Yeah, that's good. Open up. Take it all."

One of His hands reached up and grabbed my neck, pressing me against Him as He rammed His cock to its full length down my throat. At first i was amazed that i would take it all; then, since my breath was cut off i began to choke. i held fast a while longer—wanting so desperately to please Him—until, against my will, i began to struggle. He held me a bit longer, letting me struggle uselessly against Him before releasing His hold. As i eased back until just the cap was in my mouth He stroked my neck with one hand, and with the other traced the tears that were streaming down my face.

"i'm sorry—i'm sorry," i moaned, so ashamed for having fought.

"you did fine. you're a good cocksucker, one of the best. Look at how hard I am—because of you. Now, stand up and get those clothes off so I can get a good look at you."

i stood and began to strip. Stealing a glance in His direction i could see Him standing there, milking His cock as He watched me with an intensity that was searing. Once my clothes were off i stood perfectly still; arms hanging at my sides, head bent, eyes cast down. "What does He think of me?" i wondered. "Do i please Him?" There was no way to know the answer and no way to ask. i could only wait and see if He would touch me again—or send me away.

Suddenly, without any warning He grabbed my shoulders, spun me around and bent me face down across the table. i felt the strength of His hands as He explored me; along my back, down to my ass, spreading my ass open, down to my thighs and spreading them, cupping my crotch. His hands travelled to my hips and i felt Him pressing against me; hard smooth cock resting between my legs, the solidness of His body and the smoothness of the leather against my ass and thighs. A shudder ran through me as i pushed myself back against him.


"Please," i said, "use me—anything—just let me be Yours."

"All right," He said, "let's see how far you can go."

With that He took hold of my shoulders, bringing me up and around to stand with my back against the table. Reaching out He slid one arm around my shoulders and the other under my legs, lifting me

**"Very slowly i leaned forward to see if He would allow me the privilege of taking Him in my mouth. As i felt the press of His hand encouraging me on i slowed my breathing, focused on my lips, tongue and throat—vowing to express all that i was feeling in the way i touched Him. 'you'll take it. Just like I want, you'll take it.' As i began to moan He started thrusting His cock in my mouth, going deeper with each stroke. 'Yeah, that's good. Open up. Take it all.'"**





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### Discovery

onto the table, stretching me out along its length. Moving smoothly and swiftly He fastened cuffs on my wrists and ankles, securing the cuffs to the chains at the table's corners. I lay there spread taut, unable to move, feeling like a sacrifice. "And why not?" I thought. "Right now He is my God."

He moved away from the table and for a short while I was left alone with myself. I closed my eyes, feeling joy and wonder that this was really happening. Then my attention was drawn to the sound of a match being struck. I opened my eyes to see Him lighting a candle. The first I was lost in the sight of him, until the thought struck me: "my God. He's going to burn me. No, that's the one thing I can't stand." But, as I was about to speak His name I really saw him, saw the pleasure and joy in His eyes, saw Him with love and knew that I could not deny Him. Now was a time of testing and learning. Now was the beginning of discovering whether or not my dark spaces were real.

He leaned down and kissed me, hard, His lips grinding against mine; His tongue probing deep into my mouth. As He drew away He said, "Now you'll learn to give," and as He said it the first drop of wax hit my belly. Slowly He trailed the candle in an intricate pattern, dripping hot wax on my belly, nipples, thighs, and crotch. I twisted against the restraints, my head tossed back and forth, moans and gasps escaped my throat. He kept it up, now following the path of the wax with His other hand, kneading and twisting my flesh. Words began to break from my lips and still He continued until I heard what I was saying—until I began to realize that I was saying, "Yes," and raised myself up to Him. When He saw that I had heard myself He blew out the candle, continuing to explore my body with His hands.

He caressed my nipples, squeezed my throat, then slid His hands along my arms to my wrists. There was a clicking sound and the head of the table dropped away, my head falling back with it. His cock stood out above my face and I pulled my head up and tongued it. I worshipped Him by pleasuring His cock; I felt my nipples being pinched, harder and harder. When He lifted His hands I could still feel the pressure and knew there were clips on my nipples.

He walked around the table and reached for my ankles. Again there was the clicking sound as the foot of the table dropped away, leaving my legs suspended by the chains. Stepping between my legs He stroked my genitals and ass; kneading, probing, pulling, and stretching.

I knew that He was going to take me and I knew that it would work. In the past it had taken much effort to relax my ass. But this time, with Him, I would think myself open and knew I would be. My hunger for Him would do the rest.

As His cock pressed against the opening I breathed deeply; my body softened, the softening flowing through me as He slid home. He grabbed my hips as He thrust into me with all His strength. I flexed my legs, giving Him fuller access to the deepest part of me. He pounded His cock into me with the strength that was His passion and the control that was His power.

"Look up," He said.

Above me was a mirror and in it I saw—I saw us. The sight drove me into a frenzy. I grabbed the chains in my hands, pulling the upper part of my body off the table. I looked into His eyes, rotating my pelvis, milking His cock with my ass. I wanted to feed Him, to provide Him with all the pleasure and service He required—and I wanted to consume Him, to feel Him permeating every particle of my being.

"I love You. I worship You. This is my chapel and You are my God." His joy showed itself in the fullness of His smile. He knew He had me. What was yet before us was my opportunity to prove my devotion. What did I truly have to give; which might differ from what I wanted to give, but was, nonetheless what I was capable of.

As His smile emerged He slowed His thrusting, finally stopping altogether and pulling out of me. Placing one hand on my belly He let it rest there. With His other hand He unhooked His belt and pants, starting to lower them, with each inch exposing more of his magnificent body. Then He lifted His hand from me and stepped back, leaving me with neither the touch nor the sight of him. I was overcome by my sense of isolation.

Eventually—minutes, hours, I don't know as my time sense was totally distorted by my need—He stepped back into my line of vision.



saw that He had removed His pants, revealing legs that were like tree trunks. His cock stood straight out from His body, showing me that His passion was still with Him.

Walking to the head of the table He climbed on it, straddling my face and saying, "OK, baby. Work that mouth. Tongue Me, suck Me. Make My ass feel good. Show Me what you're feeling."

Before me was the tender, sensitive opening. From this close proximity i could see that His butt was encased in briefs of tight, thin transparent latex which molded their way into the cleft.

i breathed a prayer of thanks for His knowledge and care. Had He not been covered what would i have done? Part of me—the part that was enthralled with him, that was abandoned to a need to give Him all—would have wanted to go ahead, licking, sucking, tasting, pleasuring. Yet, the part of me, who knew that ultimately my gift to Him was the gift of myself also knew the gift was valueless if i did not treat myself with care and respect. Knowing all this He had resolved the difficulty for me, allowing me to abandon myself to His service.

Lifting my head i opened my mouth and extended my tongue. First, using the flat of my tongue i licked the edges of His hole, moistening the area and savoring the feel of the lines and folds of His flesh. Firming my tongue and probing with it i discovered that the covering extended inside Him, allowing me access to His hot, tender center. i slid my tongue inside, stretching as far as possible past the opening to the smooth inner walls as He bore down, giving me greater access. Again i felt myself lost in delight until i became aware of the pain in my nipples.

The clips He had placed on them earlier were still there. With the passage of time my nipples had numbed—had adapted to the steady pressure. Now He was twisting the clips, reawakening the pain.

In ages past a Saint, writing about her ecstatic experiences had said that "...the soul feels a desire stronger than ever to endure again the love-pain she has just experienced." Now, after having felt for myself the agony of losing contact with one's God, i understood what her words meant. So i lifted both my body and soul, reaching out for the pain, and with each shock i drove my tongue deeper into Him.

Suddenly an agonizing bolt shot through me from my nipples. my head fell back as i screamed. He was pulling the clips off; slowly, steadily, extending the agony into infinity.

Once they were off He held the palms of His hands against my chest. my screams slowly subsided until they were nothing more than muffled sobs, which in time became sobs of joy... joy because i had not once thought of trying to stop Him.

Lifting Himself off the table He looked at me and smiled. Our eyes locked and for a brief moment i felt our souls joined. It was then that i knew the value of my life. The joys and pains, the triumphs and failures, the significant and frivolous had all been preparation for this moment. Never again would i wonder if there was a reason for my being alive. The reason was now clear, and oh, so simple: it was to live as fully as possible.

He raised my head and gave me a sip of wine, then unchained one of my hands and gave me a cigarette.

"Rest for a bit. We have plenty of time and i don't want you worn out before I'm through with you. How do you feel?"

"Stunned, shocked. Is all this real? Mostly i'm contented and happy at finally discovering that i am who i thought i was."

"Who is that?"

"Someone who does know how to give and surrender."

"You sound proud."

"i am. i'm beginning to believe in myself."

"you have a right to be proud."

"Thank You, both for saying it and for being someone with whom i can learn it."

"Thank Me when I let you go—if you still want to then. Now, put out your cigarette. There's more I want from you and you have a lot more to give."

I lay there chained to the table, listening to Him say that He wanted more from me, and the twin faces of fear and anticipation danced within my mind. There was no turning back and therein lay the spark of my excitement—for real surrender is to go forward in the face of

**"He grabbed my hips  
as He thrust into me  
with all His strength.  
i flexed my legs,  
giving Him fuller  
access to the  
deepest part of me.  
He pounded His cock  
into me with the  
strength that was  
His passion and the  
control that was His  
power. 'Look up,' He  
said. Above me was  
a mirror and in it i  
saw us. The sight  
drove me into a  
frenzy. i wanted to  
consume Him, to feel  
Him permeating  
every particle of my  
being. 'i love you. i  
worship you This is  
my chapel and You  
are my God.'"**



fear. i realized that it was not pain that i sought but the certain knowledge that i could give myself in spite of the pain; that i had the strength to descend into and move through the pain, thereby transforming it to ecstasy. Understanding this i held my free hand out to Him.

"i'm ready to go with You—to give You all that i am."

He took my hand in His, the contact emphasizing the flow of energy between us. His grip on my hand grew tighter while His other hand moved toward my face. His palm rested against my chin and one finger traced the outline of my lips. The force of His grip on my free hand moved to my throat, grasping it. The pressure increased until both breath and words were cut off. Keeping my eyes locked on His i mouthed, "i trust You," although no sound came forth.

"I know you do," He said.

Releasing His hold He refastened my free hand and reached behind him. Then i saw something black approach my face. Grabbing my jaw He forced my mouth open, inserting a rubber gag. Lifting my head He pulled the straps of the gag, buckling it tight at the back of my head and neck.

"Take a look at yourself," He directed as He pointed to the mirror above. "I want you to see yourself as you really are, as you've allowed yourself to be. you've given up the last vestige of choice. Look! your bondage is complete. Physically you're open, available, helpless. Now you can't say My Name even if you wanted to. No matter what happens you can't turn back. All you can do is rely on Me being with you and on your own strength. Or, you can leave. Do you want Me to let you go?"

My whole body trembled, every nerve was on fire as i shook my head, "No," marking a commitment to him, to the moment, and to myself.

He stepped away from the table and i heard water running. Strange as it may seem i didn't wonder what He was doing or what would happen next. i didn't think about anything. i simply was.

The sound of the water stopped and He walked past me, carrying something, to the foot of the table. i felt Him touch my ass and penetrate it. my asshole relaxed as He slid in and out, rotating and twisting. Then i was being filled with extreme heat and i realized that it wasn't His finger in me.

He worked the tube further and further up my ass as more hot water flowed into me. The combined reactions of my body and mind were a mass of confusion; my asshole clenched tight in an attempt to retain the water, while i worked at relaxing my belly muscles—worrying what would result if my asshole relaxed too.

i seemed to be faced with an impossible task, yet i had few choices. i could either stretch my abilities, impose cramps on myself, or face my shame about my body's secretions. No matter what choice i made the result would be exposure to previously unexplored territory. Having asked Him to teach me, He was doing just that. Making my decision i tensed myself, enduring the resulting cramps which were so encompassing that i was unaware of His sliding the tube out of me.

That knowledge broke through when His belt landed with a sharp crack against the back of my thighs. Again and again the belt landed, each blow rhythmically paced and just a slight bit harder than the one before. The effect was like a ritual drumbeat, guiding all those exposed to it into a trance state of both heightened awareness and detachment. i felt each blow as it burned my flesh; i heard myself scream; i felt my muscles twitch and dance—yet all the while i also stood outside of myself learning more. i learned that i could be simultaneously tensed and relaxed just by letting it happen. And the blows of the belt went on and on until i shifted from thinking to knowing.

Dropping the belt He put on a rubber, stepped between my legs and entered me. This time His movements were smooth and graceful, like a dance in which He was leading me higher and higher. One of His hands rested on my belly causing me to experience my fullness as something warm and exciting. His other hand rested against my crotch as He lightly drummed His fingers against my sex in time to the dance of His cock within me. Higher and higher i flew, riding on the wings of His possession of me.

"Yeah, baby. Come! Fly! Let go! Come for Me. Come for Me with

your ass full of all that hot water I put there. Milk My cock—but do not lose a drop of water. you can do it."

His voice and words pulled me along, lifting me so high that when it happened i didn't feel my climax—i was my climax. i exploded, and then i dissolved.

Once my orgasm was finished He eased out of me. my asshole spasmed, some of the water leaked out, and i crashed back to earth—back to the realities of my limitations, the cramps in my belly, my fear of losing control. Reaching up He removed the gag, looked at me and chuckled.

"Having cramps?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Would you like to sit on My throne?"

"Please, Sir."

He unhooked the chains, helped me off the table and led me to the toilet in the corner. The minute i sat down a torrent of water rushed from my bowels and for the first time since i had entered that room i wanted to run. But the flow of water pouring from my ass bound me where i sat. So instead i ran away in my mind by closing my eyes and letting my body slump into a posture that felt less exposed. Like an ostrich i buried myself as much as possible and pretended that i was hidden and safe.

His voice broke through my defenses. "Look at Me!"

He was sitting directly in front of me, on the corner of the table. One hand rested at the base of His cock. It was fully engorged and seeing it reminded me of His needs. i knew He would let me run if that was what i really wanted—and i knew that running would be the ultimate failure. If i truly sought to give myself completely i would have to be willing to face my moments of weakness and shame.

Lifting my head high i looked straight into His eyes. my face flushed, my breathing grew shallow, and still i looked at him.

"you're really hot. Maybe I should get the mirror and let you see how hot you look. No, better yet, you just keep watching Me look at you. It's hard to do, isn't it?"

i nodded my head "Yes," unable to speak.

"But you'll do it anyway, even if it is hard, cause it's what I want. And that's what you want most of all, to please Me."

The more He said the harder it was to not look away.

"you're through there. Clean yourself and come over here."

i did as He instructed. As i stood before Him He took my right hand and placed it against His cock, His hand remaining on mine. Then He took my left hand and held it against His face.

"Right now you're feeling used and vulnerable. you're probably thinking that you've give Me all you can give. That's not true. There are two more steps to go and you can take them. I need you to."

"i'm afraid, but, more than that i need to give You what You want. You say i have it to give then it must be true."

"Now. Turn around."

i did so and He slipped a hood on me. Soft black leather completely encased my head, coming over my face to just across my nose. His hands grasped my shoulders and He guided me several steps forward. Sliding His hands down my arms to the cuffs on my wrists, pulling my arms up by the cuffs until i was stretched straight and tall, He secured me. The bondage was both reassuring and terrifying.

Suddenly, without any warning, i felt a streak of fire across my back. Almost before i could react He struck again, so that the scream that came tearing from my throat at the moment of the second blow was more a reaction to the initial one. Blow after blow landed in rapid succession: ten or twenty times the whip struck—until i was balanced on the edge of insanity. Just as i reached the point where one more stroke of the whip would have certainly pushed me over the edge—when i was teetering on the brink of non-existence—i stopped.

Warm hands lightly stroked my back, gently applying a soothing lotion, and i began to cry. Lord, what an inadequate word that is. i am sure that i cried like that at the moment of my birth, an encompassing flow of pure feeling. As His hands stroked me, as the tension flowed out of me with my tears, i came back from the edge.



This time i was prepared for the whip—He had prepared me by trailing it lightly over my shoulder and down my back. i breathed deeply and let go of any last vestiges of resistance. And the magical caress of leather lashes kissing and blessing my flesh began.

This time He used that mystical, hypnotic technique of rhythmical blows. Steadily, slowly, the intensity and strength increased—a slight increase after each ten or twenty blows. On and on it went. Never once did the rhythm falter. Something liquid began to trickle down my back. Sweat? Blood? i didn't know. i didn't care. Still He continued. Finally, after an unknown number of blows—fifty, a hundred, five hundred—i recognized that all the strength, power, and need in Him was behind each swing of His arm. In a small corner of my mind i heard Him—heavy, ragged breathing punctuated by an occasional moan.

And the blackest darkness i had ever known descended upon me. It was a blackness that had temperature and texture; it was warm velvet. At the point that i could conceive of nothing blacker, i saw, in my mind's eye, a burst of warm gold light, so bright it should have been blinding (although it wasn't,) ringed by a corona of pure cobalt blue. It was a vision of a star going nova. Then the blackness washed over it and me.

When i regained consciousness i found that i had been released, lowered to the floor, and the hood had been removed. Using what i believed to be my last morsel of energy i raised my head. John was there, sprawled in one of the chairs, watching me as He pulled on His cock. Crooking a finger He indicated that He wanted me to come to Him.

There was only two feet of space separating us. Can i do it? Is it possible that somewhere inside me there is a reserve of strength that i am unaware of? How can i do it? Silent tears slid down my face as i mouthed the words, "i can't," over and over. Watching me a look of sorrow and pain crossed His face. It was a look that told me what i needed to know in order to find the strength to do as He asked.

It is an act of cruelty to demand the impossible. But, it is an act of love to demand that a person give all. "He is not a cruel man," i thought, and used that understanding as an untapped source of strength, enabling me to close the distance between us. It was a slow and painful process—crawling across the floor to Him as i realized that my limits were based only on my own perceptions of myself.

Reaching Him, sitting at His feet, seeing the look of sorrow and pain leave His face, i experienced a sense of peace—the peace that comes from self-knowledge and understanding.

"May i?" i asked, reaching toward His cock.

"Oh yeah. Do it. I need it," He whispered.

Spying a rubber on the small table, i slipped it on Him. Kneeling up and leaning over Him i made love to Him with my mouth and hands. Understanding how strong i really was allowed me to caress Him slowly, sensuously, lovingly—caring only that whatever i did would give Him maximum pleasure. Unconcerned with how long it would take there was no need to rush him. And He relaxed into it, knowing He had all the time that He wanted and needed.

Time stood still while my lips, tongue and hands worked their magic. Then, eventually, the tension began to build. i felt it first in His thigh muscles. As the tension built within Him i followed it, developing and maintaining a steady rhythm. Cupping His balls with one hand, pressing my other hand at the base of His cock, i lifted and lowered my head—sliding my mouth up and down the full length of the shaft and lapping the underside with the flat of my tongue. The tension reached His dick, increasing the engorgement. His balls pulled up tight to His body, His breath came in gasps, His cock throbbed—and i was blessed with the ferocity of His final thrusts. Plunging my head down, taking Him all the way in, i alternately contracted and relaxed my throat and lips in time to the pulse of His climax.

When He was finished i allowed my body to relax, resting my head on His thigh as i gently held His soft cock in my mouth. With one hand He lightly stroked my head. For a while we just sat there, being together.

Then it was time for me to leave. He was gentle and kind in His

only a part of me came back as i saw there was no clear division.

Then His hands were no longer on my body. Yet in spite of the absence of physical contact i felt jointed to him, immersed in Him, possessed by him.

manner of telling me, but the message was clear. We had accomplished what we had come together to do.

I dressed feeling a sense of sadness, knowing i didn't want to leave, knowing i didn't want to let go of the feeling of peace that came from sitting at His feet. Still, there was no denying that all of His choices had been the right ones—and as i dressed and walked home i trusted that His decision to send me away was also right.

Once home i went right to bed and sleep swept over me immediately. As i slept i turned, occasionally ending in a position that put pressure on one (or more) of the bruises on my body. Whenever that happened i would drift up from the depths of my sleep, feel the soreness, think of Him—and pressing the tender area harder against the mattress i would slide back into a deep sleep while holding a picture of Him in my mind.

Waking with the early morning sun i knew immediately that there was something different about me. Sitting in the quiet security of my home i meditated on the difference. As i saw more clearly the change that occurred i began to write.

Dear Sir,

Although this letter may be inappropriate is it important to me that i write it. i need to share with You the things that are happening within me. This need stems from my awareness that what is happening is a gift from You. So i am sending this letter in the hope that it will be seen not as an impertinent act, but as an indication of my desire to share, trust, and give.

You are amazing. Had i been given the chance to in some way create a perfect Master for my first experience my creation would have been You. Last night, through You, i discovered spaces in myself that i have long hoped existed. There were moments when i loved You, worshipped You, feared You. i truly knew what it is to give; to joyfully surrender myself to another. There was a voice singing inside me and i knew that You could do anything to me, demand anything from me.

You gave me a great gift last night, in truth more than one gift. Through You, because of the kind of Man and Master that You are, i found a space where i can begin to know myself as someone who is able to surrender. You showed me the power that i possess, the ability i have to reach out and grow beyond my past perceptions of myself. There is no way to thank You for that.

The only way such thanks can be said is for me to continue to grow, reaching out to life. And that i will do.

In closing i pray that You will grant me a boon: permission to see You again. If You grant this my greatest wish is that Your use of me will bring You pleasure. From this i will grow and learn.

If that is not to be, my sadness will be eased by the connection that i will forever experience between us. Until last night i lived surrounded by a wall, which You tore down. Because of You, everything that i find beyond the place where that wall once stood will in some way derive from You.

With love and trust,

*C*



# TIES THAT BIND

Guy Baldwin, M.S.

## Some Straight Talk About Drugs

It is no accident that all the SM clubs I am familiar with have rules about the use of drugs (including alcohol of course) at their events. The existence and enforcement of these rules is a tacit acknowledgement that enough members of the SM community not only use drugs but abuse them often enough that policies to handle drug use at SM events have become necessary.

No one likes to mention these facts because we are concerned that an open acknowledgement of the drug use in our community will give us a bad name. So, we don't talk openly about drugs much and the problems continue.

These days, almost any conversation about drugs can quickly turn into a highly charged debate. In this issue, I want to raise some of the issues that surround drug use in the hope that doing so may help you clarify your own thoughts about them. Drug use is a plenty complicated enough subject to begin with, but coupled with SM, the issues can start to spin out of control fast.

When I use the word "drug" here, I mean any substance that is taken into the body to change the way that we normally think or feel either emotionally or physically—in short, they change the way we "read" the world. I omit from this definition prescription drugs when used only as directed by a doctor.

Humans, as a group, seem to like to fiddle around with the way the world "reads." It has also been suggested that it may be natural for us to do so based partly on the observation that children all over the world are fond of twirling themselves into a state of temporary dizziness and thus altering their perceptions momentarily.

Even in many so called "primitive" societies isolated from each other, drugs and drug manufacture have been discovered and woven into the social fabric. From the anthropological data that exist, it does seem clear that it is a Human thing to want to alter one's perceptions—one's consciousness in one way or another, but most especially with chemicals, alcohol being the world wide favorite.

Given this, it then becomes necessary to distinguish between drug use and drug abuse. One handy way to think about this very important distinction is to think in terms of side effects—All drugs have side effects. Let me explain.

When you get a headache, your perception of the world changes and you become uncomfortable. If you decide to fix the discomfort by taking the drug, aspirin, you unconsciously make a decision to accept the risks of the possible side effects in order to receive the benefit.

In the case of aspirin, you "decide" to risk minor bleeding in your stomach, ringing in your ears, a change in ability of your blood to clot normally and other side effects. Aspirin for most people is a low risk drug because the benefit comes at doses low enough to avoid the unpleasant side effects. So with aspirin, we like the relationship between what it "costs" us to take the drug compared to the "benefit" we get from taking the drug.

Now let's move this discussion into a leather bar and order a drink. Most of us drink without thinking about it much. We go to a bar because we want something—maybe several things. For the most part, we go there because we think it will feel better to be there than any other place for various reasons.

One of the first things that happens when we go into the bar is decide whether to stay or turn around and walk out. This happens fast, and the decision is influenced by too many factors to list here. But the second decision we make is usually what to order from the bartender.

Bars sell lots of stuff, and we know this. This is the instant that we decide whether to change the chemistry of our perception processes or not. It is in this split second that we weigh the "costs" of the drug verses the "benefit" of the drug.

The cost/benefit relationship with alcohol is pretty good for the first or second drink for most people. Beyond that, the "cost" associated with side effects starts to rise rapidly and can quickly overtake the "benefit" payoff. Indeed, with more and more drinks, the "benefit" payoff starts to actually drop off rapidly just as the "cost" part goes way up.

Because we are all pigs, we want all benefit and no cost. But it doesn't work that way with alcohol or any other drug for that matter. We use drugs to solve problems—sometimes very small problems get solved with very small amounts of drugs. But at the same time we must be sensitive to the moment when the drug solution turns into the drug problem.

For example, we go out for a good time and end up in the drunk tank with a drunk driving charge. Or we go to a fisting party thinking we might take just a little crystal to help us through the night, and we end up wrung out and depressed three or four days later having lost eight pounds, and somehow we know the same thing will happen next weekend.

Not being able to figure out the cost/benefit relationship OR not being able to act on this information in a self protective way is what distinguishes drug use from drug abuse.

Most folks are very clear about what the "benefit" of their favorite drug(s) might be. Drug abusers are poor at learning what the real "costs" are because some "costs" are hidden, and abusers don't really want to know the truth about what their drug intake "costs" them. Once abusers become actually addicted to a drug (including alcohol of course) they are indifferent to the costs and are obsessed with only the benefits.

People are NOT usually very clear about the "cost" part of the picture. Let me take a moment to list what I think are the most important "costs" that are most often overlooked.

First and foremost is that FACT that when people take drugs of all kinds, especially alcohol, their ability to assess risk is diminished. It is harder to pay attention and enforce safer sex guidelines after two drinks than after one. Nowadays, getting loaded may lower your guard in sexual encounters to the point where you may allow yourself to bend your own rules such that you become exposed to HIV. I'm willing to tolerate incompetent SM technique.

We used to think that a "problem drinker" was someone who got sloshed regularly, but now we know that a "problem drinker" may simply be someone who is socially comfortable without first consuming a quantity of alcohol that also will make him indifferent to how he gets fucked. For these guys, four drinks could be life threatening—make no mistake about it.

Second, there is little dispute now among medical professionals that all recreational drugs and some medical drugs are hard on the immune system to one degree or another. Amphetamines includes cocaine/crack, crystal/speed.



Praeludin and others are probably the most hostile to one's immune system—if you are HIV positive, the danger from these drugs is very much increased. Also, these drugs are hell on your liver and kidneys.

Recreational drugs always change the way that we register body stress including pain. Bottoms will often tell me that they take drugs to increase their SM tolerance. They believe that it is important for them to have high pain tolerances to be attractive to experienced Tops. Unfortunately, some bottoms seem to confuse being a good bottom with being a heavy bottom. There is a big difference!

Most Tops I discuss this with have told me that a bottom on drugs is a lot more work to play with than one who is not—it takes more effort to reach their limits, and most Tops aren't that anxious to work that hard more than once.

Tops also complain that they don't get "true" reactions from a bottom on drugs—it's as though they have to reach for the bottom through the drug influence. Typically, a Top in a scene needs to get accurate information from a bottom's body in order to skillfully lead the scene in the directions that will reveal the bottom's true capacities and tastes. Drugs make the discovery process cloudy and imprecise.

Also, Tops who are into control stuff report that when a bottom has taken some drug(s), it can feel to the Tops like the bottom has placed himself somehow beyond the reach of the Top; they can feel like they are at the mercy of the drug that is acting on the bottom they are trying to play with.

I do not mean to suggest that bottoms are the ones taking all the drugs—Tops take them too, occasionally with disastrous results. I mentioned earlier that drugs cloud one's ability to accurately assess risk. A Top on a drug may be more inclined to try something for the first time and pretend that he knows what he is doing and get in over his head. Tops on drugs also are at risk for compromising their own safer sex standards and become exposed to dangerous diseases.

Since I work primarily with guys in the scene, one of the things that has come to disturb me more and more is the extent to which men have come to associate sex with drug taking. By now, I have met many who just can not play without taking some drug or other. When they decide to stop taking drugs (including alcohol always) they find that they can't make sex work and so sex seems to go out the window at the same time. Then, the time bomb starts ticking for sure!

When I have taken drug histories, what often turns up is that guys started out by using small amounts of drugs to achieve enhancement of the sexual experience. When we like something, we tend to

repeat it, and so using drugs as a sexual enhancement becomes a pattern—a habit if you will. After a while, guys get to the point where they routinely include drugs in the sexual event.

Most people discover that they can get away with taking a small amount of whatever, enjoy themselves, and not become raving addicts overnight. They then may become curious about other drugs and/or the effect of somewhat larger doses. The process of drug experimentation has begun.

Typically, this process continues until the person has a bad experience he feels was caused by the drug or begins to suspect that he is overdoing it. The suspicion may come in various ways. There may be legal troubles including arrest. He might notice that the financial outlay has become significant, and that there is now a drug "budget." A potential play partner may reject him when he is unwilling to play without the drug.

Friends may sound the alarm. Maybe he is missing too much work on Mondays and maybe sometimes Tuesdays as well. His health may deteriorate. He gets uptight when he can't seem to make a drug buy—not usually a problem with alcohol; it's always available in most places.

The moments of suspicion are usually the first time a drug user must begin to consciously examine the cost/benefit relationship of drug taking to see if he has

become an abuser. If he is worried enough about himself, he may try to pull back from or discontinue his drug taking, and he may be successful all by himself. If he keeps "slipping" back into his old worrisome using patterns, he may think about getting involved with a recovery program or consult a therapist for help. If he does neither, his life is probably in danger, and perhaps the lives of others as well.

We on the sexual frontier spend a lot of time telling outsiders and each other that we must all protect everybody's right to be who they want to be. We talk about the American freedom to explore our diversity, and we use this reasoning to fight the repression of our lifestyle by religious and political conservatives, by other gay people, and by closeted kinky people as well. This theme of self-determination is central to this discussion of drugs—"It's my life, and I can do whatever I choose to do with it, and it's none of YOUR business." Caution here is in order, because the right to experiment with drugs is also the right to destroy one's self.

When I am going into a scene with someone, I have a right to know what he has taken, because his right to take a drug ends at the point where my safety, sanity and consent may be at risk. □

**Guy is a psychotherapist in private practice in Los Angeles who works primarily with men on the sexual frontiers.**

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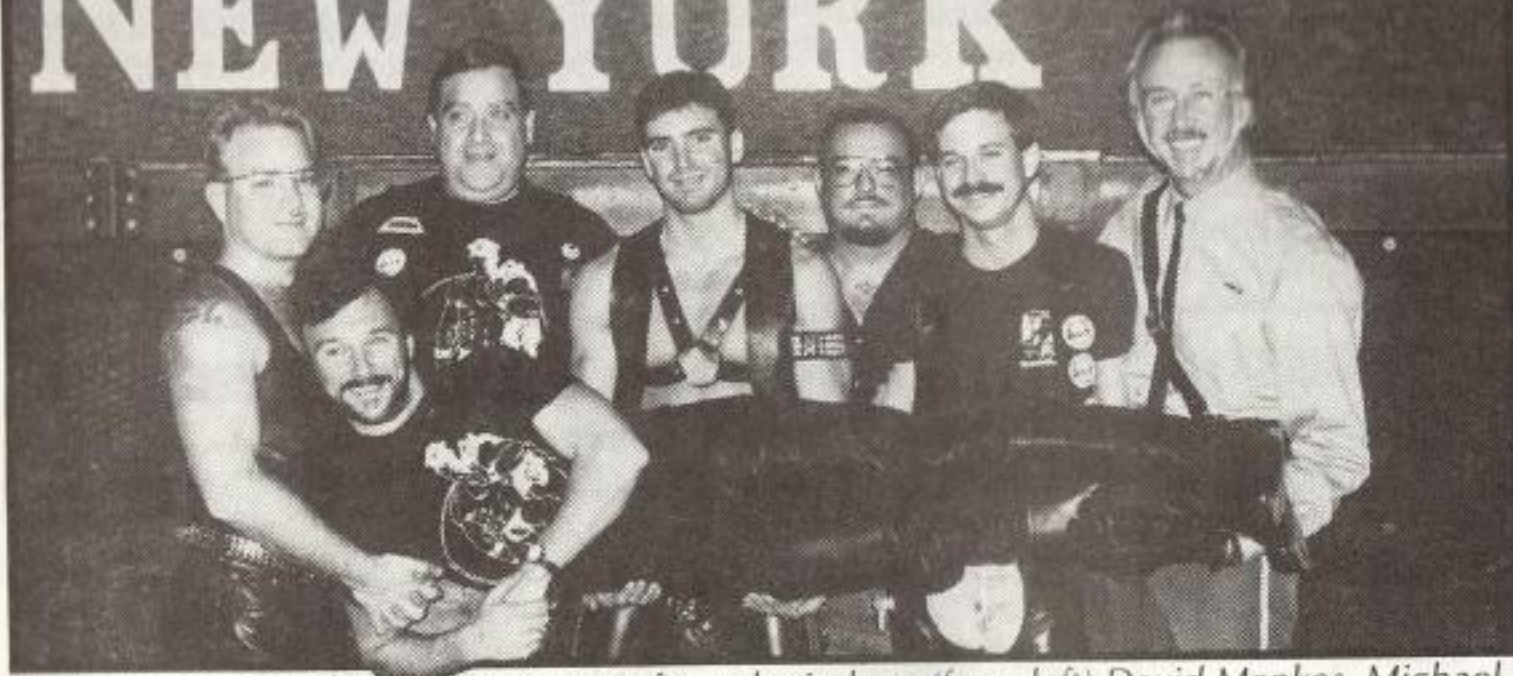
## CTS—America's Brattiest Guys!



## Mr. Leather New York Contest



# MR LEATHER NEW YORK



Henry Romanowski receives support from the judges, (from left) David Menkes, Michael Horowitz, Ron Zehel, Tony DeBlase, Bruce Paduska, and Mikal Bales.

The Fifth Annual Mr. Leather New York Contest was held at Tracks in New York City on Saturday November 12. Produced by Henry Romanowski, the first Mr. New York Leather, the event is a fund raiser for the AIDS Resource Center. Judges this year were Mikal Bales of Zeus Studios; Michael Horowitz, President of GMSMA; David Menkes, David Samuel Menkes Custom Leatherwear; Bruce Poduska, Chicago Hellfire Club; Ron Zehel, Mr. Drummer 1988; and myself. Fred Katz served as Tallymaster.

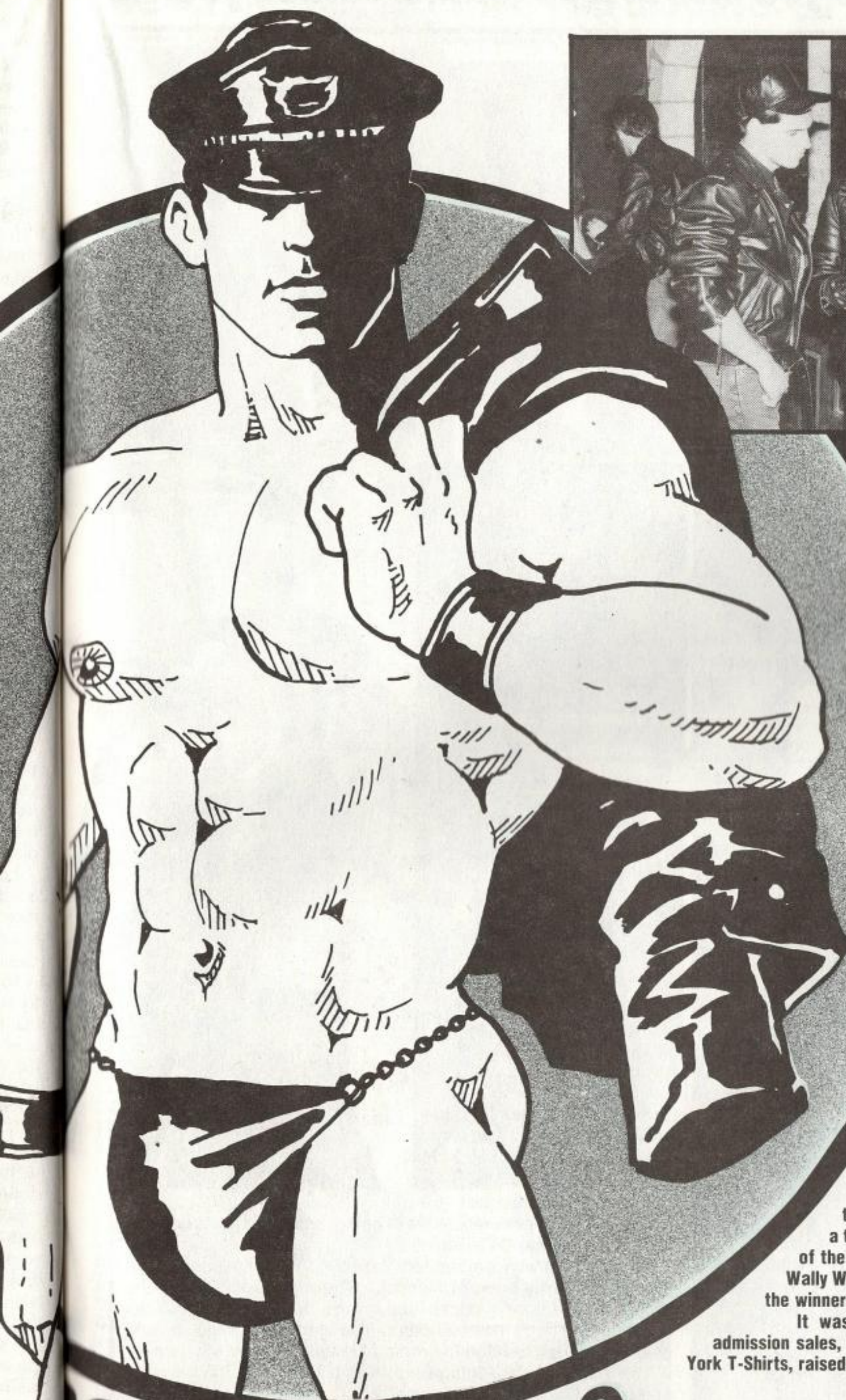
Etienne created a special Mr. Leather New York drawing which was used as the program cover and as a T-shirt design and several entertainers donated their services. These included Harvey Fierstein who served as MC, comedian Rick Burd and singer Patrick Arena. In addition numerous individuals and businesses donated services for the function and products and services for the raffle that was held during the evening. The major raffle prize was a trip for two to Key West donated by Fred and Henry.

The eleven contestants each made four appearances. First they paraded in Etienne's T-shirts. As a prelude to the Jock Strap competition each man appeared in the costume of his choice and stripped to as little as possible. The Fantasy Wear segment produced the greatest variety of costumes and was followed by the Leather Image appearance during which a voice-over read the response each contestant had written to the question: Describe the first time you discovered leather turned you on! The response from each contestant is given below.

Each contestant had also been asked to write a couple of questions that would be randomly asked to other contestants. Bob Del Rosso, sponsored by Shaftway Productions, was asked, "If you were stranded on a desert island and could have only one piece of leather equipment with you what would it be?" He brought down the house by immediately pointing to Mr. Drummer, Ron Zehel, at the judge's table, and saying, "That one!"

MR. LEATHER NEW YORK





Jacques Carle, President of The Thunderbolts, and friends examine the new issue of *Drummer*.



It was a difficult decision and all of the contestants presented themselves very well. When the tallying was done Bill Murray, sponsored by the Monster, was declared the winner. Ron Barrett, sponsored by the Thunderbolts MC was first runner up and Gerard Gunner, Mr. Spike 1988 was second runner up. The three winners received cash prizes. To minimize expenses and maximize charitable contributions the Mr. New York Leather contest does not include a trip to Chicago for International Mr. Leather as one of the prizes. However, before winners were announced Wally Wallace of Shaftway Productions offered to sponsor the winner in Chicago, covering travel and lodging.

It was a great evening of entertainment and sales, admission sales, raffle ticket sales, and sales of Mr. Leather New York T-Shirts, raised over \$13,000 for a very worthy cause.

*Fledermaus*

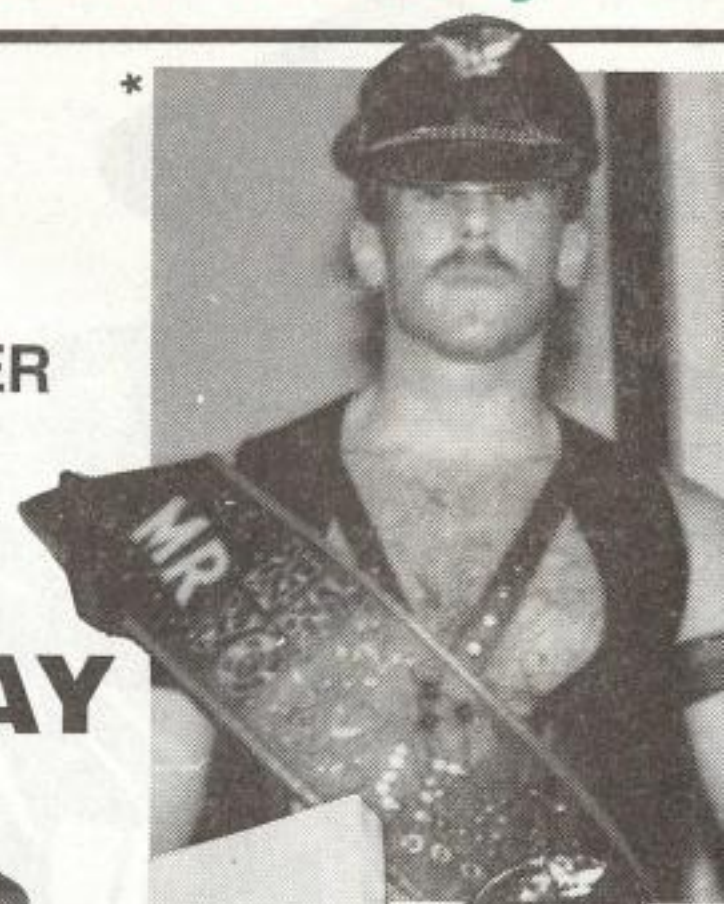
# ONTEST 1988



**"Describe the first time you discovered leather turned you on"**



**MR. LEATHER  
NEW YORK  
1988  
BILL  
MURRAY**



**sponsored by The Monster**

The first time I became aware of being turned on by leather was my first visit to the D.C. Eagle.

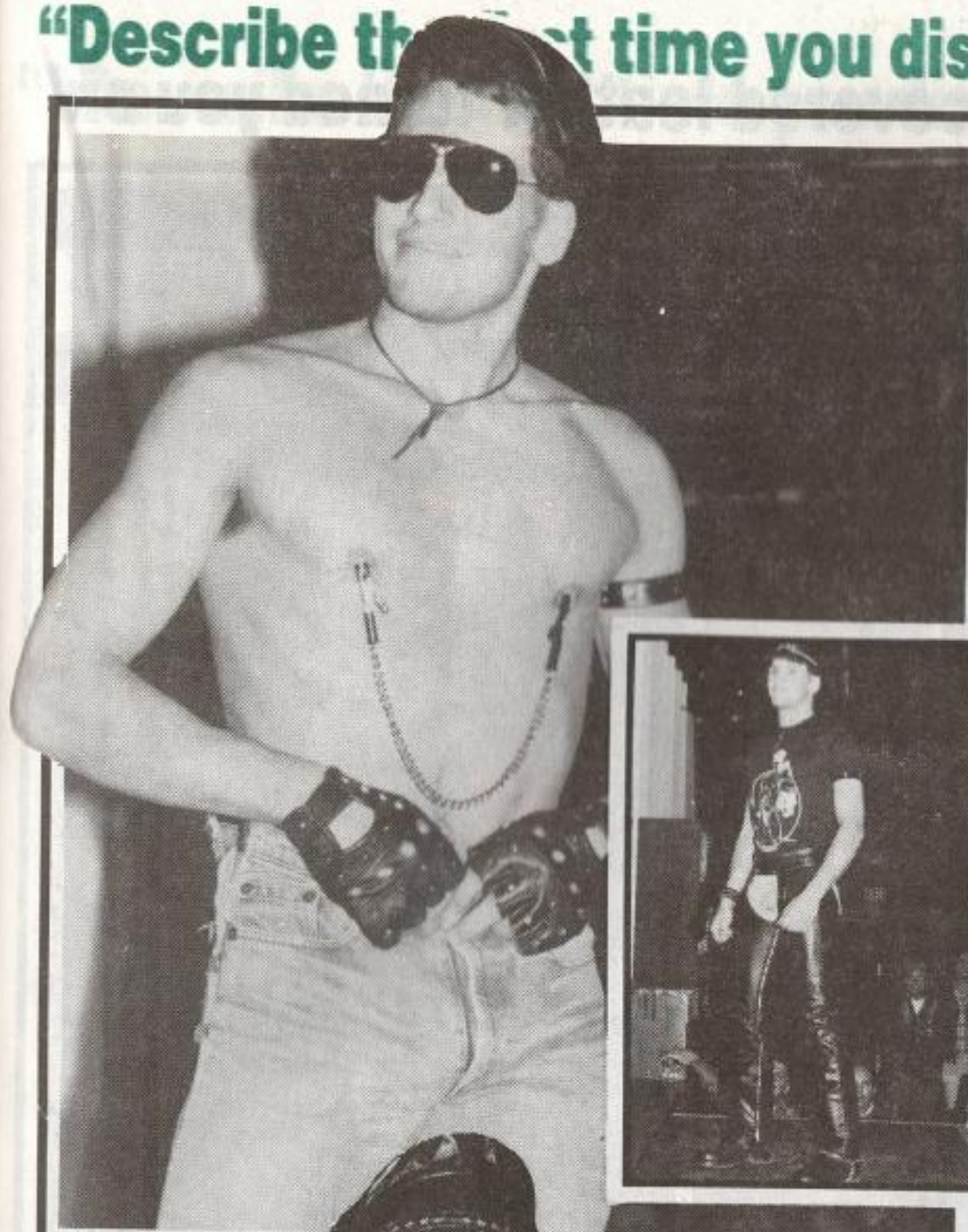
A room filled with leathersmen, their eyes were covered by the shadows from the brims of their caps. Their chaps pulled tight, the denim outlined their cocks and asses. Men with harnesses showing their large massive torsos. Younger men with collars and chains were led through the room of leather by their Masters.

The leather and the image of a man in it were hot, exciting and seductive. I lusted for that image.

That night at the D.C. Eagle I wanted to be a part of those men. Leather became visually, physically and sexually stimulating. Over the past nine years since that night in Washington, leather has become a part of my sexuality and way of life.



# "Describe the first time you discovered leather turned you on!"



## FIRST RUNNER UP RON BARRETT

sponsored by The Thunderbolts MC

It was the Law that turned me on to Leather. I was riding my bike through a trail that had been posted No Trespassing. I was going at a good clip, when right in front of me appeared a mounted policeman. It took all I could to stop and I spilled my bike in the process. I looked up from where I had fallen and gazed at the image of a hot man. I was shit scared. But I was feeling such a sexual attraction for this man, that I was completely confused.

There wasn't much said. He asked me if I was all right. I said Yes. As he dismounted his animal I was immediately aware of his uniform. It was complete Leather. I could hear the sound of the Leather rubbing against his saddle. And as he approached me, the smell filled my nostrils. He was wearing Leather gloves, and when he touched my shoulder, I felt my erection growing. I was drunk with fear, and knew that anything could happen. I felt his gloves on my neck and the pressure of his strong arm pushing me to the ground. In front of my face was his crotch. I leaned forward and with my tongue licked his Leather-covered weapon. The taste was too wild, and I felt myself release. I laid on the ground spent and bewildered, but no longer scared. . .

As I look back on this occasion I know it wasn't sex that was hot, that never happened. It was the sound, the smell, the taste of this Man's Leather. I'm so glad I found all this out at 17 years old.



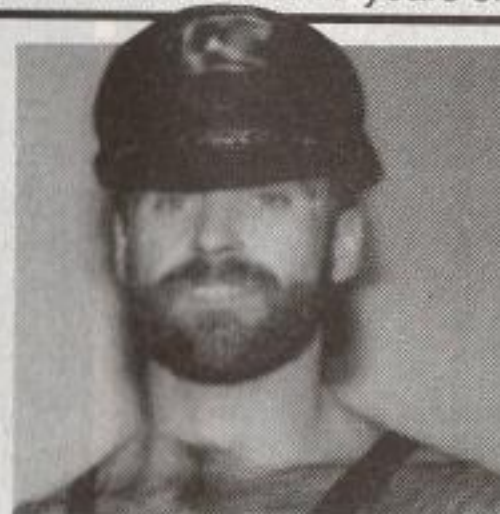
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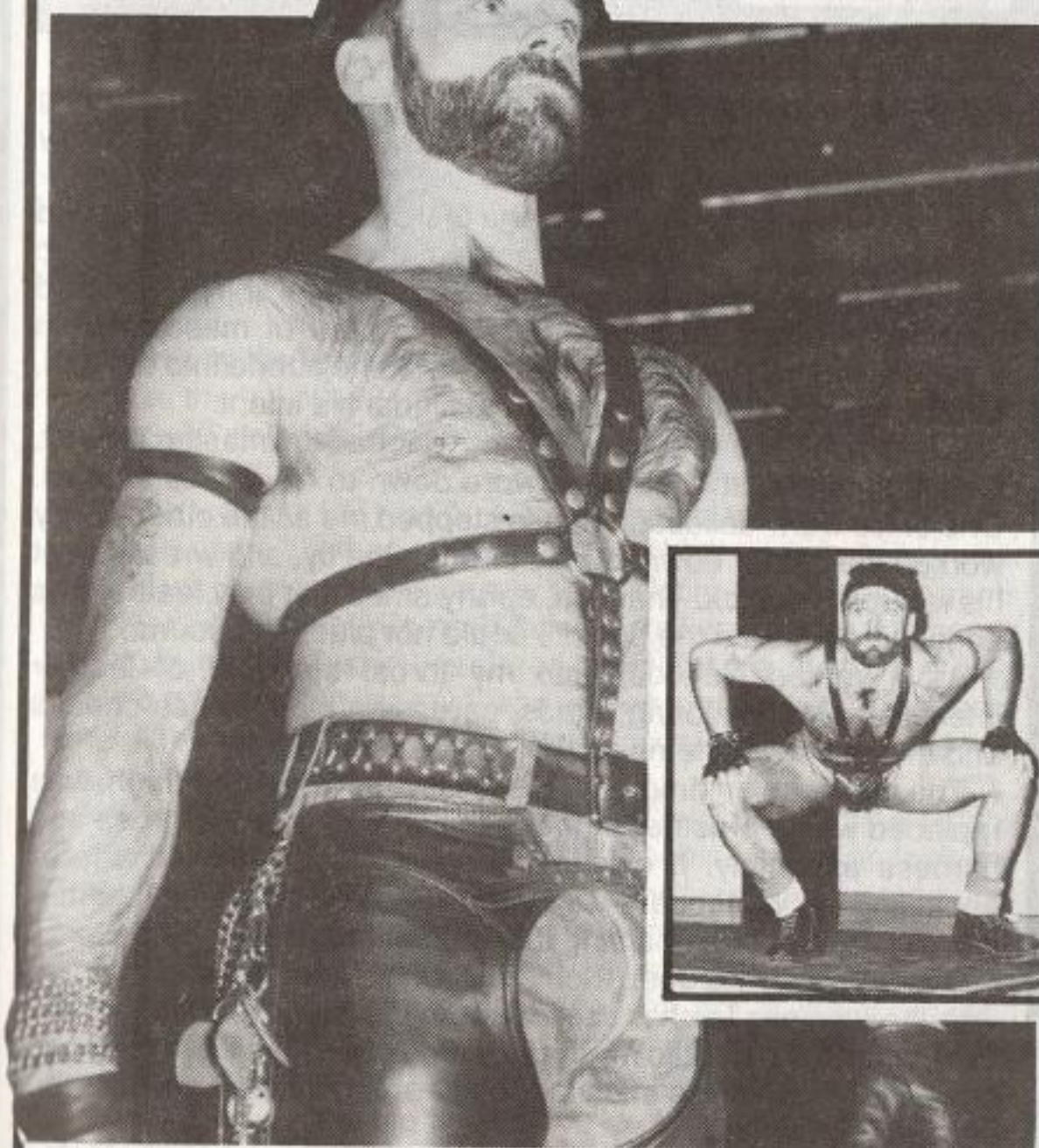
## SECOND RUNNER UP GERARD GUNNER

Sponsored by the Spike

The first time I became aware that I was turned on by leather I was a 19 year old kid in an all male movie house for the first time. I was very nervous, but my crotch was aching for attention. I could feel my cock and balls twitching in my pants. I saw other guys, some watching the movie and others watching and stroking their hard aching cocks. The first movie ended and a leather movie began. OH!! GREAT!! I thought. I don't want to watch this shit. The movie started and there I sat. There was a hot horny man on the screen in just leather chaps with a body to kill. He began to have sex with a man in leather and younger than himself. He was pumping away at the younger guy's asshole. Somehow my cock found its way out of my pants and into my hand. I saw myself as the leather man. I stroked my cock as he pumped his ass. Faster and faster, harder and harder, totally unaware of the other guys around me. My balls were ready and so was the leather man. He pulled out his dick and shot his hot load all over the guy's back. Suddenly my own cum covered my T-shirt. What an orgasm!!! What a relief. I left the movie house with a new perspective on leather. I was ready to discover the leather world.



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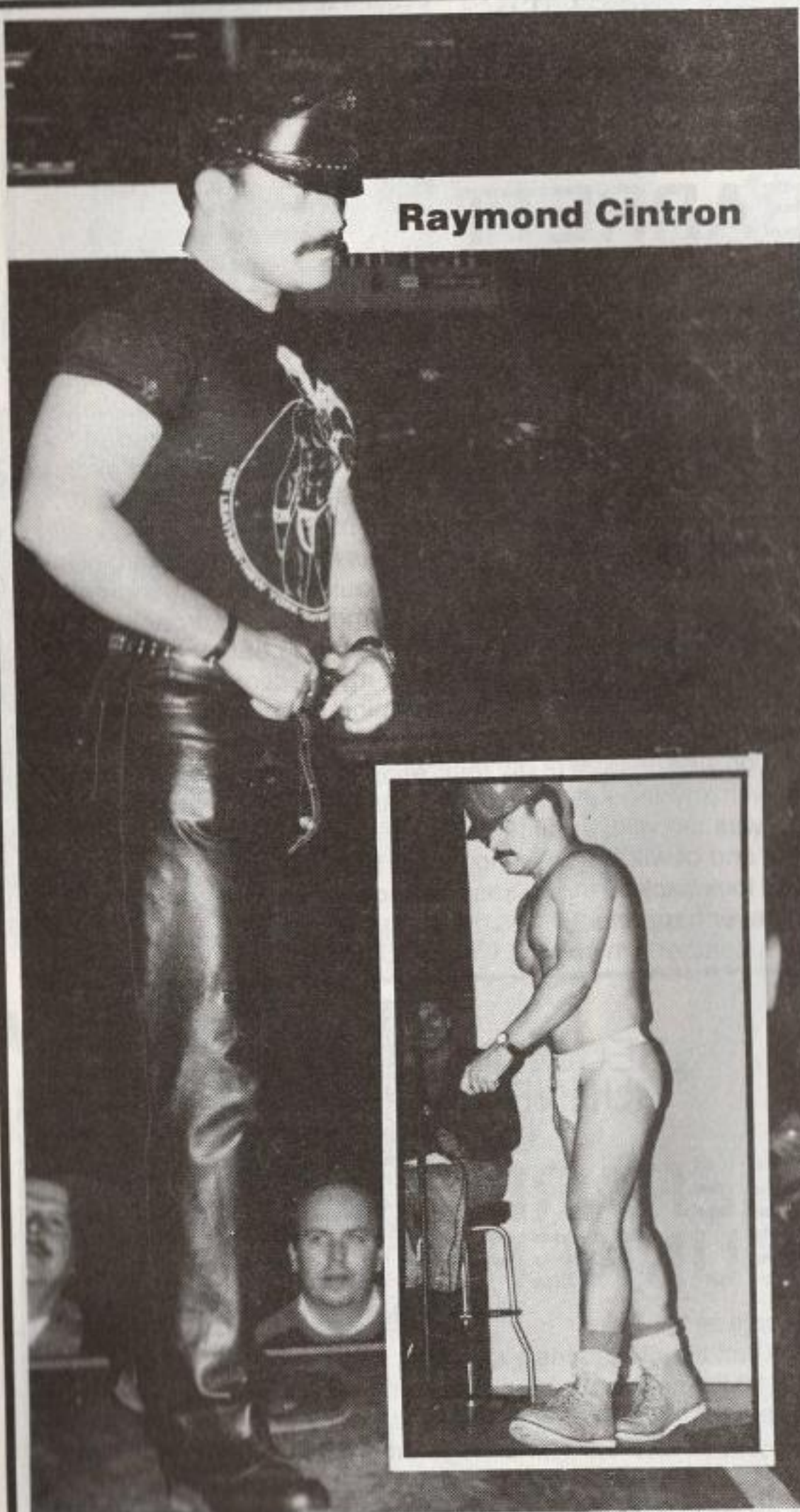


You will be seeing more (a lot more) of Gerard Gunner in an upcoming issue of Drummer and in Zeus Studio's next video "Tightropes 5." I had a great time tying him up the day after the contest and he raged and

writhed beautifully for the camera. There is a good possibility you will also be seeing more of Ron Barrett and possibly some other contestants, in future issues of Drummer.



# "Describe the first time you discovered leather turned you on"



**Raymond Cintron**

**self-sponsored**

Ever since I was a young man in my teens, I was exposed to those men in khaki and green uniforms where the smell of their sweaty leather boots covered with dust just turned me on.

Being a gay male living in New York for ten years and exposed to many kinds of people and places to go to, especially Leather bars with Leather Men, had made me rediscover that smell I was so turned on to, "Leather."

All those memories of my yesterdays in my teens came back, I had finally found my roots. Wearing Leather for the first time had opened another part of my sexuality that I had not experienced before, a feeling of freedom and uninhibited or unrestrained desires came about.

The smell of my sweaty body covered by Leather made me "drip." I had finally experienced what Leather felt to all those Leather Men I had seen and wanted to know. My fantasy was finally achieved.



**Bob Del Rosso**

**sponsored by Shaftway Productions**

It was shortly after my wife and I separated, when I was going through the bookstore phase of my newly awakened sexuality that leather introduced itself to me.

He was your better than average trick, possessing that rugged handsomeness so abundant among the men of the Pacific Northwest. Clad in jeans, work boots and flannel shirt, he carried himself tall and proud, sending out his aura of masculinity in palpable waves. I watched expectantly as he strode into a booth leaving the door ajar just enough to signal his intent.

I went to my knees before him and reached to unfasten his jeans, intending to peel the jeans he wore down to his calves at the ankles. One of his work-calloused hands stopped me as the other slowly worked the zipper down, dug in through the fly, and wrestled his ramrod of a dick. That rich, earthy smell that only leather began to permeate the booth. I could not place the source.

As I worked his cock into my throat the odor of leather intensified. My exploring hands, caressing his firm ass cheeks and thighs solved the mystery.

The man was an amputee. His left leg, severed mid-thigh, replaced with a prosthesis bound to him with a leather trussing harness assembly. It extended up his stump and left cheek encircling his washboard waist with straps and buckles. Lending its strength, enabling this man of muscle to stand alone.

It was heady, the deep, rich musk of his man parts combined with the luscious leather scent emanating from the harness cum, when it flowed into my throat, some of it escaping to run down the length of his shaft, added its sharp cement smell to the sensuous potpourri.

I was transported. I knew then that the connection had been made that would follow me through a lifetime. Save the roses for the ladies, Gents, my favorite fragrance forever will be the smell of hot man sex and leather.

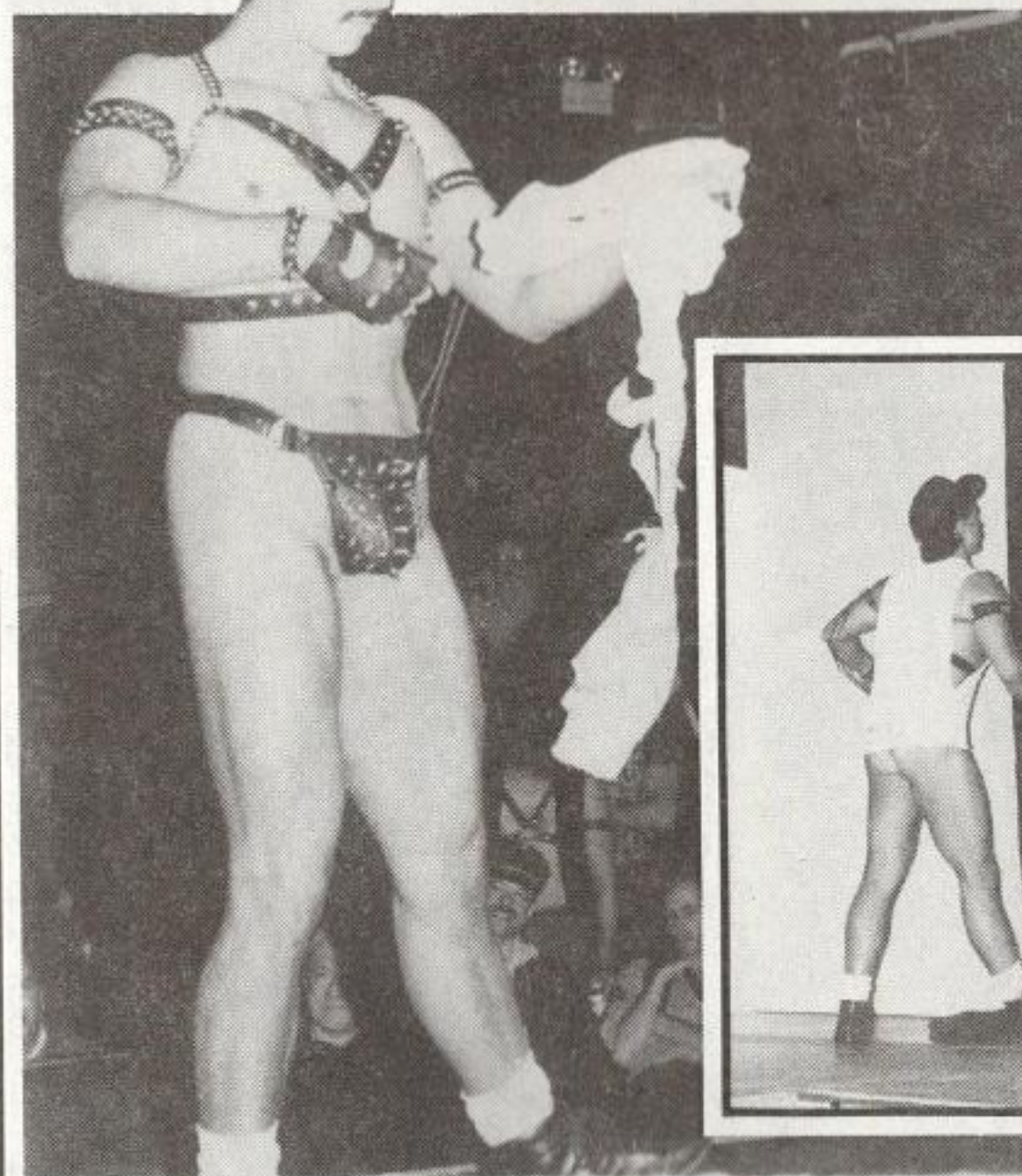


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# "Describe the first time you discovered leather turned you on!"



**Marc Faw Faw**

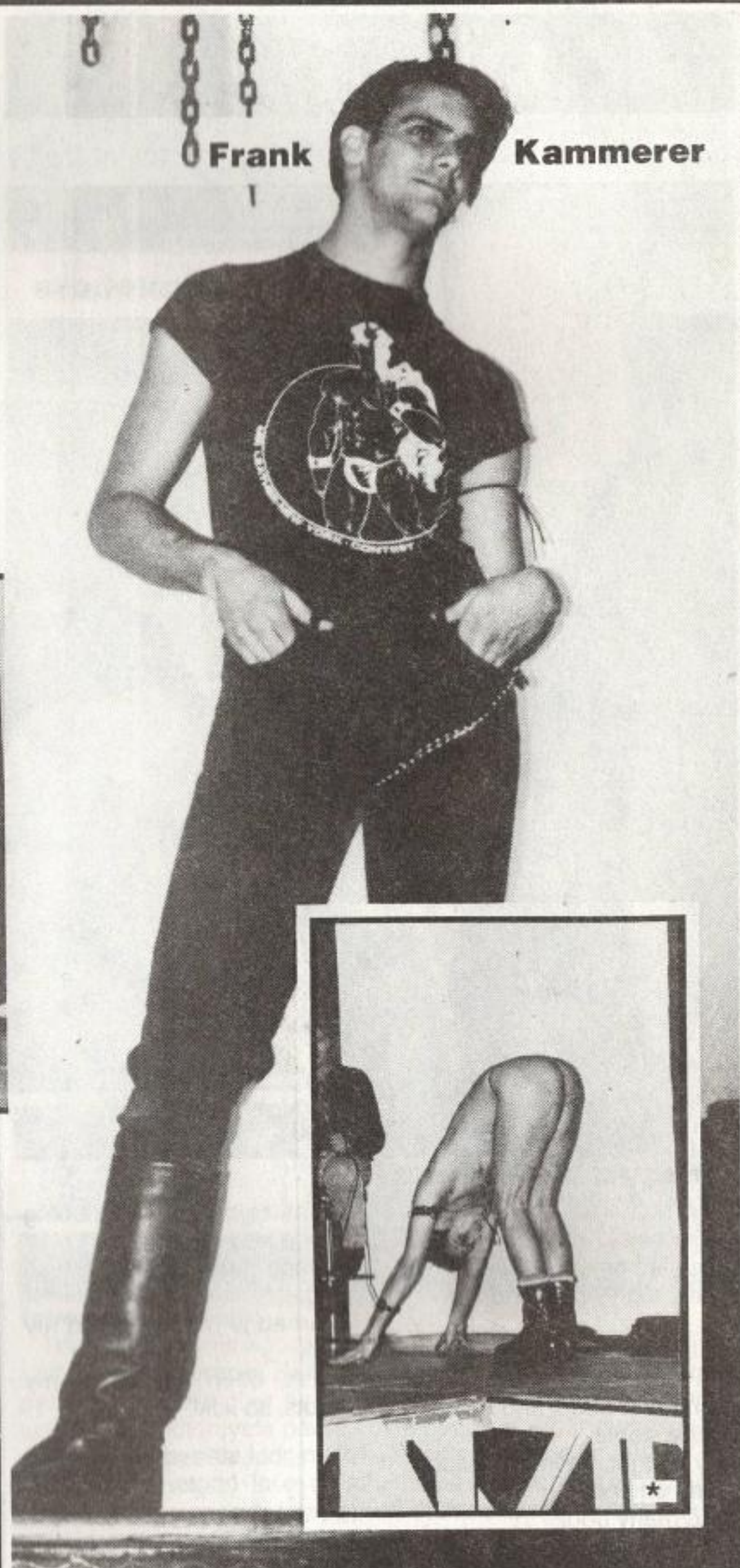


sponsored by the National Leather Association

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It was the fall of 1981, I was 21 years old and I had travelled to Dallas with a couple of my friends for the Halloween weekend. We wound up outside a cruise bar one night drinking and bull shitting when he rode up. HE was on a black and gold Harley Davidson. I watched as he climbed off his huge machine and started to walk toward us. He was wearing a pair of tight fitting black leather pants with black motorcycle boots. He also wore two chrome arm bands with a plain white T-shirt. He stared directly at me as he walked his white cocky ass into the bar. I was scared and excited at the same time. A few minutes had passed when he came back outside with a beer in each hand.

We talked and drank and then he said we were leaving. I didn't question, I obeyed. We took off on his machine and tore down the expressway. My thoughts were of his apartment. I was wrong. The apartment turned into a garage. My stomach was in knots, but I knew that I wanted this very much, but I had no idea of what I was getting into. That night I experienced an act of sex, pain, and pleasure that I had never known. It opened doors to a part of me and a few other things that I knew I had but didn't know how to use. The smell, touch and the taste of the leather against his powerful body mixed with the sweat, the ropes, and the chains was unbelievable. That night gave me the courage to look for those feelings again and again and to start a boy down the path towards manhood.



**Frank**

**Kammerer**

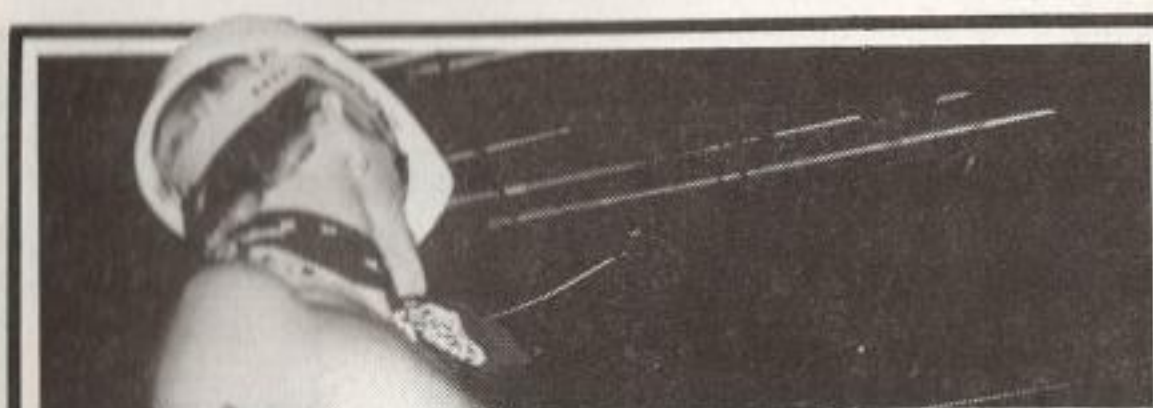


sponsored by Paddles at the Garage

The first time I realized I was turned on by leather I was 15 years old. I would watch leather men walk on Christopher Street and I would feel very attracted to them. It wasn't until two years later when I met an older man who was very heavily into the leather scene that I actually realized that it wasn't the men themselves but the clothing and the attitude. Sex with the incorporation of leather was amazingly better than vanilla sex. I was 17 years old then and I've been incorporating some article of leather into my sex life ever since. Especially my jacket and boots.



# "Describe the first time you discovered leather turned you c



**Pierre LaBouchere**



## Sponsored by The Backstreet, London

\*

This story has its roots  
in a pair of riding boots.  
Topping off all this wear:  
A big man with blond hair.

With my love of horses,  
I's able  
to hang around, and cruise  
the stable.  
My mother, often mounting  
an equine  
had many boots. . .  
All ashine. . .

As you might surmise,  
not to your surprise,  
These boots were the  
favored toy  
of an adolescent boy.

Feeling, sniffing was his play,  
but only with mama away.  
It felt so wonderfully good, so,  
it had to be a parental no-no.

Late at night, after scrubbing  
horse and bridle  
this man and I were left all  
idle;

He turned to me, caressed my  
dick:  
"You've been staring at my  
boots, so lick!"

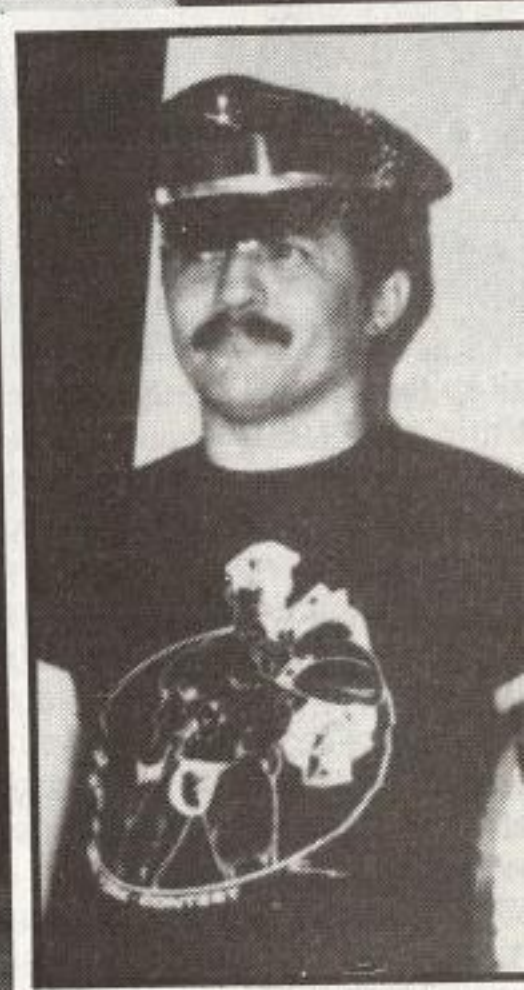
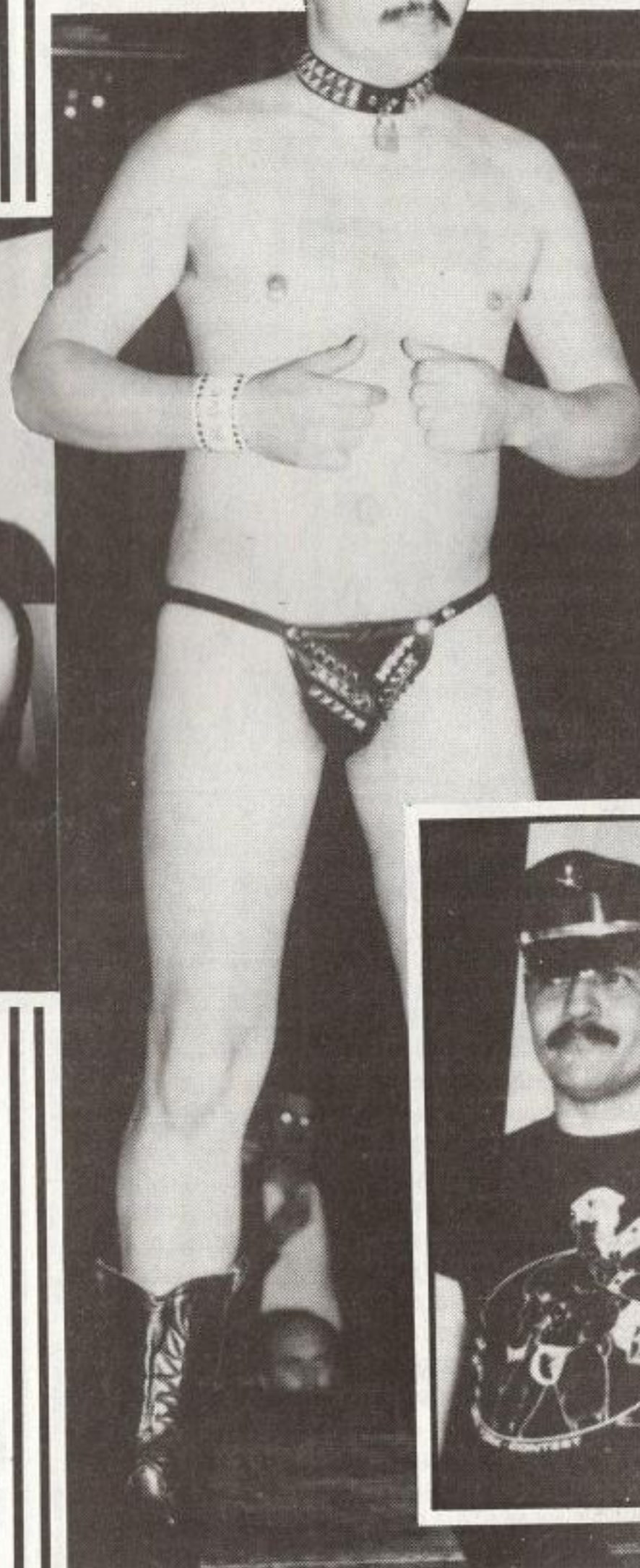
This night I started on my way  
for love of boots, leather and  
play:  
for years he went with me over  
the list  
from caress. . . to whips. . .  
to fist. . .

But now, still at the roots  
is my undying love for boots.  
He found me, made me better  
I'm now a man of leather.

He taught me, . . . ever so kind  
"THANK YOU SIR!" still whirls  
in my mind.

**Gerald**

**LeGault**



## Sponsored by the Pocono Warriors

"13" is my leather number. "13" when I was 13 years  
foster uncle took me down to his ranch and stripped me c  
front of his 13 buddies. Then he put a collar on me, a leath  
and a studded jock strap and made me their slave for 1  
And then he was caught. Enough said.

Then on April 13th, 1982 I arrive in New York at the Mi  
on the night of their Black Mask party, met my life part  
Master and have been exploring with him ever since.



on!"

# "Describe the first time you discovered leather turned you on!"



**Fain Miller**



**Don Reaume**



## Sponsored by the Eagle

\*

When first thinking about this question, I thought it must have been some time in my 20's that I was first turned on to leather. But as I thought, I realized it was much earlier. And although it was not black leather (that came later,) I remember the excitement that came at the movies.

And the object of my early sexual arousalment was the muscular body of a man with nothing more than minimal animal skins covering his loins—Tarzan. Tarzan with nothing touching his body but the skin of another animal—a second skin.

And while my interest in leather has changed and my tastes refined, I still get that same stirring when I see those movies today. Which possibly explains why *The Beastmaster* is one of my favorite films.

## Sponsored by The Eagle

\*

I don't know if this was my first time, but it was one of my earliest and most memorable. I was probably 16, and I was cruising the parking lot of a leather bar in my neighborhood, the Iron Spur. I was on my motorcycle parked by a bunch of other motorcycles, smoking a cigarette and I met these two guys in their mid-20's. We ended up going to one of their houses which was a garage converted into a room. We parked all three of our motorcycles in the garage.

This place was great! He had leather sheets, a sling, and a lot of other leather goods hanging up all around the place. Just the sight and the smell of it all got me hard, even though I was inexperienced with it all. I tried on some chaps and a leather jock (which wasn't too easy since I was as hard as a rock by then.) Anyway the three of us spent a day and a half in that garage trying a lot of different things. Sex on the motorcycle, my first three-way, the first time I was spanked and actually liked it.

The whole time was great. I could take ten pages to tell you all about it. I'm glad you asked that question. It brings back lots of memories.



# Comrades in Arms

by Rick Jackson

Illustration by Jakal

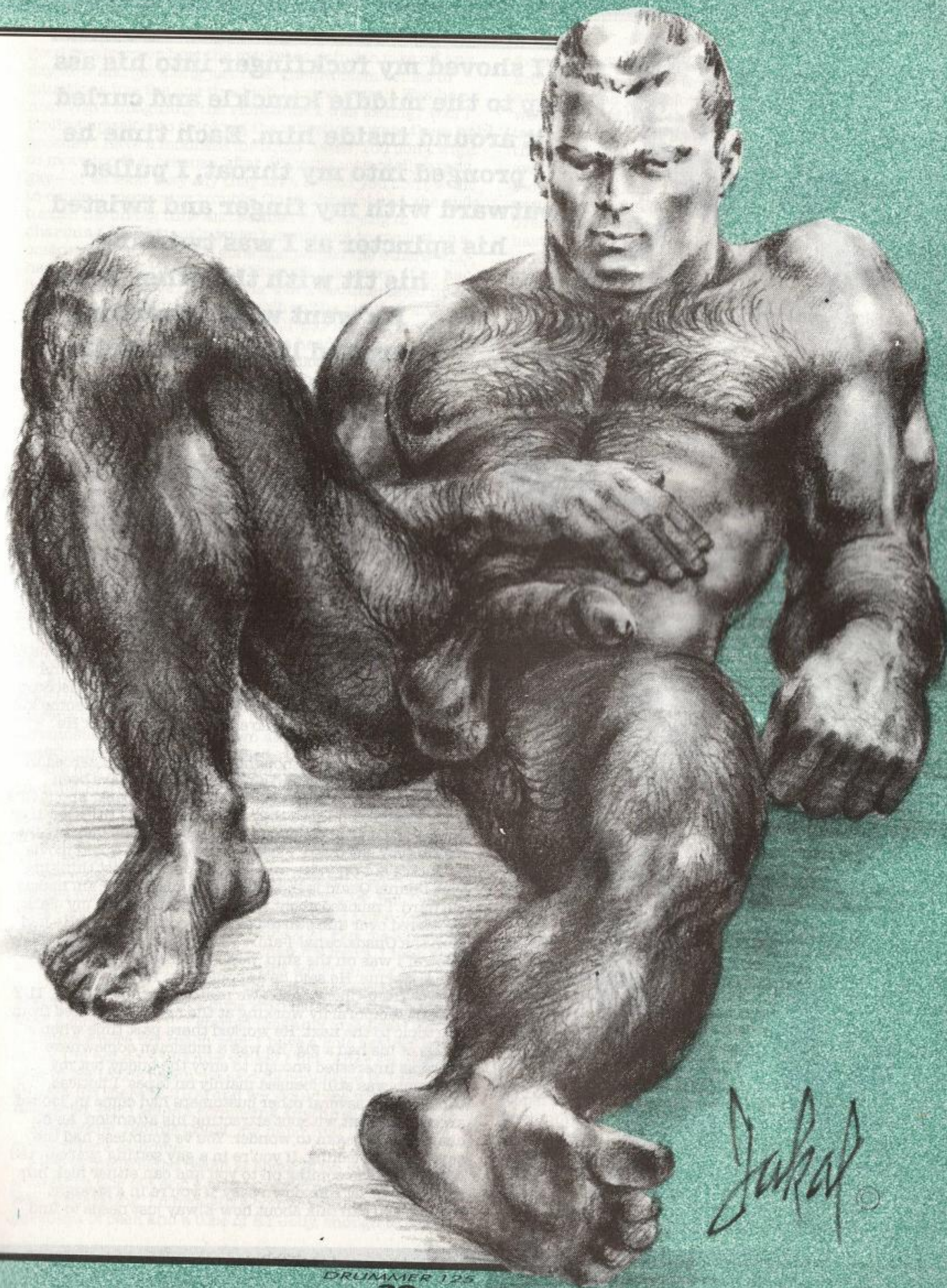
**I'm no slut**, but you don't spend five years on a helo carrier in Uncle Sam's navy without getting to know what cocks and asses look like. You see them all the time, and not only in berthing areas or in the shower. You see some asses that are flabby and some dicks that don't impress, but you also run into thousands of each that are so firm and well-formed that they make your teeth hurt. I learned early, though, to keep my sex life in a separate compartment from the rest of my world. I like being a Marine. You have to put up with a lot of shit, but there's something in watching your unit in Harrier ops aboard or coming back to the ship after a visit to a foreign port and seeing the flag fluttering from the stern that stiffens the old crank. The Marines really do have the *esprit de corps* that they're always raving about. Besides, when you're a member of group as tight as the Corps, you get to know a lot of genuinely nice guys. I like Marines as individuals, not only because they have holes I can fuck, but because they share my interests—most of them, anyway. Over the years, I've been really careful and have developed a firm rule not to fuck around with anyone off the ship. In the past, I've been ashore with other Marines or squids from the ship and for one reason or another decided to go for the gusto. These days just the fact that you know deployed military personnel are HIV negative is a big plus. Since Uncle Sam likes to keep our bodies in prime shape, other Marines are especially hard to pass up. Even squids, for some reason, turn me on. They are usually a lot softer and usually have a little paunch, but they leave an unlearned, innate scent of sexuality in their wakes which is often almost as inescapable as it is indescribable. I've even gone so far as to have lasting relationships with shipmates, but they never worked out. Aside from the tendency toward jealousy, one has to fight temptation to fuck underway. When you're deployed for six months or so, you may not hit land for three or four of those months. If you have some hunky sex-bunny on board with you, you KNOW you're going to slip away in the night to some pump room or gear locker to fuck. Most of the time you may even get away with it, but eventually the rover or the old man is

going to happen by and see you with your best news up some squid's butt. Then you're BOTH fucked. Sometimes squids in important billets—say the only quartermaster board who knew what he was doing—could get away with being found out, especially if he claimed he was sorry he was fighting to “overcome homosexual tendencies.” We're more expendable. Marines caught spoiling the merchandise can be:

a) put in the brig without pay for months; b) kicked out of the Corps with a dishonorable discharge; c) both of the above. Even if I didn't have condo and car payments to make, I don't need that kind of grief when I can duck in the head several times a day to choke the chicken. Now keep my fucking off the ship. That rule means that I spend a lot of time on the prow for wholesome studholes, though.

The day I drove home from the beach, I hadn't fucked anything but my hand in nearly a week. I had been to a beach at the very base of Diamond Head as it juts out into the Pacific. I recommend it the next time you're in paradise. On one side of Diamond Head is a surfer beach. On the other side, you have a residential area. Smack at the tip, though, you have about an eighth of a mile of beach which innocents avoid. You have to do a little hiking to reach the secluded inlets formed when the lava flowed into the sea, but they are worth the hike. Some dudes like to strip for a day's illegal nude bathing. Since no one is going to stray by unless they know the beach's secret, the police don't care what the cognoscenti do when they hang out there. It's not even that unusual for guys to make out on the beach, although they usually nip back into one of the many grottos which line the sand, or climb partway up a thicket-lined trail which leads to Diamond Head Road before they get into anything really dramatic. Folks who fuck on the beach draw company. I had beaucoups of offers. I lay there with my bronzed business hanging out; but I didn't see anything worth using a rubber on that day, so I just worked on my tan and waited. I'd done a lot of waiting lately.









**"I shoved my fuckfinger into his  
up to the middle knuckle and cur  
it around inside him. Each time  
pronged into my throat, I pulled  
outward with my finger and twist  
his spincter as I was twisting  
his tit with the other ha  
He went wild, thrashing  
around like a four-dolla  
whore on acid."**

I originally figured I'd go down through Kahala onto the freeway for the trip back to my condo in but I decided I might as well stop to pick up some watch as I abused myself that night. As soon as I into the Kaimuki VideoStop, I caught his scent. The who usually lurked behind the counter, looking like between Jabba T. Hutt and Yassir Arafat, wasn't there. His place was a dude who had SQUID practically taped onto his forehead—blond, about 22, 5'9", blues, very paunch, boy-next-door look—general all-around M bait. I thought to myself that I must be turning into those lifers who sees other military types wherever he goes. What would a squid be doing working in a Video fifteen miles from Pearl Harbor? He must just be some who looks the type. They do exist outside the navy. He looked up and said, "Hi."

"Clever opening," I thought to myself. Then I zeroed in on the wedding band and sighed. He would have been worth a rubber, maybe even a whole three-pack. At the time, though, I noticed they had several new titles for me on their shelves and lost myself in the task of making my selection. I saw the new Dennis Quaid movie had come out on video and latched onto it. Just thinking that Dennis Quaid is in the same hemisphere I am made me hard. I mucked about with other tapes until my friend wandered over and started to make conversation. He had seen the *Guadalcanal* T-shirt I was wearing and wanted to know if I was on the ship. Was I a jarhead? I admitted I was a Marine. He said he'd thought so; he was a sailor named Trent Christopher. We prattled on about being at CCC (temporarily working at the brig) and moved from one topic to the next. He worked there part time while his buddy of his had a gig. He was a musician somewhere but still was interested enough to envy the buddy, but my attention was still focused mainly on tapes. I noticed, though, that several other customers had come in, looked around, and left without attracting his attention. As I chatted on, I began to wonder. You've doubtless had the same uneasy feeling. If you're in a gay setting, you can't when a dude is coming on to you and can either fuck senseless or let him down easy. If you're in a straight setting, you can talk about how Elway just needs to f



## Comrades in Arms

good receivers or how the market is going to take off any day now and get along just fine. The problem comes in situations like the one in which I found myself. Was he or not? Was I imagining the vibrations I was feeling? Was I fooling myself into thinking the vibrations were there only because I have a fondness for squid meat? You don't want to move too fast because, after all, most men really aren't gay—or at least they say they aren't—and you don't want to cause unnecessary trouble. On the other hand, the dude turned me on big time and seemed to be trying to charm me. He obviously wasn't interested in me just as a customer, else he'd have gone and helped the others who had come in and let me look through his wares. If he had been older, I'd have thought he was a vet interested in reliving a half-remembered youth in the military and was just working up to boring me with war stories. Since he was a squid already, he couldn't be heading for one of those "what is life in the military really like?" chats. I could think of only one other reason he'd be taking such an interest in me. I'm 24, 6'1", close-cropped red hair, cat-green eyes, freckles and I'm built, except for the foreskin, like a Praxiteles. What do you THINK he was interested in? Yet there was the wedding band.

Since I'd finished my browsing, I cut through the bullshit and worked the talk around to fuckfilms. It was easy to do because the Honolulu D.A. forever has a hair up his ass about fuckflicks on video. The week before, the state Supreme Court had thrown out all his porno cases. I asked if he had any John Holmes tapes and he listed a few. Then I asked if he had anything by Kevin Williams or Matt Ramsey. I saw the eyes sparkle. That was it. Fuck the wedding band, he craved me. He wanted my body. He was a young man in search of love. He wanted to party, was interested, wanted my cock up his ass. The dude was in the mood. However you say it, I knew he was mine.

I knew all about bisexuals. In fact, I suspect most dudes who think they're straight are really bi. At least I can't see anyone turning down a tight hole in the right circumstances. I glanced down at the ring with a questioning look and he blushed.

"She just left me. We were only married about five months. She said," he almost whispered as he turned a red so intense it was nearly a purple, "that I wasn't good enough in the sack."

"And now you've decided to go back to being queer and want me to fuck you."

"No, not . . . Well, I've never done anything with men. I've always had dreams and thought about it a lot, but I've never done anything. Besides, I don't want to get fucked. I was thinking that maybe you could just give me a blowjob."

I think that did it even more than his looks. I look great and fuck even better. Here was this squid pulling this "I don't do anything but I want you to eat my wad" shit on ME! You have to figure a dude with balls like that must have a dick to match. I started laughing and asked him if he knew where my beach was. I have a rule against letting dudes I'm not sure of know where I live. After I'd described how to get to the beach, he said he could find it. I told him to meet me there at 2100 and we would see what happened. But I wasn't promising anything.

Meanwhile, Dennis Quaid, my hand, and I had an appointment at home.

I got to the isolated beach at about 2055 and was pleased to find the tide out and a three-quarters moon up. Nature was cooperating. I'd brought a couple of blankets, two six-packs of beer, and a tube of KY-Jelly, enough to set me

for a night. The kid was early, sitting on a rock, looking around as though he were late for his execution. I got his attention and yelled for him to come over to a nook which was sheltered from the wind. I stretched the blankets out, tossed him a Foster's, and told him to strip. He didn't like the sound of that much, and was obviously feeling awkward at showing dick, but since I was getting naked, too, he went alone. I lay down and pulled him to me, wrapping an arm around his shoulder and throwing a leg over him to share his warmth. He seemed uncomfortable having me so close: perhaps there really was some truth to his "but I've never done anything like this before," spiel. My original plan was to fuck the shit out of him and then, when I was finished with his ass, maybe do it again. Seeing him lying shivering slightly in my arms, though, the same mating instinct which kept our hominid ancestors secure in their insecure world took over. Have you ever noticed that you can fuck eighty-seven guys in a row and not care whether they go up in flames when you're done with them, but if you lie quietly and hold him in your arms, looking down into his face and using the language of lovers, your protective instinct is thrown into gear? Well, if YOU haven't, I have; and that was what kept me from nailing him and moving on.

I don't remember all of what we murmured. I know he was on at length about his wife. His cock just wouldn't stay up inside her unless he thought about all the hard, sleek bodies he saw every day aboard ship. As he was pumping away into her, he was too distracted to do the little things that made someone a good lover. She was afraid he didn't love her, that he didn't think she was pretty or desirable, or—worse—that he was already fucking around with someone else. There was no way he could tell her the real problem and so they drifted apart. As we worked our way through the Foster's we talked of the nav and of the Corps and of the places we had been. We spoke of many other things that night as we learned each other's innermost thoughts, but many of Trent's confessions have no real bearing on this story and MY confessions are none of your business.

Let's just say I told Trent about some of my sexual history. Before I had gotten very far, his cock was up and ready for action. By this time, I knew that he had won me over. I felt he had spoken the truth about his past and wasn't just going to take advantage of his pain to get another hole to fuck. If I was his first man, I would make sure he remembered me with thanks and affection for a long time.

I let my hand cover his seven or eight thick inches and held him as our conversation wound down. As the moon looked down on us, blinking off the water at our bodies intertwined on the beach, I positioned myself between his smooth, muscular legs to take him into my mouth. His head was good. As I flicked my tongue around it and prodded him in its eye, he lay his head back onto the blanket, closed his eyes, and began to make odd animal noises. My lips, mouth, and throat took him in their turn, and soon his hips were rocking upward to force himself deeper and deeper down my gullet. One hand (mine) wandered north to flit across his hairless belly and chest to find his hard, throbbing tits. I don't think he had ever noticed them before; at least he seemed taken aback when I started tweaking them. The surprise turned to a wide smile, though, as I attacked his body on several fronts. The southern front began with his heavy balls. I don't think he had cum in weeks. He had mentioned in passing that he



was ashamed to beat off (which shows you something about his level of sophistication right there.) I thought that meant that he beat off and felt guilty; it never occurred to me that the dude wouldn't throttle his own weasel when he felt like it. If that's the state things have come to, then the world has fallen on hard times. As his thrusting began, the southern front advanced between his flanks to explore his crack. All right, so I'd decided not to fuck the dude: I didn't say anything about fucking WITH him. I deserved some pleasure, after all. As his cock slid down my throat, his hips tilted and his ass flew into view. I was able to work my fuckfinger far enough down his crack to find the pucker. I had barely begun massaging his hole when I felt his rhythm change and knew that the end was near. I grabbed a tit and squeezed, put my fuckfinger against his hole, and got ready for the flood.

I nearly fucking drowned. I've seen loads before, but this dude had the highest flood level this side of Johnstown. I heard him "FUCK"ing and using the name of every deity he knew in what I took to be prayers of thanks. Once he began to shoot, each time my face crashed into his golden pubes, the skin of his cock stretched tight and his head blasted buckets down my throat. There was no way I could even get a taste—he spurted directly down my throat. When I felt his first protein injection, I shoved my fuckfinger into his ass up the middle knuckle and curled it around inside him. Each time he pronged into my throat, I pulled outward with my finger and twisted his sphincter as I was twisting his tit with the other hand. He went wild, thrashing around and "SHIT"ing or "FUCK"ing like a four-dollar whore on acid. His seizures grew so frantic that he jerked his head out of my throat and began spunking directly into my mouth. I didn't mind this development at all. It had been months since I'd let anyone cream my mouth, so I was overdue. He was so sweet that at first I thought he head the clap. Even if he had, the load was worth a few shots. As it turned out, though, he was just a sweet little squid.

After he had thrashed about for what seemed like ages, he finally ran dry. I moved up to hold him in my arms again by way of reward. As he lay his head on my chest, we shared another beer while he recovered. I asked him if he thought the blow job was worth the trouble and he babbled on about how great it was, how great I was, and how great the world was now that he had found me. I'd heard the same thing forty-seven dozen times before, but he made the words seem new. His one concern was that his crank was still up; he was so used to having to work at keeping it up, the idea that he could come and still have a hardon blew him away nearly as much as I had. I told him I often stayed hard through three or four bouts with Cupid. I was just barely listening when I heard myself ask him if he wanted to fuck me. I'm not sure why I asked. I don't really like to be fucked; I've never gotten off on the pain. Some dudes are bottoms and some are tops. In a pinch, I'll agree to a fuck by way of trade-off if I really crave some dude's ass, but this was the first time I'd offered myself. I'm a top. Chalk my offer up to a lapse in judgement caused by the Foster's.

OK, upon reflection, maybe more really lurked behind my willingness. I think I liked being his guide along a strange road. He had some boy-next-door quality that made me care what happened to him, want to please him, and want him to get what he needed. He was like the little brother I never had. For the first time in my life, I'd enjoyed giving

someone else pleasure almost as much as getting off myself. Looking back on the night now, I think I had falling in love with him already. I knew I lusted after body, but I'd lusted after many men. His honesty and innocence and vulnerability were the ties which bound to him and which made me offer myself, hoping in myself that he would use me to find pleasure and, in, make me a more complete person. It wasn't just his cum I needed, I needed his simplicity, his trust, and affection. He mattered to me.

He was all for the idea of fucking me. I explained he would have to go slow as he moved between my legs and put his cock against my hole. I'd lubed him good, but it hurt like a bastard going in. He grinned like a fresh boy at his first massage parlor as he tore into me. I kept yelling for him to slow down and finally had to dig my heels into his butt as I reached back and grabbed his ballbag. He held him against my ass. That slowed him down a bit, but I think the pain just got him hotter. Squids always were perverse. Despite what his wife had said, he had a damned good technique. He would pull the monster out of my ass and then crash down all the way, ping-ponging his prostate on the way. Just as I knew he was going to crash through the end of my shit-chute, I'd feel his pubes teeter like a Brillo pad into what was left of my hole as he ground his cock around in my guts. After every grind, he would slip nearly out again and repeat the process, slapping his ballbag against my ass with a SMACK that echoed off the lava walls of our little love nook. I reached up for his head again and felt him quicken in appreciation. Knowing it would hurry him up, I pulled his head down to rap his mouth with my tongue. At first I think that freaked him out, too, but he was a quick study. I moved up to his ear and used my modified world-champion Venus Butterfly technique in his ear canal. I've had Marines nearly pulled out from having their ears raped by my tongue. Trent started "SHIT"ing and "FUCK"ing again and, just as I was about to ignite from pole friction like a boy scout under tenderfoot fire, I felt his load salve my hole. He blasted against the walls of my guts on every downstroke and enough ricocheted off my shit-chute walls to stick to the cock on the upstroke that my friction-fried ass felt much better. The pain, though, had long since turned to pleasure and, despite myself, I felt my cock harden and my balls contract. I was like a bull being milked for stud—his cock raped my ass and made me cum without touching my penis. I shot off onto my belly and spurted up onto both our chests and into our faces locked together. He pumped the ground and moaned and "FUCK"ed for what seemed like hours until he gave up and pulled his cock, still firm, out of the ruins. We were a mess.

He said that if his wife had known how to do that business, he'd have been harder than a paymaster's hand. I took the compliment and pulled him back into my arms so I could perform some more lingual-aural gymnastics. As we thrashed together, rubbing our stained cocks against each other's even more stained bellies, he suddenly stopped, reached around to cup his hands around my head and said, "I want you to fuck me." I told him, no, he didn't. I explained the pain. He said he wanted me inside him.

After all my noble resolve, he wanted to be reamed. I figure.

I obliged. I rimmed him for a few minutes, introducing him to another new sensation and getting myself even harder in response to his wild, musky taste. He's such



quick study that he's become the best rimmer I've ever felt, so my bread cast upon the waters came back with a tidal wave of French loaves. After he was thoroughly moistened, I slathered lube over my asset and went to serious work. I figured he would change his mind once I was inside, so I took firm charge.

I grabbed his right arm and lifted it along his back, forcing him to his knees and then lower still, leaning on his left forearm in the sand. I was glad I'd made preparations, though I think being taken rather than just giving himself up turned the little bastard on, too. I've never been a believer in the "work it in slowly" theory. I broke through the barrier of muscle that kept his shit from the world and heard the scream of pain ricochet off the lava and out to sea. I did lay still for a moment, in case his hole wanted to loosen itself up a little, but it didn't have a clue how to act. I slammed the little bugger into the sand with everything I had. I fucked him hard and deep and fast. His ass must have been virgin. Even after entry, he was still super-tight. By this time, fortunately for him, the screams of "FORCHRISSAKEPULLITTHEFUCKOUT" had changed to "Fuck"s and "Oh, Shit"s of pleasure. If he hadn't been so turned on, he would probably have gone into shock from the pain. As it was, his brain misread the pain as pleasure and he went wild again. As I pounded into him, he was so turned on by the pressure my cock was putting onto his prostate that the little love-button decided to reward him with a bonus. Like a bull with a pole up his ass, he shot off, blowing all over his bent-over chest and into his cute little squid boyish face. Actually, we managed to cum at more or less the same time as I, unaccustomed to the tightness of a virgin, filled him as I hadn't filled anything in months. I think I came out of my fog as I was shooting off long enough to see a jet of his spunk flying past that face. I know I relaxed the pressure on his arm so he could wipe his spunk out of his eyes. The show literally blew me away. I had almost finished pumping my load into him, but when I saw that nacreous bullet graze his ear, I went back over the edge. White-hot rockets exploded in my brain, the earth moved (he gave way and fell to the sand, me atop him,) and I pumped on and on until I thought my balls were going to drop off. We finally collapsed together into each other's arms for the last time on that night on that beach. We talked for a few moments and then were both so completely exhausted by the ordeal that we both slipped unknowingly and against our wills into a deep sleep, mine filled with dreams of what I was going to do to him the next time. I know one special dream had to do with handcuffs, the biggest dildo you've ever seen, and a piss-enema. But that's a story for another time.

We awoke, our limbs woven together under a blanket, just after dawn when a man walking his dog down the beach had some unflattering things to say about "god-damned fucking queers." I took Trent back to my place for breakfast. We had waffles, coffee, and cream. He had earned them. Besides, this was one dude I certainly wanted to get my address. He moved in later that week. He bought me a wedding band to match his. I think that may be going a tad far, but I wear the thing. It makes him happy, and besides, I like to look at it and think of him when he's not around. Trent has taught me a few new things about squids and their creativity; I've taught him a few things, too. Most of all, we've been teaching each other how to be true comrades in arms. □





# "The Circle Is Complete"

By David May

Photos from Satyr Studio







It all comes from inside. It has to.  
Really good actors can fill an empty stage with atmosphere. Props are superfluous.  
That's how I feel about being a Master. A few hooks on the wall and a chair are all I need for  
my slave to be groveling at my feet and begging for permission to breathe.

Permission to breathe.  
Elaborate playrooms are for those lost souls who "just love Victorian architecture"; the setting  
becomes more important than the drama and the actors get lost in the scenery.

I like to keep it unadulterated; it's how I do everything.  
The invitation was simple enough and that attracted me to the party in the first place. A plain  
white card in heavy stock where a vertical hand had written:

*You're Wanted  
Saturday 6 April  
10:00 pm to 2:00 am  
Our place.  
Be there!*



## The Circle is Complete

And it gave an address on Diamond Street.

I liked the style, whoever they were. But I didn't know who it was from. I called an old friend who seemed to know everybody and asked him who lived at the address.

"Wish I knew. You know the place, though. It's that big dark Victorian set behind a front yard filled with trees. I've heard that it's huge inside, much bigger than it looks from the front."

"Yeah, but do you know who lives there?"

"No one's ever told me that."

Fucking dizzy . . .

So I went by the house myself. Sure enough, it was a dark Victorian set behind high fence and a clump of trees. Enigmatic.

I walked along the length of the fence, hoping to get a glimpse of someone or something that would tell me whose party I'd been invited to. I could see that the yard had been more or less kept up, but not used. The trees had been allowed to grow high enough to hide the second and third stories of the narrow house.

The house was not inviting. It looked neither lived in nor abandoned, but had the vacant look of a house between occupants.

I changed my mind a second time and decided to go. There was something in that handwriting I wanted to discover. Explore.

Since I didn't know who'd invited me, I wasn't sure what to expect. It might be purely social, or maybe an orgy. All right, I'd come dressed for both. I put on a pair of leather pants cut like 501s, a CHP shirt and a leather tie, a pair of low rise boots and tucked a black hankie in my left hip pocket, the edge showing just enough to suggest the evil that lurked within. If the party did turn out to be an orgy, I figured my belt, and the handcuffs hanging on the left epaulet of my motorcycle jacket, would suffice for toys. Like I said, I like to keep it simple.

The gate was wide open when I got there, and the short path to the door was lit with paper lanterns lining the walk. As I approached, a cluster of people were being greeted by a woman with flaming red hair, milky white skin, and dressed in a black satin dress that clung to an otherwise naked body beneath. Besides the dress, she wore only a pair of menacing black stilettos.

The shoes were my clue that I was at the right party.

She extended her hand and said, "Hi.

I also remembered Jack.

I'd met them at a mixed SM party the Cell the winter before. I'd taken a slave, Gene, with me. He explained (much to my consternation) that he'd also submitted to women; and he'd begged me to *please* lend him to Lyla at somepoint during the party, if only for half an hour. I agreed, a little reluctantly at first, and when the time came for me to lay back for a while I handed him over to her. She grabbed the boy slave by his hair, dragged him into the playroom, threw him on the floor and whipped the holy hell out of him as he groveled and licked the clips on her high heeled pumps.

"She's really something else, isn't she?" said a man standing next to me as I watched the scene.

"I'll say," I said, not bothering to look at him. "I just hope Gene's got something left for me when she's done with him."

"Gene? Don't worry about him. He can bottom all night and not wear himself out. But then he picks the best tops, too, doesn't he?"

I acknowledged the compliment with a nod, even if the idea of a bottom picking me didn't sound quite right. I wanted to know why this stranger knew so much about *my* slave.

"I'm Jack, by the way," he said, extending a hand.

"Steve," I said, shaking his strong grip in my own. Then I looked at him—a stranger if I ever saw one. He was a lean but not skinny man with large, finished-looking features. His hair was dark, almost black; there was still the shadow of a beard clearly visible. The sort of face you couldn't kiss without feeling the stubble. Uncommonly pale skin and the eyes bright blue. There's something about blue eyes and black hair that starts my juices flowing every time.

I offered him a beer and we talked while Lyla and Gene did their stuff. I had to admit they were hot to watch.

When Lyla returned Gene to me, he came crawling on his stomach and kissed my boot. She handed me the leash and I thanked her for going to the trouble to beat a worthless-ass-slave like Gene, and offered her a drink. She demurred, whispered something to Jack and strutted back into the playroom, her copper hair flying.

I looked over at Jack as we sat down then at Gene, still on his stomach, his lips on my boot.

"Where's my foot stool, boy?" he barked. At once he became one, his weight resting on all fours. Jack arched his back to rest our feet on.

**"'Steve,' Jack commented. 'I'd like to check you out some time.'**

**I raised an eyebrow. I knew what he meant, but the exact nature of the game was unclear. I was a Topman and only a Topman, and nothing about Jack suggested he was interested in being in anything less than complete control."**

I walked by the place whenever I could, even if it wasn't really on the way to anywhere. I'd walk the few blocks extra hoping to get a glimpse of more than the occasional light burning late at night. Then, just as suddenly, I gave up on it, decided *not* to go to the party, and *forgot* about the invitation. It wasn't until I was absent-mindedly shuffling through some papers on my desk the afternoon before the party that I remembered it again. I found the invitation and studied the controlled even hand that had written it on the plain white paper.

I'm Lyla."

"I'm Steve," I explained and reached in my pocket for the invitation.

"Of course," she said, recognizing me. "You're Gene's Master. Come on in. I'll find Jack for you."

She turned on the point of her heel and walked down the hall into the front room where she cut a path through the crowd. She pointed to a chair in one corner piled with an assortment of leather jackets and suggested I leave mine there with the others.

Then it fell into place. I knew who she was. Where I'd met her months before.



"You've got a good boy, there," Jack said.

"He's learning," I said. (I don't like anyone else praising my slave or he gets a swollen head.)

"Steve," Jack commented, "I'd like to check you out some time."

I raised an eyebrow. I knew what he meant but the exact nature of the game, i.e. who would play what role, was unclear. I was a Topman and only a Topman, and nothing about Jack suggested he was interested in being in anything less than complete control.

Permission to breathe. Permission to breathe.

"Sure, Jack. When the dog here is rested, we can work him over together. I always learn watching another man up close."

"That's not what I meant."

My face must have betrayed my bewilderment. Jack gave a quick glance down at Gene on all fours supporting our booted feet, then looked back at me.

"We'll talk about it some other time," he said. He gave Gene an affectionate shove with his boot as he got up, clapped my shoulder with a powerful hand and said, "Good to meet you."

Then he left the party.

I figured they'd gotten my address from Tron, the owner of the Cell, who was notorious for his lack of discretion with names and numbers when properly bribed.

I followed Lyla, people moving quickly aside for her as they would for any absolute authority. Out of nowhere, it seemed, she pulled Jack from the crowd.

"Glad you could make it."

He had on a pair of beautiful leather pants—finely cut, the leather supple and elegant—tucked into high-laced riding boots. The belt was equally impressive, woven leather with a simple brass buckle; each bicep wore a similar braided band. In the heat of the crowded room, he hadn't bothered to wear a shirt, showing instead his lean, muscular torso and broad, hairy chest. He kept his gloves on, also a fine grade of leather and supple as his own skin. His black hair had been slicked back. His recently shaven jaw already showed the blue/black of his beard.

Jack's bright blue eyes were as piercing as a cat's and naked in their assault. The unnerving penetration of desire tempered with reason. It was the face of a man who inevitably got what he wanted. The face of a conqueror.

"Thanks for inviting me."

"You should know a lot of the people here from the Cell."

"Yes," I agreed, "of course."

"Good. Well, I want to talk to you later. Right now I've got to be a host."

"Sure."

I looked around the expanse of humanity filling the house: women and men in leather, corsets, boots, high heels, capes, harnesses, rubber, uniforms, chains, dog collars and leashes. The variations were endless.

I sat alone for a while, surrounded by people but still alone as a man can be in at a party. I thought some more about Jack and all I wanted to do to him. I rearranged my crotch and looked at the crowd. I saw people I knew, a few of my own boys among them. I wondered if they were his boys as well. Mixing with the crowd, I nodded to friends.

I was the proverbial boy whistling in the dark.

After a while the party thinned out but showed no signs of stopping. I expected then that it would turn into an orgy and that my hosts were waiting for the crowd to dwindle down to a manageable, perhaps select, group. I wondered if I was going to be invited to be a part of it. Then I saw Jack. Something in his eyes said yes.

Without saying a word, he put one arm around my shoulder and led me

gut. I looked into his face, cut like granite, the shadow of his beard clear even in the dim light of the room, his blue eyes darkened to indigo. His voice had turned as cold as his eyes.

He smiled a smile that was cruel and indulgent all at once.

"Come here," he said with some finality.

I approached. He grabbed me by my hair and kissed me full on the mouth, probing me, fucking my throat with his wet tongue. There was no mistaking what he meant with the kiss: It took possession, claimed me as his.

I tried to pull back, but was in a hold I couldn't break. As big I am, as strong as I am, I thought we were at least evenly matched. But I was overwhelmed by him, unable to break free of his hold on me.

"Don't resist me, Steven. You'll only make it harder on yourself. You can't get away. You might as well agree to it now."

I continued struggling until I noticed how our cocks had rubbed together during the struggle. Both were hard. My body had betrayed me. I was turned on, without knowing it. Any purpose to the struggle was, for the moment, over. I submitted, dropped to my knees and mouthed his dick through the supple,

**"I continued struggling until I noticed how our cocks had rubbed together during the struggle. Both were hard. My body had betrayed me. I was turned on without knowing it. Any purpose to the struggle was, for the moment, over. I submitted, dropped to my knees and mouthed his dick through the supple, glossy leather of his pants."**

away from the main room and down a dimly lit hallway where guests were collecting in twos, threes and fours, negotiating the party to come in huddled whispers. Passing a bedroom I saw a couple fucking with brutal insistence, striking each other with open hands in ecstatic frenzy. I was turned on by the eroticism in the air and moved my dick in my pants to accommodate a growing hard-on.

We went into a room at the end of the long hallway. The door shut behind us. The room was a study, shelves lined with books. I felt something go cold in my

glossy leather of his pants.

"Good boy, Steven. Good boy."

He took off the woven leather belt, made a loop through the buckle and put it over my head. I bowed my head and accepted the mark of submission.

He reached behind one of the books on the shelf and the next thing I knew, a door opened above the floor molding of the wall—a hidden passage. Jack pulled on the leash, led me through the opened panel and up the stairs. The door shut automatically behind us.



## The Circle is Complete

"The builder of this house," he explained casually as we climbed the stairs, "hid Chinese refugees who were being deported after their work on the railroads. He helped smuggle them up to Canada. It was the West Coast's underground railroad; lesser known than the South's, but no less important."

I said nothing but followed behind him as fast as I could on all fours. We reached a room, musty and cold with an unfinished wooden floor, empty except for one lone chair. I was told to sit. I was tied.

"I'm a writer, you know, an historian like yourself," Jack explained. "I specialize in nineteenth century California—maybe you've read my book? Tell me, Steve, what do you specialize in? Being a Master? You're no more Master than you are an adequate slave. You're less than a slave, how could you be a decent Master?"

I opened my mouth to tell the bastard off. The back of his hand hit me violently. I was stunned. A gag was shoved into my mouth.

"I know you didn't say anything, Steven, but you were about to and I hadn't given you permission to speak. I think it's best to stop problems before they happen. It's the only way to keep a worthless piece of shit like you in line."

I tried to escape when he said the last word. Before he disappeared, taking the light with him, he said, "This isn't a punishment, Steven; just part of the training. The gag is your punishment. Even without it, no one would hear you scream. Until tomorrow, Steven. Right now I have to return to my guests."

He came back to see me the next day. I was shivering. My will was completely broken. Unable to move or see. I greeted my Master whimpering my gratitude at his return.

I can't explain what happened that night. Something snapped inside of me. I felt that I'd lost my manhood as surely as if he'd cut off my balls and stuffed them up my ass. I had no will of my own. I was his now. It was as if he had taken something from me. And I wondered if he had taken it when he kissed me. It had been the kiss that threw the switch inside of me, that made me his.

He removed the gag and restraints. I was led like a dog deeper inside the bowels of the house.

We passed a mirror covering a narrow wall in what seemed to be an anteroom. I caught a glimpse of myself, my hair and beard matted from the night spent in bondage, my eyes surrounded by shadows, a small bruise

decorating one side of my face.

I saw myself broken.

"I've something special in mind for you, Steve. You must understand that I'm doing you a favor, opening you up. You need to know something about yourself. Even Gene says so."

I stopped in my tracks and looked up at him.

"Yes, even Gene. And he thinks you're a good topman, Steve—considering how little you know."

We walked up a final flight of stairs into an attic room that had been renovated into a playroom. I looked about the room, a little awed by all I saw. To one side was an enormous claw-footed tub, equipped with a bidet. To the other side were a series of metal shackles attached to the unfinished walls. In the center of the room hung an elaborate sling.

Ohmygod, I thought, he's gonna fuck me . . .

No one had ever fucked me. Except once, the first time I went to Folsom Street.

The bastard who picked me up put in handcuffs and threw me over the hood of his car. He tore a hole in the back of my jeans and shoved his meat in me without even spitting on it. Then he took me home, tied me up and left me in a cage for the weekend.

When I finally escaped a few days later, my ass was a bloody mess inside and out.

Then my friend Pete told me the bastard was a policeman. That really scared the shit out of me.

Anyway, no one had fucked me since.

And here I was in a sling, tied down and helpless. I was scared, real scared—sweating and shivering so much the sling was shaking.

Permission to breathe, permission to breathe.

He pulled on his dick and laughed at me. I wondered now if Jack was as crazy as that cop had been.

"You know, Steve, I'm doing you a favor," he said as he slapped his fat dick against my ass cheeks. "A mind is like a window—or even an asshole—it's not good unless it's opened up. That's what I'm going to do for you, Steve. I'm going to open up your asshole. And your mind." He smiled wickedly. "And we'll find out what's inside."

Inside . . .

He threw back his head and laughed like the devil. Then he greased a finger and inserted it. I winced and tightened my hole.

"That's no way to behave, Steve, when I'm doing you a favor."

"Yes, Sir."

I tried to loosen my sphincter muscles, muscles I'd been unaware of my whole life, muscles I had had no control over until that moment. Finally, I felt them now and relaxing them for Master gave me my first hint of what was ahead.

His finger massaged the hole being joined by a second finger. Then a third. It began to feel good, a soft release escaped me, a sound I didn't recognize as mine at first.

The fingers were replaced by a hard rubber. The hard rubber felt cold and uncomfortable compared to the living, pulsing flesh of his fingers and I gave a small cry.

The water went on, a steady even flow of warm, relaxing water filling me.

"Don't hold it, Steve. This isn't the test you put your slaves through. It's just to clean you out. Let it flow the way it flows in. The test will come later," he added.

I did as he said. The water, warm and comforting, poured out as it poured in, filling a basin beneath the sling. The water flowing down, deep into the earth, was flowing with the water, down the drain into complete darkness, into some warm safe place.

The water stopped. The hose was removed. Fingers once again massaged the opening to my body. When the fingers were removed, I felt the hole open and close on emptiness, reaching for more living flesh to fill.

Then his dick was there. I opened my eyes and looked at the mirror. I saw the sling: Jack's cock, thick, head massive, its head resting just above the reach of my hole.

But he wasn't pushing. I had to push for it myself, suck it inside. I opened the hole as best I could and swallowed the tip of the mushroom head.

"Please, Sir," I begged. "More, please, all to me, Sir. Please . . ."

I continued begging as I gripped the tip of his cock with my hole. He smiled at the sight of me whimpering and demoralized. Then, when I allowed the entire dickhead, he gave a shove, threw back his head and pushed.

Nothing had equipped me for the pain I felt at that moment, or the euphoria that came with it. It was as if I had been exposed to all the forces of nature, turned inside out and tossed into the wind. I'd been sent deep into the heart of the earth and left there in a sudden, hot and painful oblivion.



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Every thrust of his cock became the pounding of the earth's heart. My balls and guts were battered from within. Permission to scream. Permission to scream.

That's when I came.

I was kept inside the house for several days, usually in bondage.

I was tortured, whipped and pierced, during my stay. It seemed only natural to me. Pain became the vehicle to pleasure. I was as self-centered as a cat, accepting torment as a cat accepts pleasure, demanding all stimuli selfishly and without restraint.

I was becoming myself.

When I was released, a gold ring flashed from each nipple. One ring, Jack told me, was a slave's, the other a Master's.

"I think you've earned the right to wear them both," he said.

"How did you know, Sir?" I asked many months later.

"Instinct," he said. "I can tell when a man's ass is hungry. Or when he needs the pain he gives others. There are lots of men like that, too many and most not worth shit. But I knew you'd be worth it. I knew by the way you handled Gene."

"Thank you, Sir."

"I also knew you needed what I could give you."

"Thank you, Sir."

I let a moment pass, then spoke again.

"Sir?"

"Yes, slave?"

"Who gives you what you give me when you need it?"

He was silent a while and I was afraid I'd made him angry. Then he threw back his head and laughed his wicked laugh.

"Who, indeed!" He laughed harder than before. I thought he was near hysteria when he finally stopped.

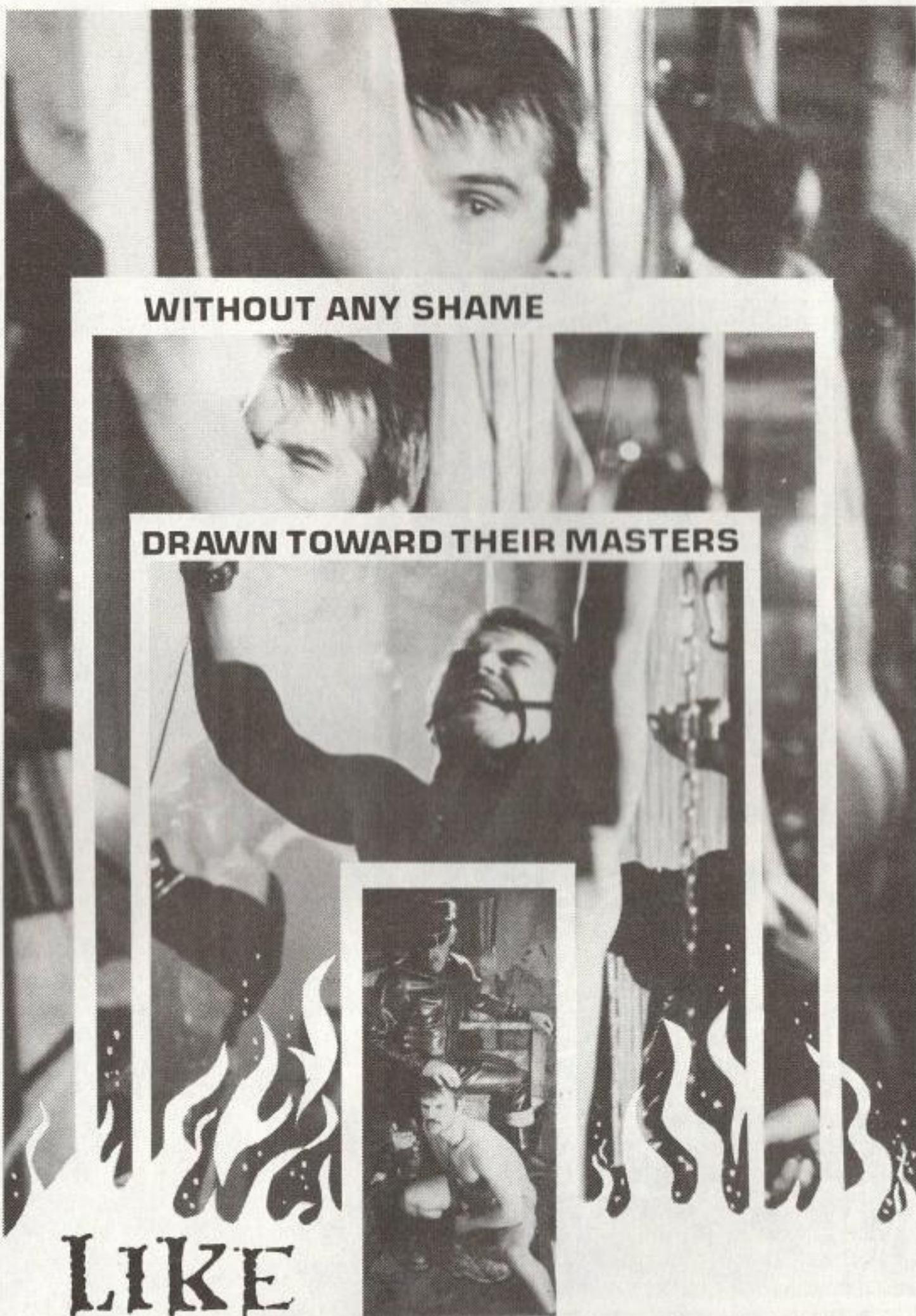
"The circle's complete," he finally said. "My Master..." He smiled broadly as he shared his secret, pausing for effect. "My Master is Gene."

I thought he was kidding me for a second, then knew he wasn't. It was too perfect—the cosmic joke. I was my slave's slave's slave, my Master's Master's Master. Betrayed by both, I felt I'd been honored and degraded in one manipulated act.

I was trapped, caught in a cyclone, not knowing where—or even if—I'd land.

Jack just laughed louder. Permission to breathe. Permission to breathe. □

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**Where will your ad run?** Under your state or geographic section. If you would like your ad to appear under Nationwide or International instead of your state or country heading, say so. Ads for Models, Organizations, Mail Order, or Services will appear under those respective categories.

**Deadline?** There isn't any. Your ad will be placed in the next issue. Subsequent insertions appear chronologically. Allow 60 (repeat, 60) days for your ad to appear. WE MEAN IT.

**Discount?** When paying for more than one insertion, you may

**How to reply to a Drummer box number:** Answering a Drummer box number is easy, but the few rules we have are hard and fast, so observe them *or else*. 1) Seal your letter in an envelope on which you have written the box number on the back flap in pencil. 2) Put your return address on the envelope if you wish the letter to be returned to you should there be some problem with delivery. 3) PUT PROPER POSTAGE ON THE ENVELOPE—domestic postage is 25¢ for the first ounce, 20¢ for each additional ounce. Foreign overseas postage is 45¢ per one-half ounce. Enclose seventy-five cents (75¢) for each envelope and we will immediately address them and mail them out. 4) Put the whole thing (sealed letter and forwarding fee) in another envelope and send it to DESMODUS, Inc., PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314. LETTERS NOT PROPERLY PREPARED WILL BE DESTROYED.

**IT'S THAT EASY!** And that's the way it should be. The pages of this magazine have always been a communication center for leathermen! By expanding and simplifying Dear Sir, we are doing just that. No deadlines, no headaches, no \$7 box charges,

deduct 10% on the additional insertion(s). Our rates are a fraction of the competition.

**Want a Drummer box number?** Add a buck, that's all. The responses to your box will be forwarded to your address as soon as we receive them. Box numbers can be assigned for personal ads *only*.

**Phone number?** Run your number for instant results. But include a dollar for us to call you to verify the number for your protection and ours.

**Payment?** Pay by check, money order, Visa, Mastercard or American Express. If paying by credit card, include card number and expiration date along with your signature.

**Censorship?** No, Sir! — provided you keep references to minors, animals, prostitution or drugs out of your ad. These we cannot accept. And, of course, you must be 21 or better.

no \$20 cancellation fee, no \$5 phone verification fee. And only 50¢ a word!

Desmodus will forward responses to ads in back issues. However, we cannot guarantee that old addresses will still be valid. Remember, the US Postal Service will not return mail without **your** return address. Keep in mind that people do move and their needs and desires do change.

**FOR LEATHER FRATERNITY MEMBERS ONLY:** Your 50-word ad is included for the next twelve issues as part of your membership. Change your ad as often as you like—but remember to keep your ad within the 50-word limit to allow space for everyone else's. **Any Leather Fraternity ad not complying to this limit will be edited.**

There is no box charge and if you send replies to other advertisers you don't need to bother sending in the 75¢ forwarding fee per envelope. How about that! The Leather Fraternity is a real deal even without these features. With them, it is an even bigger bargain!

## DEAR SIR:

DESMODUS, INC.  
PO Box 11314  
San Francisco, CA 94101-1314



NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

Signature: \_\_\_\_\_

Cost of Ad—1st Insertion (\_\_\_\_ Words×50¢)..... \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Additional Insertions—×\_\_\_\_(10% discount)..... \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Box Number (Add \$1.00)..... \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Telephone Number in Ad (Add \$1.00)..... \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Total Enclosed ..... \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Payment enclosed is: ☐ Check ☐ Money Order

Please make checks payable to: **DESMODUS, INC.**

Card No. \_\_\_\_\_ Exp. Date \_\_\_\_\_

☐ Visa ☐ Mastercard ☐ American Express

(I am 21 years of age or older • Signature required on ALL ads)

I declare that I am 21 years of age or older and that the data in my ad is true and correct. I understand that no proofs of my ad will be supplied to me for approval and I waive all claims regarding accurate reproduction due to mistakes or technical failure. I understand that Desmodus, Inc. is in no way responsible for any transactions between myself and any persons I contact through their publications.

**BOLD HEADING (25 letters & spaces maximum) PLACE MY AD IN THE FOLLOWING CATEGORY:**

**AD COPY (please print)**





## NATIONWIDE

### ONE NIGHT ONLY

Aggressive bottom looking for one night of being completely controlled. Bind me, gag me, make me beg for more. You're in control (if you're man enough). Send your photo and detailed letter of intent. Box 6692.

### CREWCUTS, USMC HI & TIGHTS

Flat-tops, haircutting, or bodyshaving turn you on? Meet others sharing these interests. Video, photos, local parties, newsletter. CLIP-PERS, Box 5871, Santa Monica, CA 90405.

### LATE NITE JERK-OFF RETURNS

Exchange stories! Let's tie him down; gag him; roll his nipples; frig his butt; tickle him mercilessly; then milk his dick for a finale! Straight and bi-guys who need (cock) control... punks, thugs, cops, military, jocks, and businessmen. Mr. N.P., PO Box 40136, Berkeley, CA 94704. Box 6695LF.

### BLACK SPANKING & ENEMA GIVIN' MASSEUR!

I'm licensed to massage, and highly skilled at ass-whipping hot butts stretched out on my massage table. Enemas your pleasure? Try my secret formula stirring up your insides, making your bowels explode loads of paydirt. So all you naughty business types, laborers, jocks, etc. pick up the phone. John, (212) 889-5477.

### MASTER/LOVER

wanted by oriental slave, 38, 5'11", 130#. Dog training. Leather, rubber, B/D. Controlled breathing. Catheters. Enemas. Piercing. Medical. Safe sex. HIV negative. Long distance relationship first; live-in possible after release from military. (602) 343-0384 after 6 pm. Box 6848LF.

### DISABLED?

See: Organizations heading

### BLACK MASTER WANTED

Hot, tan, W/M slave animal, 34, 5'9", 172 lbs., blond, seeks demanding, innovative, muscular, hung Black Master for workouts, S/M, CBT, paddles, mirrors, toys, wax, heavy Greek/French, B/D just about anything, uniforms, fantasy action. Master may write to Zack, PO Box 14630, Phoenix, AZ 85035. Letter, phone, photo, instructions, please... (LF6406)

### CUM ON SON

Dad wants you for hot safe action in leather, jockstraps, body-hugging spandex. T/T, V/A, shaving, fantasy trips, exhibitionism, body worship, Dad can give or take. Son top or bottom. Have toys to play with. Photo/phone—Al, Box 1356, Mad. Sq. Sta., NY NY 10159. Box 6700LF.

### DEAR SIR: WHERE TOPS AND BOTTOMS COME TOGETHER!

### GRANDAD

Horny Sicilian Bear Dad (45) with hungry bear boy (35) is looking for a Silver Bear Dad (55+) of his own. Let's get together and show the boy what men are interested in. PO Box 2251, SF 94126

### EXCEPTIONAL HOT MAN

42, seeks exceptional younger man. I'm 5'10", 160 lbs., black hair, brown eyes, good build and looks, very masculine, dynamic, stable, successful, intense and caring. If you're very good-looking, well-built, intelligent, stimulating and thrive on dominance/submission, send letter with photo to: Mitch, PO Box 9395, Scottsdale, AZ 85252. Box 6398LF

### SLAVE BOY WANTED

Two hot Chicago Masters, 28/31, bearded, tattooed and pierced, seeking hot boy. Must be into heavy nipple work just like his Masters. Must be honest, into leather, discipline, bondage and fantasy. Boy will be shaved, collared and hooded. Relocation possible. Send submissive letter and photo immediately. Box 6377LF

### MUSCLE LEATHERMAN WANTED

Gay white couple, me 5'8", 155 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, mustache, 46 look 35, Nautilus body. Into CBT, VA, FF, weights, stretching, safe sex. Partner 5'9", slim, brown curly hair, blue eyes, mustache, 37 very cute into muscle body worship. Your picture gets ours. JDR, 107 Wood Hill Trail, Augusta, GA 30909.

### LEATHERSON WANTED

Leatherdad, 56, 5'9", 170#, gray hair, full gray beard, glasses, motorcycle man into assplay, fucking, WS, BD, SM Fantasy fulfillment, has life partner, needs bright, hard working son/servant, 21-45+, to be dad's naked sex toy and to complete family. Les, Box 511265, SLC, UT 84151-1265. Box 4733LF.

### LOVER/MASTER WANTED

G/W/M, 30, 6'2", 175 lbs., well built, successful, educated, owns business, seeks tall, healthy, hung, in-shape, protective and caring Master/Dad 32-40 for lifemate and business partner. I seek a man who is easy going, creative, financially independent, open to new business ventures, travel. I can and will relocate. Letter and photo to Box 6703LF.

### BUTCH BOTTOM WANTED

Must be muscular, butch, submissive. Interested in more than fantasy fulfillment. Seeking rare find, no-bullshit relationship. Me: unusual WM, 37, 5'11", 175 lbs., dark moustache and beard, loner, masculine, muscular, hairy. Successful, confident, in charge. Emotionally available. Not into gay scene. Landmark, 227 N. Federal Highway, Dania, FL 33004.

### OPENINGS FOR SLAVES

Wiccan Master owns primary slave. Expanding household has room for 1-2 additional slaves. Serve year or longer. Low-stress, spiritual orientation. Could be ideal for HIV+ or mature slaves willing to learn, desiring obedience, submission, and opportunities for personal growth. If extremely serious and willing to make substantial changes in your life, write: Panman, PO Box 80053, Mpls., MN55408.

### U.S. MUSCLE—EUROPE

See West Germany section.

### JOIN FALLEN ANGELS

A new correspondence club forming designed for men into leather, bondage, toys, etc. Send a SASE to PO Box 9221 Stockton, CA 95208-1221. For fallen angels 21 and over.

### NOW TAKING APPLICATIONS

for Life Partner, by successful professional GWM, 40, 6'2", 230#, black hair, beard, mustache, hazel eyes, 8"+, cut, tattooed, pierced, harley rider, non-smoker. Looking for a MAN who would be proud to stand beside me. For details write DPR, PO Box 572, Worthington, OH 43085-0572. Box LF6440.

### COUPLE SOUGHT

by lean, dark Mexican bottom, 32. Seek to develop, contribute to working, trusty, healthy, open, sexual relationship in live-in setting. Responsible, fun (sometimes partying hard), and stable partners/buddies, 21-40, desiring third mate committed to contributing and serving, everything moderately, please write. Will relocate. Box 6705LF.

### COMPETITIVE TYPE BBs

Opportunity for real beefy BB who needs a master to transcend routine for further muscle gain and discipline. Letter with photo to: G.B.L., B.P.13809, F.75422, Paris, Cedex 09, France

### LEATHER NAZI

38, 5'8", seeks same or redneck cop-type. Heavy-duty Nazi conversation. Fucking around, relationship. Geff Hewell, POB 272364, Concord, CA 94527.

### LEATHER TOP

seeks serious bondage slave for intense, prolonged scenes. If you are into immobilization, CB&TT, W/S, shaving, rubber and total submission and are under 40, in shape and ready for the experience, reply with photo, descriptive letter and phone to this 30-year-old BB, 5'8", 165 lbs., Top. LF4883

**Q:** What do **Max Bear** and **Roger Rabbit** have in common?

**A:** They're both suitable for framing.

### HOT AND KINKY BODYBUILDER

38, W/M, hairy and healthy BB has a big juicy hole for an aggressive man. Truckers, cops, leathermen serviced to your specifications. Gloved paws a real turn on. No scat or speeders. J.B., PO Box 410034, San Francisco, CA 94141

### FACESITTING

Safe. No scat. Top or Bottom. Letter/Photo to PO Box 204, Station F, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M4Y 2L5

### COPS ONLY

You protect—I serve. W/M 27, masculine, healthy, discrete. No fakes or bullshit. Photo appreciated, returned. G. Stanka, Box 2642, 8033 Sunset, LA, CA 90046

### GOT AN ACCENT?

Want a blowjob? SF area, but I like mail. Pref. skinny guys, smooth dark skin. Box Alpha.

### DAD SEEKS B/B SON

Successful W/M, 36, 5'10", 155 lbs., will provide opportunity for full-time training in return for submissive son. Possible live-in or your own place. GW, PO Box 1373, Manhattan, KS 66502.

### BOY/SLAVE

Good looking eager to please hot hung Daddy/Master. 1-519-749-0881.





#### SLAVE BOY

5'8", 140, 28 smooth looking for fit top to train this eager novice. Relocation possible. San Diego, Mark 619-284-1839.

#### BEAUTIFUL DAD WANTED!

Dominant European guy, 38, 6'1", 160 lbs., trim, hairy, masculine, dark hair/eyes, reliable, seeks submissive professional/retired dad over 55 for lifetime relationship. Leather is great, so are business suits. Want to worship Dad but also dominate him. All scenes considered. Will relocate. Photo a must. Box 6308LF

#### GENTLE MASTER

50s, tall, slender, bald, glasses, educated, seeks thin, quality-type live-in slave capable of obedience, giving and receiving love in Los Angeles. Send detailed letter, photo, and phone now to Box LF 6309. All applications answered. Box 6309LF.

#### MASTER SEEKS SLAVE

You must be under 35 for consideration as permanent live-in boy. Others for week/week-end training. Be in good shape or be ready to work out together to get there. Master is 36, 5'11", 210 lbs., blue/blond, demanding—leather, Levis, boots, whips, bondage, pain, service, suffering and servitude. Hank, (612) 690-4167. (LF6457)

#### ITALIAN L/L DESERT DAD/TOP

36, looking for WM bottoms, other hot tops for laid-back to heavy encounters. Big brawny blond/USMC/cop/BB, pro-wrestlers, footballers a plus but not necessary. I'm worth the postage. Send photo/phone. Occ., PO Box 91181, Henderson, NV 89009.

#### CORIACEOUS

Unpretentious, academic, quiet, peripheral to scenes and the scene, generally openminded, total leatherman, late 30s, Boston, MA area seeks other educated leatherlovers 25-49 for conversation, information, correspondence or friendship. I have many interests, friends, a lover and am monogamous, but my leather needs attention. Box 5978LF

#### TOM OF FINLAND TYPE

In shape (5'11", 175 lbs., 42" c, 31" w), size (B" cut) and attitude, seeks same—any age or race—for mutual physique critique by photo and fantasy. After that, the future is ours. So, get it off now to this 43-year-old Tom's man at Box 6683LF

#### BONDAGE & TICKLE TORTURE

Seek ticklish guys (tops and bottoms) for begging, pleading, hysterical laughter. Box 6813

#### SLAVEBOY(S) NY/NJ/PA

Handsome, experienced, muscular, trim, well-built master 36, 6'1", 150, seeks slave-masochist-lover, permanent, temporary, weekend, who is trim, under 35, well built. Limitation accepted, but will expand. Novice welcome. Well designed and equipped dungeon. Write with picture to PO Box 195, New Hope, PA 18938 (LF6453)

#### LEATHERED BOOTED MASTER

Tall tough top needed with equipment and toys for intense control bondage verbal physical abuse of submissive leathered booted man visit friendship. Box 6523

#### I SUBMIT

Top-like body, slave mind. I need to be shackled, trained by the right master. Chief interest is your abuse, control, secondary interests: leather, VA, CBT, bondage, body-punching. One-nighters OK, prefer relationship where you'll make me your slave, dog, punching bag—your desire. Me: 6'2", 190, 35. You: 25-45, facial hair, non-fat or fem. Texas. Box 6896LF

#### HORNY PHOTO FREAK

gets his nuts off on your dirty photos. Anything goes, the raunchier the better. Solos, duos, gangs, cum shots, piss, you name it. Let's swap and get it on, or I'll come and photograph your scene for you. Box 2251, SF 94126.

#### I'M BOTTOM OR MUTUAL

W/M, 42, 5'9", 150 lbs., beard, pierced, seeks in-shape blacks and others into pain, torture, verbal humiliation, heavy tit/ball pulling, twisting, pinching, stretching, vacuum pumping. Beer drinkers, safe raunch, spit, W/S, etc. Safe Sex: Satanism. Work 3-11 PM. Call or write anytime. Karl, 836 Wheeler St., Woodstock, IL 60098. (815) 338-9137. (LF6508)

#### YOUNG SLAVEBOY WANTED

Attractive 30 year old, 6'2", 195, blue eyed businessman Daddy wants permanent slaveboy/houseboy to take care of. Young boys to 25, intelligent, very attractive slaves into all forms of sleaze and kink with no limits, permanent live-in for right son. If you want a Dad that will love you for you and not just the raunchy sex, send photo and detailed letter. Box 6707LF

#### COLD NIGHT? FIND A HOT MAN IN DEAR SIR!

#### LEATHER CROTCH/HARLEY IRON

MAVERICK Motorcycle Dude needs a Hungry crotch-cannibal: My leather-cock is Screaming to be sucked into your leather-head. Reveal yourself my brother, as a Sexual-Beast/Leather-Brat; Obsessed with Lust. Plug into power flowing from my throbbing Harley engine under our 2 Hard-On leather crotches. Yeah, fucking the machine; Fucking you! I'm hunting for Part-Time sex-slaves leading to uncomplicated, but serious meetings. You are bottom, masochist, submissive. You're younger, firm bod, healthy and workwise self-sufficient. I am 50, tall, firm bod, healthy, bearded, leathered, rubbered. I'm Top, Sadist, Master; obsessed w/FETISH-SEX in codpiece leather pants, hoods, high boots (and indulge in Black-Rubber!) Those are my DRUGS and fucking Obsessions. I'll rush our senses with Devil-Gas for a Rebel-Mass. And will drill my thick cock into your hooded-head! I live in SF. No need for "medical students" (no tubes, piercing or enemas on premises). "Live-In" NOT available. You are malleable. I'm not. Apply w/photo to: WIZARD, PO Box 640033, San Francisco 94164-0033. (6897LF)

#### HOT, HORNY LEATHERMAN

(32, 5'10", 160, hairy, bearded, versatile) seeks buddies into leather, Levis, boots, uniforms, S&M, B&D, fucking, FF and more for heavy scenes. Ich kann auf Deutsch. Photo to Bridwell, 4734 N. Magnolia Avenue, Chicago, IL 60640.

#### SHIT FREAK

Looking for a fellow shit eater and dirty ass sniffer for monogamous living together relationship. Let's keep our noses up each other's filthy assholes and eat each other's shit. If you're as turned on by shit and raunch as I am, are ready for a one-to-one relationship, and are committed to staying healthy, let's get acquainted. NYC relocation necessary. Am 40, 165, average build, masculine. Box 6800.

#### LEATHER BUDDY

GWM, 45, 5'8", 145, Br Hair, Blue Eyes, who loves wearing black leather. Looking for young white male with dark hair and facial hair, in shape, who loves to wear black leather all the time. Looking for permanent relationship. Write ED, PO Box 192, Three Bridges, NJ 08887 (LF6899)

#### COUPLE SEEK BUTCH BOTTOM

Hot hairy masculine Sir and his boy looking for butch masculine bottom with good attitude in the right place. Must be in shape, healthy, and willing to take orders. Sir-boy both handsome, 210 lbs., 185 lbs., good hunky build, well hung. Novices welcomed, will train. Respond with photo. Boxholder, PO Box 1572, Paramount, CA 90723

#### MACULINE, MUSCULAR

GWM, 41, 5'9", 155, hairy chest, balding, un-cut, hung 9, versatile. Must like nipple work & have a nice hard round receptive rear. Kiss & cuddle a plus. A photo would be nice, which I shall return. Thanks. Kent. Box 6851.

#### GUT PUNCHING/WORK OVER

Central Ohio man, bodybuilder, very handsome, 6', 190, 28, seeks other musclemen, jocks, tough guys, 18-45, into gut punching, stomach scissors, and other abdominal feats of strength. I'm tough enough to put my gut to the test! are you? Photo/phone. Drummer Box 6944 LF or (614) 755-9520.

#### HUNGRY HOLE

Hot bottom, 33, 6', 155, has insatiable ass. Seeking hot TopMen into heavy assplay, FF, dildoes, GR, FR, shaving, tits, Leather, toys, light bondage, S/M. Write PO Box 1245, Indianapolis, IN 46206. (LF6942)

#### BLOND GD/LKG FUCK BUDDY

31, 6', 190, blue eyes, moustache, thick hung dick, usually submissive. Hot, rugged, sweaty safe-sex. Truckers, travelers welcome. West of Chicago. Brad (312) 820-9088.

#### READY FOR THE REAL THING?

Creative Master. Rugged attractive early fifties. Offers trim slaves under 45 weekend training in erotic facility. S/M you have only read or fantasized about becomes reality. Descriptive letter receives application. Become exceptional slave once and for all! Tom. Box 28852, St. Louis, MO 63123. (5760LF)

#### DADDY HAS EVERYTHING

except 20s-30s, companionable, cute or BB, live-in (NYC) slaveboy/son. Need sane, successful top, commitment, belonging, new HOME, dedicated life of sex service without sleaze, loneliness, or futility? Full, frank application with photo(s) now. Lifetime opportunity, fulfilling lifestyle. Start a new life this new year! Box 6324LF

#### PWA SEEKS PWA

Hot, GWM, in good health, 33, 5'10" blond/blue, beard, hairy body seeks PWA buddy into S/M, Leather, safe, and lots more. Willing to travel. Call (213) 271-5352.

#### ROCKY MOUNTAIN COUNTRY

Shy, passive boy/kid next door (31, 5' lbs., blue eyes, brown hair and mustache) seeks top muscular dad/big brother that can guide both in brains (mentally) and brawn (BB). Enjoy rough sex and into uniform, and western fantasies. Box or call (303) 237-5515.

Q: Who the hell is **Max Bear**, any?

A: He's big and hairy, and he's cumming to gitcha!

#### 100% TOILET BOTTOM

Men living, visiting, or passing thru S/M. I'd be honored to be used as your toilet bootwipe, boy. Singles, groups welcome. Looks not relevant. Mutual filth freak. tall 6'2", brn/blu, stach, 200 lbs., 37. Anxious to feed Sir(s). Write: Box 68

#### MASOCHIST/SLAVE

SIR, WM, 34, 5'10", 165#, needs pain, torture & to provide total toilet for Master. slave needs bondage, hair removal, whipping, permanent fisting, dildoes, CBT & training in ass & total obedience. please give this piece of shit a chance, SIR. Box 68

#### 300# GWM SADIST MASTER

Any age, race, looks but slim, muscular build. Long sessions 2 or 3 daily. Relationship possible. Send photo shirt off for inspection along with limits and other details. Mr. Jones 33336, Coon Rapids, Minnesota 55

#### SON WANTED

Executive Dad, 50 years young, 180 pounds, brown hair, blue eyes, seeks sive son. Into light S&M, bondage term, loving relationship. Letter appreciated. PO Box 75414, St. Louis 98125.

#### HUNGRY MALE PUSSY/C

Bitch/baby's hot writhing male desires harsh man-handling to make with pleasure/pain. Command this perverted ways to service you. Shit twat welcomes your dork or fist. Cated, extruded lips. Write kinky. Your picture gets mine. Box 6376

#### HOT & HUNKY

Exceptionally sexy, hot, young, looking for someone to fuck, to suck and to suck me off. You must be extremely handsome and must respond to prove it, or forget it. Box 6126

#### HOT TOP SAN DIEGO

Handsome, hairy WM 33, 5'10", 160 lbs, pecks and tough nipples. In shape body. Seeks same in hot masculine. Mild to intense safe scenes. Not a sniveling cocksucker. Send photo and desires to Occupant, PO Box 92116, San Diego, CA 92116. (Box 6836LF)



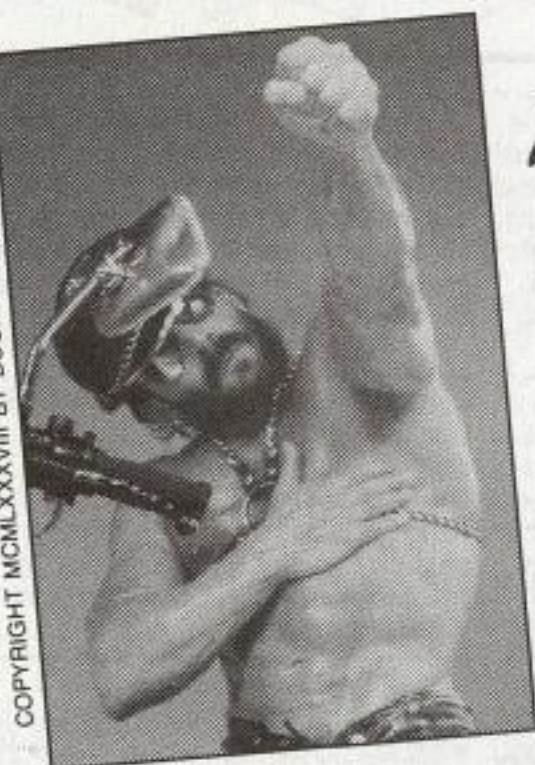
# BUCKSHOT

PRODUCTIONS

A DIVISION OF COLT STUDIO  
PRESENTS

## THE LEATHER REPORT!

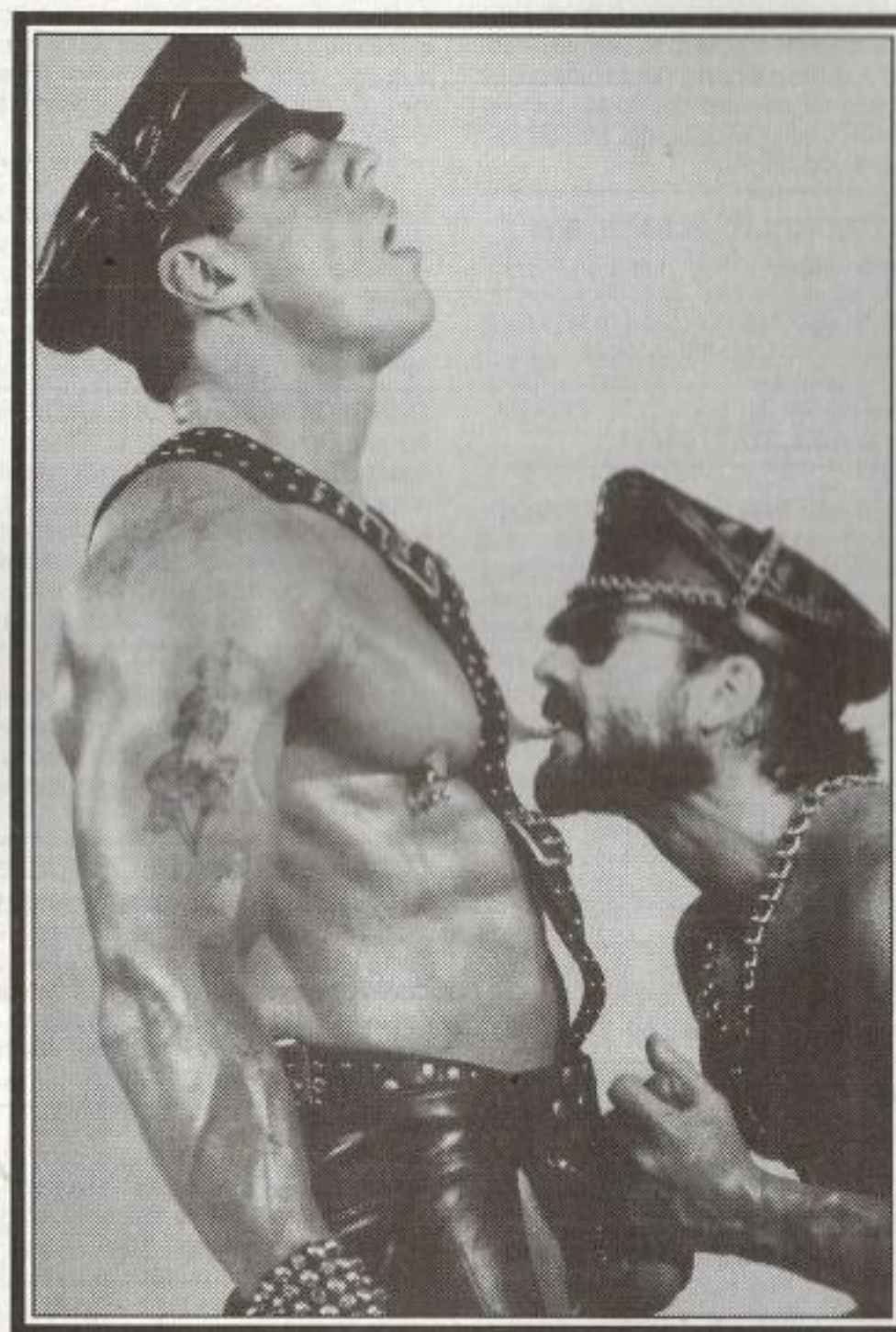
COPYRIGHT MCMLXXXVIII BY BUCKSHOT PRODUCTIONS



### "THE LEATHER REPORT"

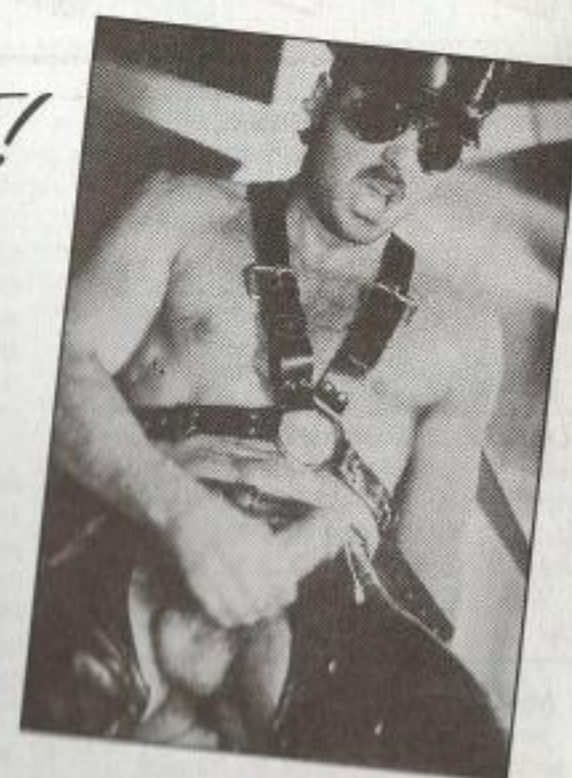
A power packed video featuring men in leather, men with big muscles — all kinds of muscles!

Approximate running time:  
50 Minutes



BUCKSHOT'S first all leather video — and it's hot! Spectacular physique star TOM LEE sizzles with electric sex in "HIGH TENSION." The body beautiful has never looked better! Introducing super-hung ED HORST in "BAD ATTITUDE:" this is a raunchy, get down, leather-wrapped movie

he makes exciting! The longest section in "THE LEATHER REPORT" is "FOG BOUND" starring two popular ministers of leather, MARK ALEXANDER and JOE FALCO. Their give and take will have you groping and hard! Warning: this video is fully loaded and you might get off at any time!



Illustrations from FOG BOUND

Starring  
MARK ALEXANDER  
and JOE FALCO

ED HORST in  
BAD ATTITUDE  
also TOM LEE in  
HIGH TENSION



# BUCKSHOT

PRODUCTIONS

A DIVISION OF COLT STUDIO  
P.O. Box 1009, Studio City, California 91604

METHOD OF PAYMENT: ☐ Cash/Money Order ☐ Check  
☐ VISA ☐ MASTERCARD

CARD # \_\_\_\_\_ EXP. DATE \_\_\_\_\_

SIGNATURE \_\_\_\_\_

Required if you are using a credit card

POSTAGE & SHIPPING CHARGE — U.S., CANADA, MEXICO

\$1.25 for each item ordered. Please Ship My Order By: ☐ U.P.S.

☐ 1st Class Mail

QUAN.	DESCRIPTION	VHS	BETA	UNIT PRICE	TOTAL
	BC150, "THE LEATHER REPORT"			\$49.95	
	FOLIO, FULL COLOR CATALOG			\$ 5.00	

Name _____	Price Total	
Address _____	Handling	\$1.00
City _____ State _____ Zip _____	Net Amount	
Offer void in FL, GA, TN, TX, NC, UT, and where prohibited by law.	Add 6% Sales Tax (CA Only)	
I hereby certify that I am at least 21 years of age and am ordering this material for my own private interests and will not use it against the sender or any others in any manner.	Add Postage	
Send today for our giant FOLIO filled with full color brochures and free samples.	TOTAL	

Signature \_\_\_\_\_  
WE MUST HAVE YOUR SIGNATURE BEFORE WE CAN FILL YOUR ORDER.



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**NYC/CAN TRAVEL**

WM, 35, 205, 6'1", beard, husky, attractive, seeks younger, verbal, in-shape man into using piss to degrade and dominate some homo, turning his mouth into your urinal and him into your on-call pet cocksucker, foot-kisser, asslicker, serving boy. No wimps, queens, pigs, drunks, fats. Send details/pic. Box 6224LF

**LONGJOHN/UNIONSUIT GUYS**

Looking for guys into unionsuits, longjohns and underwear. 39, 5'11", 175 lbs, into most underwear/uniform scenes. Humiliation, discipline and bondage also in underwear. Write Jay, Box 179, 606 WBarry, Chicago, IL 60657.

**Q:** What do **Max Bear** and **Roger Rabbit** have in common?

**A:** They're both suitable for framing.

**DOWN UNDER LEATHERMAN**

Hot Australian male, 33, 6'2", 180 lbs. Lives in country beach-house with well equipped Dungeon in Sydney, invites other Top-Men (USA only) to try to dominate this master of bondage, shaving, and heavy SM. To broaden his experiences, by written fantasy, photos, phone or in person. (Macintosh user) Box 6732LF. (International Postage required).

**BE DADDY'S MUSCLE BOY**

Eastwood daddy, 42, mean and hung, auditioning healthy, obedient slaveboy BB, 18-30, anxious to please and train for BB competition for daddy's pleasure and public display. If not smooth, will be shaved. Send interesting photo and imaginative letter of application. Box 6356LF

**PROPERTY**

Trained mature houseboy, body servant, 5'11", 160, secure, healthy, rarely used for SM. Would be honored to again serve a MASTER(S) whose interests would include total mental/physical domination and complete retraining resulting in a piece of exemplary slave property existing solely for its MASTER'S pleasure, well-being and lifestyle. Box 6369LF

**TRAINING & GUIDANCE**

First the blue hankie right, then the red hankie right, now gloves and more than one hand. Keys on the right and a ring in my right tit. Ball stretchers, ball weights on the sling. Is it time for the black hankie and slave collar? Training and guidance sought. PO Box 507, Florissant, MO 63033

**LARGE MASSIVE HANDS**

with thick fleshy fingers wanted by masculine WM, 6'2", 190#, 35, hung, big nuts, hairy legs, good build, healthy, bearded, tripierced, seeking equal/same for mutual assplay, punchfucking, hole expansion. Open to sincere, mutual relationship. Check me out for quality. Box 6855.

**CROSS-COUNTRY TRUCKER**

Looking for one special man to build life together. I'm honest, hardworking, responsible, strong, successful, understanding, masculine, 35, good-looking, serious bodybuilder. Background: college, Air Force, construction, crane/heavy equipment operator, trucking. Enjoy working out, riding motorcycles, being outdoors, raising/training horses/dogs, wearing leather, good friends. Box 6550LF

**RANCH/FARM SLAVE FOR HIRE**

6'2", 185 lbs., youthful, goodlooking, masculine, Navy vet, no vices, disease free, sensible, intelligent, middle-aged, horse farm experience, can operate tractors, trucks, etc. You: owner of sizable, operating ranch/farm wanting hot hunk for physical labor, slave training and discrete, lasting relationship. Modest pay required. Box 6616LF.

**HOT/READY TO PLEASE, SIR!**

Hot young muscular bottom likes to service dominant top leathermen. Slap my ass while you ram my tight hot hole. Need to suck hard thick cock and eat your hot manhole. Cops—Military—Truckers—Gym Teachers—Cowboys. Ride me Sir! Write Box 6624LF. Hot talk, call Rob anytime. 312-472-5664.

**HANDSOME BUTCH LEATHERGOD**

Heavy duty Nordic bodybuilder Top: stud pecs, hung pierced pussy ripper, throbbing manhole enlarger encased in bulging codpiece, tan/shaved for exhibition. My ripped manhandler body needs a mature well-positioned hungry fuckmouth, pissface, bootlicker, muscleslave, pigman to suck worship juice. Tough hard action; letter, phone, photo required. Box 6835LF.

**SON/SLAVE WANTED**

to serve Master/Daddy, 6', 170#, 45, HIV-Neg. Daddy offers love, discipline, SM, BD, WS, commitment. Son is 18-30, slim, smooth, loving, submissive, excellent cocksucker, needs to serve and be OWNED. Relocate San Diego. Serious slaves call (619) 224-1706 or send application letter with photo to Box 6872.

**CHEESE CADET**

30, 5'6", 135, blond, 6" cut, seeks uncuts only, 30 plus. Vanilla to extreme kink. Southern Connecticut. Box 6877.

**MASTER SEEKS MUSCULAR SLAVES FOR BOSTON MUSCLE BOY STABLE**

Master, 36, tall, well-built, construction worker's body, hairy, clean-cut, successful, educated seeks slaves, 18-30, smooth, hard, well-defined bodies, swimmers, gymnasts, body builders needing a demanding man to guide your life. HS and college jocks a plus. I will develop your mind and mold your body to perfection. I am a protective and caring Master. Will train inexperienced with proper attitudes, complete obedience, and superior physiques. Work/school as I determine is best for you. HIV NEGATIVE ONLY. Relocation for top-quality applicant. Physique photos, letter with biographical information, fantasies, qualifications, telephone to Master, Suite 296, 105 Charles St., Boston, MA 02114. (617) 437-1821. (LF5304)

**HOT AND VERSATILE**

Well built GWM 6'2", 175 lbs. working man into hot intense sex: CBT, TT, Leather, Levi, S/M, heavy Assbeating, Assplay and all the extras. If discipline is your desire, submit your needs and expand your curiosities, to PO Box 683, Ogden UT 84402. Serious minded. Let's explore! Detailed letter, phone and photo. Box 6829LF.

**HOTWAX/ABUSE WRESTLING DADDY**

Wrestle Daddys hot ass down on the mat. If you're good enough you can pin him and fuck him in 4 minutes flat. Then watch studs with lit candles line up for their turn to bust their nuts in his orifices & make his tits and ass burn. Bob, Miami. (305) 274-4773 after midnite.

**DAD SEEKS SON**

40 yr. old into B/B seeks son to coach in daily workouts and wrestling training with some bondage and leather sex. Good home and lots of training & discipline to right young man. Will help you reach your full potential physically, mentally and sexually. Write w/ photo, phone to Box 6832LF.

**TORONTO GUY**

5'8", 150 lbs., 34 years old, bearded, versatile, seeks man-to-man sex, raunchy and rough with the right guy. Like beards, jockstraps, wrestling, leather, J/O, verbal, spit, tit-slapping and ass-belt—big bearded men 'specially welcome to write. Box 6830LF.

**DUNGEON WAITING FOR LEATHERMEN**

Top and bottom/Top couple with full dungeon equipped left in Village (NYC) waiting to provide pleasure to hot leathermen and kinky guys into safe/sane activity. Private sessions or party times. Several gathering every month. Write: 2nd floor, 183 Christopher St., New York, NY 10014. We carry on in Mineshaft tradition.

**HUNKY FOOT MAN**

Tattooed weightlifter is nosing out Foot Men into Feetsoxgymshoesthicktoedsweatodors jockscrawcutsfroughpunchesdomination orderstrainingleatherbootstoughsubmission. Box 3338LF

**YOUNG, HUNKY SLAVEDOGS**

wanted by two safesex Masters to worship their masculine bodies. Earn that privileged with heavy VA, spankings, TT, CBT. Be a real slave to us individually or together in hot threesomes. Photo essential with respectful plea to serve. Master George (52, 6'2", 190, NJ), Master Jim (42, 6', 185, PA). Box 6879

**PETERBILT AT LARGE**

Hairy and horny trucker seeks good buddies for safe man-to-man action and a warm bed. I drive Interstates 5 thru 95, north, south and all places in between. I like greasy levis, leathers, boots, horses, bikes, trains, trucks and the men who ride them. I like to pitch and catch. If you can help a trucker unload, please send me your phone number and the best time to call. Got a photo? Got a buddy? All are welcome. Write to Reb'L, PO Box 64094, Sunnyvale, CA 94088-4094.

**MANHOLE SPECIALIST**

Long Beach, FF Top, white, 47, good-looking, 5'9", 155 lbs., brown/blue, moustache, seeks white 21-40, good-looking, masculine, in-shape, FF Bottom, for long, safe butt sessions. Will be traveling North America in 1989 so also seek response from FF Bottoms Nationwide. PO Box 3912, Long Beach, CA 90803, or call (213) 438-0917. Married & bisex also welcome to apply.

**BRUTAL MASTERS**

Slave is looking for very heavy scenes with one or several Masters. Bondage, torture, heavy flogging, hoods, electrotorture, immobilization, piss, cigarettes. Pig slave is 29 and likes to be punched and kicked by both blacks and whites. Box 6492LF. (International Postage required)

**HEY, ARE YOU "FUNNY"?**

If you love to suck cock and write comedy material, we'll travel. Box 6887.

**WHERE IS MY PIMP?**

This white boy needs you, Sir. Please write Box 6886.

**HARD-MUSCLED FARMER**

This middle-aged farmer is looking for upbeat, aggressive partner into motorcycle leathers, boots, tight butts, muscles, hard wo sweaty armpits, sensitive tits, and REAL bonda (top or bottom) as a daily way of life. My spe Scandinavian, hard physique, HIV-negative. Re cation possible. Write Box 33, Riner, VA 2414

**RUBBER/RAUNCH/CIGARS**

Cigar-smoking, foulmouthed rubber raunch pig WM, 43, 5'10", 160, beard, uncut, see other uninhibited raunch pigs, especially in Boston, MA area. Uninhibited raunch includ piss, shit, fun drugs, booze, leather, uniform lots of smoke & rubber, CBT/T, enemas, catheterization, Satanism, etc. Box 6438LF

**EXOTIC BIRD BREEDER**

who is also bottom into FF, dildoes & leat would like to hear from any other AFA, NCS bird persons. Looking to increase knowledge limits. Washington state. Box 6116LF

**MOTORCYCLE/MOUNTED COPS**

Looking for dominant guys who are into motorcycle cop uniforms, spurred black boots and equipment for cop on cop(s) fantasy scenes. should be into boots, leather, uniforms, bond and cop workovers. Need info on how to genuine police motorcycle helmets. Box 82, Richmond, VA 23226. (LF6366)

**SMOKER'S COCKSUCKER**

to service macho bikers, truckers & redne Smoke Marlboro, Camels or cigars while cute little cum/piss boy does his job. A needs a cocksucker to dump a load. Poppers, beer, piss, sweat, tattoos, VA lineups, foulmouths, hung dicks, bea Bring me to my knees full time for group bikers, truckers or one-on-one. You'll c Buddy! Box 6347

**HOT COPS/UNIFORMS**

Handsome airline pilot, 34, 5'11", 168 lb cut, thick, with skintight CHP/LAPD uniform, seeks similar men. Worship my tool, zip boots. Phone/photo. Box 6852.

**HAIRY BEARDED MAN**

in transition from top to bottom, seeks nationwide contacts with Masters who can handle strong cocky guy needing domination, masculine, 6'3", 200 lbs. and prefer hairy non-smokers into VA, leather, humiliation, bondage, spit. Also like blue collar and short, built daddies. Safe sex only. 6246LF.

**YOU ARE SPECIAL & UNIQUE**

a for-real, for-life sexslave-houseboy, sm & trim, young (any age), & healthy, sensual, sexy, true to yourself & others, totally committed & devoted to serving, servicing & loving two 8½ years monogamous Masters, 40, 170 and 57, 6'10", 165. Masters Dick & 54 East Main, Fayetteville, PA 17222. yes, there is a tomorrow. It's today. Box 6702

**MASTER**

Handsome, muscular, trim, well-built, 5'9", 145 lbs., seeks slave-masochist-l permanent, temporary or weekend wh trim, under 45, well-built. All scenes, being face-fucked, toilet trained, whip heavy flogging, FF, WS, scat, C&BT, hot electrotorture, piercing, B&D, branding, str ing, etc. Well-designed and equipped dun available. Send picture to seek Master's sure. Box 4240LF



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**LITTLE MEN WANTED**

under 4' 6" tall. Hot, hairy, beer-bellied, Italian Dad, 5'9" looking for anything-goes sex with hot men of small stature with big ideas. Photos, letters, and whatever else necessary to lead to meetings. Box 2251, SF, CA 94126.

**BASEBALL PLAYER WANTED**

WM, 5'9", 150, 33 seeks All-American baseball player 33+. Pro, semi-pro, or minor leaguer who needs a Guy Friday or personal assistant. I understand the importance of discretion in your life. Not out to make trouble. I just need a baseball playin' buddy. Box 6926

**TOP SON**

Submissive Dad wanted by hot, short, straight-acting son. You: 30-48, protective, masculine, strong-bodied, quiet kind of guy who needs to completely satisfy son's needs. Your cut dick, natural, heavy low-hangers, receptive ass and throat are for son's use/abuse. Son: young 40, demanding, playful, imaginative. Let's clamp those nipples/pull, twist, slap those Daddy balls. Not spoiled yet, son has expectations of a Dad who knows his son can do no wrong. Plusses: tall, muscular. Detailed applications to Box 6927.

**STREET WISE AND HOT FOR SEX**

look for same. Long hours, alone, groups. Substance, sexual, sensual. No roles, no attitudes, no limits. Can travel. Box 6919.

**i am a muscle slave**

willing to submit to a handsome Master to 45 yrs for verbal abuse, bondage, hoods, gags, t.t., C&B work & whippings (safe sex only). Slave is 38, 165, 5'10", very handsome bodybuilder with brown hair, eyes, moustache & smooth body. Master SIR, i await your letter & photo so i may begin to serve you. Box 6917

**40 AND OVER**

Masochist/slave seeks experienced 40 and over Sadistic/Topmen in Ala, Tenn, GA, & VA for overnight and weekend rituals of pain and pleasure. Box 6918

**FEED ME HOT SHIT**

Shit eater (my own) needs tall, masculine, endowed Top to feed my hungry mouth and fill my gut with big loads of hot, hard turds followed by recycled Bud. Am HIV negative, you must be same. Cops, bodybuilders, cigars a plus. Near I-95 in DC Metro area. Box 6910

**COUNTRY COUSIN**

Place your ad now. Send photo, \$10.00 now. Box 130872, Houston, Texas 77219

**ENGLISH TOURIST**

Ex-military guy, 5'11", 177 lbs, 52, touring states in '89. Wants to experience American scene. Would like to meet masters willing to share gear and slave or will submit to your orders and punishment. Box 6913. International Postage Required.

**FUN & ADVENTURE**

Creative and humiliating public/private games/challenges followed by appropriately predefined rewards/punishments per quality of performance. Slim, safe, intelligent Top Guy 20-40 sought by tall, handsome, W/M, 36, open-minded, inexperienced. Boxholder, Box 981, Portland, Oregon 97207.

**EXECUTIVE SEEKS SLAVE**

Handsome, very muscular, dark haired executive, 35, 6'1", 180, (9" thick) is looking for a high quality slave who wants to be completely trained to be an executive assistant and to service this very HOT Dominant Top. If your body is not in shape now—it better have very good potential. If you are intelligent, loving, affectionate, obedient, and very willing to learn, you have a big advantage. You will be trained to socialize in powerful circles and you will live as a Prince as long as you serve me devotedly. You would live with me, travel with me, work with me and play with me. You

would be my companion, my valet/slave and my executive right arm. I will relocate you if you succeed in convincing me that you are completely qualified. Send your detailed application (with photos and phone #) to PO Box 3697, Minneapolis, MN. 55403.

**BONDAGE, LEATHER, BOOTS**

Dutch, goodlooking, versatile, leatherclad bootlicker, 33, 5'10", blond, ready to travel and meet intelligent leather Master for safe, imaginative, heavy bondage scenes, hoods, gags, VA, TT, Playroom? Dungeon? Photo and international postage required. Box 6912

**BOYSTUD REDUCED TO SLUT!**


Do fantasies of humiliating arrogant smooth boystuds turn you on? Punk mohawk turned into slut, swim team captain in panties, cute gymnast meets brass knuckles, crying boystuds as pissholes, buttlickers, pets and toilets, etc. Let's exchange written fantasies. Box 6905. Canadian Postage Required. Paul

**SHIT**

Hot WM, 30s, 175, 7", construction type, seeks hot slim, younger slave type shit buddy with big hole, huge turds for mutual fucking, sucking, smearing, fists & toys. Serious hot pigs only. Rocky Mountain area. Picture, photo gets mine. Box 6911

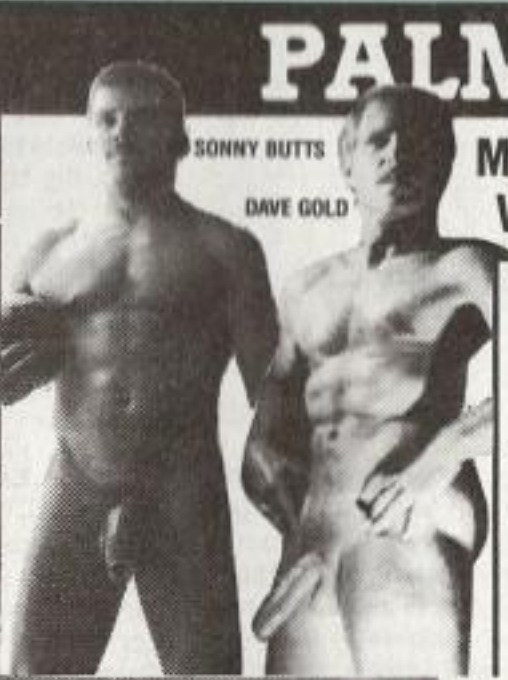
## PALM DRIVE VIDEO

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**SONNY BUTTS**  
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**JASON STEELE**  
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 Muscle and Sand, Ultimate Bodybuilders, 60 min, \$39.95  
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Fuck watching 2 hunks ball on video, ignoring you on the couch. Palm drive your own dick, eye-2-eye, with **TOUGH, RUGGED, REAL GUYS WHO TALK SHIT DIRECTLY TO YOU!**

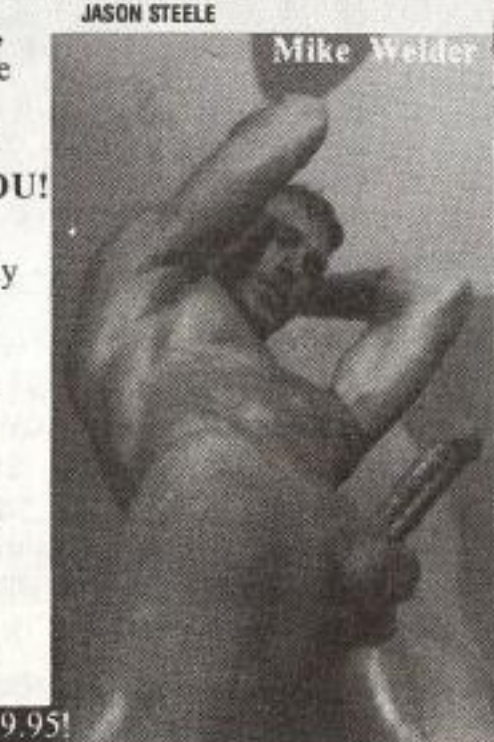
“Palm Drive Video? ... Your jaw will drop! ... Sonny Butts is a nasty BB.” —John Rowberry, *STUDFLIX* MAGAZINE

“PDV's *GUT PUNCHERS* is hot!” —Fledermaus, *DRUMMER*


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**SAMPLE VIDEO: 90+ HOT minutes, \$39.95!**



**Redneck Cowboy Hellbent for Leather**





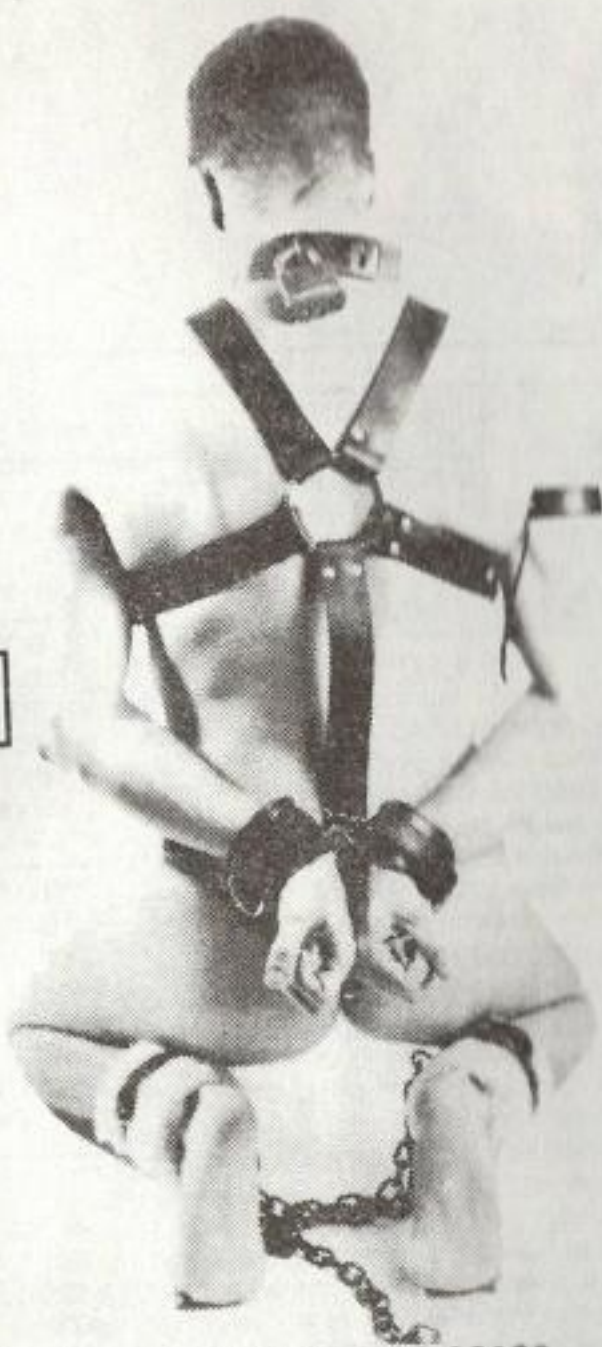


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GAUNTLET

8720 Santa Monica Blvd., Dept. D  
Los Angeles, California 90069

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#### WANTED: SLAVE/BOY

Small, fairly young with strong desire to serve. Permanent position. 24 hr control. Master: White, 50, 6', 175 lbs, businessman, demanding, kinky, loner, homebody. To apply, complete detailed resume/life history & photo a must. J.A.C., 2372 Ingleside Avenue, Macon, Georgia 31204

#### GERMAN SLAVE BOY

45, 6'3", 180, boyish slim, hairless, shaved pubic area, visiting USA, Canada, January-February '89 is to serve as naked houseboy to a group of big Black Masters and rapists 18 to 45 for 3 or 4 days. Boy is to be gang raped often, spanked, kept naked in house, car, outdoors where possible, rented, auctioned, exhibited, hooded, blindfolded. Never has permission to cum but needs to be forced to play with his peepee and keep it always very close to cumming. Boy will pay per day. No scat, piss, heavy pain, unsafe, please. Boy can travel anywhere. Will send nude pics any position as ordered. Send detailed orders with phone. Boy will respond all letters. International postage required. Box 6928

#### BLAST THOSE ABS!

Want to toughen that gut? Want to challenge those abs to see how much they can take? Partner sought for two-day to week-long, gut-screaming, get-those-abs-in-shape workouts. Building abdominal endurance and toughness will require hundreds of sit-ups, leg raises, crunches, scissors, gut punches, medicine ball work, and a willingness to push each other until our abs scream for mercy—and then to push even harder. By day two, our abs will be so sore that everything from taking a run to taking a shit will feel like a major abdominal workout. Our abs will take all we can dish out, or we'll be doing paddle push-ups or having our balls flicked until we beg for more gut work. Let's push our abs to new levels of endurance and toughness. If interested, get down right now and give me 100 sit-ups (200 would be better—make those abs hurt!). If you don't finish, don't write. If you're worried about throwing up from too much ab work, or about how sore your gut might be the second day, don't write. If you do finish, and want more, if you believe abdominal toughness is the measure of the man, and if you believe your abs were meant to test your willpower, write and suggest a workout. Chuck, PO Box 1093, Minneapolis, MN 55458

#### ALABAMA

##### LEATHER, BONDAGE & RUBBER

Experienced GWM 44, 5'8", 165, seeks men into leather, bondage, rubber, light-medium SM, CBT, TT, WS and raunch. Versatile. Healthy sex only Huntsville, AL. Send detailed information, photo, phone. Box 6430LF

#### ARIZONA

##### NEW TO LEATHER

Help me discover leather/sex, belted, greek, french, Top/bottom, gentle/strong. Goodlooking W/M, 30, masculine, good shape/works out, professional, educated, good fun. Box 6920.

#### NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

##### BONDAGE SLAVE

Into long-term bondage, confinement, sensory deprivation, captivity & punishment. Into severest, tightest, most inescapable prolonged leather bondage. Plan to move to San Francisco in May 1989. I'm 45, 5'11", 175 lbs. Box 6

##### ALWAYS READY FOR IT

Hot young Black bottom wants to see tough Tops. Fuck me hard and make me your hard throbbing cock for hours. Share with your friends. Enjoy leather, hoods, partying, groups and more. If you're enough, write w/photo & phone to Box 66

##### WM SEEKS DADDY-MASTER

35, 5'10", 140 lbs., bl/bl, smooth. Prior relationship-oriented. Enjoy collars, CBT/TT, leather service. Looking for educated/stable to serve—hopefully on a long-term basis. Photo appreciated, all answered. Box 66

##### MASTER, 26; SLAVE, 45

Both blond GWMs, invite GWM or Bl co single slaves for depraved sleaze S&M sessions in our SF dungeon. Safe sex or blood, FF, lasting marks, etc. Bondage, whipping, domination, humiliation degradation our specialties. No facial heavy drugs. Send interests, method of contact and photo to Box 6945. All letters photos answered, all photos returned.

##### BIG BEAR HUNTING IN THE AFTERNOON

Teddy Bear types, black bears or polar bears. Big, tall hairy bears with thick, f dicks. Bellies a+ but not a must. I'm brown hair and eyes, average build, into SM, just good old-fashioned ro may sex. Send photo to Box 5151

##### RUBBERMEN HAVE THE RIGHT IDEA WEAR A CONDOM!

##### 2 LEATHERMEN/ARIANS

Hot! Hung! Built! We are versatile: 7'1/2", 23, big hands/6'3", 175, 9'1/2" hands, 35. Into leather games, prolonged assplay (dildoes, fucking, F sex. You: similar tastes and character. Photo with letter gets our asap. 14574, San Francisco, CA 94114-057 6631LF.

##### "MANHORSE" SEEKS RID

on back or in cart. Goodlooking 3 140#, eager to respond to reins, v spurs. MRC, Box 1256, Rocklin 956

##### TOPGUNS

Two hot, horny, uniformed cigar lawmen (29 & 40) looking for a needs to get used and abused. Into everything as long as it's kinky. Looking for buddies into outdoor se and hot workouts on the range. Bo

##### ASS SLAVE

Expert ass sucker. Novice pig sl training. Into all ass raunch, espec food, stretched holes, shit smear. Tops, bottoms and combinations duty ass sucking service. I need verbal abuse, shitty cock. 41, attra obedient. Please Sir, send #. Box 4



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# SMELLY COCKS DIRTY ASSHOLES

EXCITE ME. Healthy GWM really enjoys dirty sex with hot guys. Especially turned on to smelly un-cut dicks. Love the aroma of fragrant shitholes. Squat over me and let me sniff & slurp you clean. Make me tell you how it smells! Phone # & horny letter. Box 6371LF. Hurry!

# WANTED: BONDAGE TOP

Hairy WM, 31, 6', 160, brn/blue, beard and moustache wants to meet up with cops, bikers, leathermen and daddies with a mean streak and a knowledge of heavy BD, heavy VA and humiliation, moderate SM, hoods, gags, enemas, boots, gas masks and toys. I'd like the chance to meet and service SAFE SEX TOPS who feel comfortable wearing boots, gloves, leather and uniforms while teasing, taunting and training a boot boy. Will correspond and exchange photos. Box 3711LF

# HAIRY SF TRANSSEXUAL

Small, submissive female-to-male transsexual (bearded, muscular, masculine; with pussy instead of cock/balls) wants big, dominant bear for occasional/regular meetings, or relationship. I'm intelligent, employed, HIV-negative, clean, natural (without addictions, adornments/jewelry, scents/deodorants); seeking same. No scat, W/S, torture; just safe-sex, bondage. Box 6783LF.

# SADISTIC BALL TORTURE

23-year-old punk wants sadistic leatherman to tie me down and put me through the manhood ritual of brutally torturing my nuts till I talk/submit—and then going farther! I'm 6'1", 155#, blond, athletic, 7.5" with nuts of steel! Photo. PO Box 2748, Sunnyvale, CA 94087. Box 6776LF

# 1988 LEATHERDADDY

Western State Titleholder is searching Nationwide for that special boy. My boy seeks a monogamous longterm relationship with Dad in his 40s. My boy is 20-30s, and like his Dad is creative, intelligent, intimate, sensitive, HIV Neg., substance-free, physically attractive, loving, caring, human being who believes in himself and lives his dreams. If you have the wings of a young eagle and the courage to soar with me, then apply proudly to take your rightful place by my side. Send photo and personal resume to S.I.R., PO Box 1616, Guerneville, Calif. 95446. Box 6766LF

# DOMINANT SON SOUGHT

By Military Man/Submissive Dad. Am W/M, 40, 6', 180 lbs. Looking for younger man who wants to dominate man in uniform. White only, cleancut preferred. Box 6756.

# RUBBER

I've got new rubber shirt and jeans and want to meet buddies with similar interests. Box 6758.

# TOUGH LITTLE BLOND

executive in rural town, 5'6", 135 lbs., 32 yrs., copper beard, furry, 8" clipped, oversexed, tattooed, seeks to submit to bossman for a night or a lifetime. Discipline, bondage, both at home and in the Sierras. Humiliation, shaving, ass beating, piss, TT. All available to Master who needs to dominate a together stud & turn him into his butch son/slave dog. If you can rope me, you can hump me, if you can cage me, you can keep me. (Hairy preferred.) Mark, PO Box 992, Clovis, CA 93613. (LF5439)

# OVER DADDY'S KNEE

Little boy looking for big Daddy to tan his ass, teach proper discipline—boy knows how to please daddy, likes his ass beat with paddles, and Daddy's big hand. Then have Daddy plow boy's bubble butt. Bearded Daddies only. I'm 30, 5'6", 120 lbs., smooth body. Box 6486LF

# RAUNCHY STINKING BEARDED

Relationship oriented, 35, 5'10", 150, smelly bodies turn me on. Sharing each other's clothes, odors, piss, shit, puke, etc. Love out of doors, romantic. Want similar types. Beards a must. PO Box 880647, San Francisco, CA 94188-0647. (LF6425)

# ABUSE THIS PUSSY DADDY

Cunt bottom needs to serve horny, arrogant stud Top—red assed! Use verbal abuse, discipline, corporal punishment and humiliation to get all the ass and head you want your way! HIV- No drugs, please. Box 6477

# SEEKING S.F. LEATHER MASTER

Masculine, white, 30-year-old S.F. leatherman seeks training by experienced levelheaded top(s). My interests are heavy bondage and safe S&M... but no long-term marks. Have well-equipped playroom, need to be firmly secured in leather restraints during training. I take my punishment like a man, but am safe-sex oriented (no fluid, blood, FF). Skilled Tops planning to be in area invited to write ahead to assure memorable visit. Discretion is required and reciprocated. Your photo appreciated and returned on request. Box 5870LF

# ATTENTION BOOTLICKERS

If your place is at your master's feet, licking his boots on your knees with your shaved ass in the air, then you might qualify to be chained in my dungeon. There I will administer all you can take in the way of TT, ball weights, whipping, paddling, and WS. I am seeking a tall, trim, muscular man who appreciates being manhandled by an experienced, rough but tender master. Send nude photo, letter, and phone to Box 4988LF.

# SAN RAMON VALLEY

Who's out there? Clean-cut, versatile GWM, 35, wants to meet other attractive, leather-oriented guys in the 580/680 area. Open to friendship, hot j/o, bondage, 3-ways, and more. Younger and/or inexperienced guys are welcome. Send photo (preferred), description, and interests. Box 6561LF

# TONGUE BATH/TOILET

For smelly facesitters over 40. Shit, piss, toe jam. Looks not important. Blacks/overweight OK. Photo/phone please to PO Box 34-7125, San Francisco, CA 94134-7125

# I NEED TO SNIFF YOUR HOLE

Nice looking office type, 42, seeks contact with younger, aggressive, blue collar worker. If you would enjoy making me tongue clean your sweaty pits/balls and sniff your ripe asshole, write Chuck, PO Box 51201, Palo Alto, CA 94303. Safe only.

# JUDGE/JURY/EXECUTIONER

wanted by 23-year-old blond, 6'0", tall, 160 lbs., blue-eyed cigar-smoking college boy whose cock hardens at the sight of a noose. Into cops, cigars, execution/prison scenes, military, bondage, leather, VA, hoods, gags. String me up, Sir! All scenes/people considered. Box 6310LF



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**BACK IN LEATHER**

GWM couple, top 35, 5'6", 170, blond/hazel. Bottom 35, 6'2", 165, brown/blue. Looking for bottoms or couples who are into leather, FF, dildoes, CB&T, catheters, films, hoods and especially long ass play. Lover is into leather, FF, dildoes and is an animal lover. Let's get tweaked out and do a leather anal invasion. (209) 576-2260. (LF6319)

**WANTED/SLAVE BOY & HOMEBODY TYPE BUDDY**

GWM Couple: Moving to Russian River or Coastal area. 1st Leather Daddy Top ONLY, 38, 6'1", chubby. Cut thick 7". 2nd Versatile Levi Type 43, 5'8" Cut 5 1/2", 150 lbs. Wanted: man/boy, versatile with small ass & waist (small or medium frame) who is Always Horny and Nicely Hung—Age 21-29 ONLY. Into Jockstraps, Gym Gear, Safe & Sane Light B&D, Titwork, Toys, Tongue Bath, Assplay, Massages, Kissing & Cuddling, and also into leather or levis a must. Write Sirs: Phone & Photo & Letters, for a Permanent Position & possible Relocation. Box 6408LF

**BIG HAIRY OLDER DOG LOVER**

seeks pups, 53, 6'1", 240H, white, circumcised, very hairy chest to ass. Need pups (black, white, asian) to age 4 (dog years) to collar, leash, strip, and feed my cock, balls, tits. Possibilities: verbal abuse, spanking, piss showers, cum dumps (mine/yours); praise/petting when you're good. NO ASSFUCKING. Inexperienced/curious? Mated? Straight? Fine. Prefer continuing contact; open to friendship/social activities. Call Master, (415) 533-8162 (Oakland). NO JERKOFF CALLS.

**WET AND WILD**

I'm 5'6", 160 lbs., dark brown hair, green eyes, hairy chest, 32 yrs. Into watersports (non-oral), lite bondage, leather, jockstraps, tit play, oral sex. Your photo gets mine. Looking 30-40 yrs, into same. Box 6370.

**LOOKING**

Was S.O.M., into FF, WS, GP, FR A/P, leather, fantasies, "trips," older rugged men, the Slot, Hothouse, toys, playroom creativity, sensuality, new things. And still am! but willing to play carefully. Need partner into above to learn, grow with & survive with—WM 5'6", 155, brn/brn, uncut 6", hairy & motivated to live again. I'm professional, stable, into politics, volunteer service, trip music. Box 6554LF.

**HEY BOY!**

Your Daddy is looking for you. If you are naturally submissive and have a need for guidance and direction in your life, then you're my kind of boy. Also, you must be open and communicative. Call only if you are serious. Telephone (916) 391-9755.

**ASS WORSHIP**

Squat your hole over my face and let me clean it for you. Goodlooking husky GWM, 33, seeking man who enjoys guy down in front of him cleaning his feet, pits, balls and especially his ass. Sit on my chair and let me tongue-bathe you. T/T, W/S, V/A too. Box 6622LF

**63-YR-OLD GRANDDAD**

seeks submissives of all ages who will suck, rim, drink, & submit to V/A, B/D, G/S & Raunch. Any combination, all fantasies, provided the ultimate goal is to sexually please this dirty old man! Box 5943LF.

**MASCULINE, REAL**

Hot, masculine, real pervert, 40 yrs, 6', 180H, bl/bl, masculine, sexual, friendly, inquisitive Top (it's what works) looking for similar to each achieve potential in a mutually supportive relationship. Can be mentor, big buddy, friend to honest, ethical, responsible perverted man. Let's enjoy life and each other. Assistance in relocating to California small town. Will answer all with photo, birthdate, honest letter of interests to partner. Box 6626LF

**NORTH BAY DADDY**

Leather/levis Masculine early 50's, 190 lbs., good body, pierced tits, HIV-NEG bearded professional man looking for safe sex buddy. Experienced, versatile Top prefer 50/50 man-to-man action for evening home sessions & camping-canoing Sonoma-Mendocino. Visitors to SF wanting a break in the country welcome. Photo if available. Box 6684LF.

**HIV POS BOY WANTED**

HIV+, W/M, 44, 5'11", 170H, mustache, bald, swimmer's build, leather/military mindset, demanding but understanding, sensitive, caring, non-bar. You: trim, moustache, need leader, support. Discipline? employed, quiet, well-behaved, passive, respectful. Light leather play. No drugs, FFA, headtrips, power plays. PO Box 5233, San Francisco, CA 94101.

**EXPLORE WITH DADDY**

Tanned, hairy Daddy seeks special San Francisco boy for imaginative action involving fantasy play, tit work, light bondage, foot service, sensuality, mutuality, affection, and safe sex. Daddy is healthy, 48, 5'9", 160 lbs., moustache, HIV+. Boy must be intelligent and have trim body. Reply now, son! Box 6799.

**Q:** What did Goldilocks say to **Max Bear?**  
**A:** "Oooh, Max, you're just right!"

**SM RELATIONSHIP**

I know it doesn't happen overnite, but how do we start? This ad is serious. I'm ready to give and take in an effort to let a relationship grow. I'm safe, sane, mature, stable, 5'10", 180, 50. Active and open to most scenes. Prefer bottom role but have some experience as a Top. Your age, size, looks less important than your mind and attitude. I want to develop a relationship which will include intense, wild, but safe action. PO Box 31782, SF, CA 94131.

**LOVING SM**

Somewhat experienced bottom seeks depths of trust with older, experienced Top, for SM, bondage. I'm not much into role-playing, but if the relationship works, we could explore the REALITY of Master/slave, Owner/property. 26, 5'10", 200, attractive, muscular, bearded. Your looks negotiable with admitted bias toward Daddy Bears. Box 6904.

**BAY AREA AND SO CAL**

WM 40, trim, attractive, masculine, very Montgomery Street, bottom, hairy, professional, fun, kinky looking for HOT guys 20 to 40, under 5 ft, slender, cocky, who enjoy all night sessions fisting, TT and whips on fun substances. Letter and photo to Box 6320LF.

**SADISTIC MASTER CENTRAL VALLEY**

WM, 37, seeks willing slaves for S/M, B/D, C/B/T, W/S, etc. Live-in houseboy/slave a possibility. Know how to work with and expand your limits. Apply Box 6890.

**HANDSOME WHITE MASTER SEEKS SLAVES**

Two openings in my stable, one Black, one White. Beginners OK, will train with others. Interracial specialties. You may write with pictures and qualifications for application. Box 6888.

**PADDLES AND CANES**

Count the strokes you get from the strong right arm of this 44 year old, GWM, 5'9", 150 lbs. Send your reasons for needing discipline, description, photo if possible to Steven. Box 6859.

**COCK, BALL, TIT TORTURE**

using clamps, weights, vises, electricity, wax, Ben Gay, sandpaper while spread eagled and gagged. Muscular torturer 25, 6'4", 230 W/M awaits muscular guinea pigs to 30. Got the Balls? Prove it. Nude photo, phone. Box 6870.

**LIKE TO PUMP YOUR MEAT?**

So do I. GWM, 44, 5'9", 150, brown/brown, good looking, hairy bod, looking for others into vacuum pumps. Interested? Write! Box 6860.

**HAIRY, HOT, HORNY**

WM 27, 6', hirsute bondage Top seeks willing bodybuilders who want their hands cuffed, balls stretched and nipples clipped. Will explore fantasies. Send photo/phone/letter. Box 6880.

**NUDE HOUSEBOY-SON**

wanted by retired GWM, 63. You're 18-40, 5'9" or under, slender, smooth, submissive, drug/smoke-free, honest, enjoy cats, cooking, the arts. Accept shaving, nudity, complete supervision, safe sex, being owned, affection, light bondage, no rough stuff. White, Oriental preferred. Serious only, no cons. Full letter, phone, photo. Box 6123LF.

**LOVER/MASTER NEEDED**

GWM, 25, 6', 165 lbs, blond, blue, goodlooking, hung, college boy, French active, Greek passive, HIV-negative, seeks dominant man. Non-smoker. Uninhibited. Vanilla to SM. My interests include Country Western dancing, Opera, Books, Music, Movies, Working Out, Sex. Box 6924

**MOAN WHILE I FUCK YOUR ASS**

Interests include: bondage, red hot ass and anything from a lean body to big muscle. I'm SF Daddy, 41, 6'4" and 175 lbs. Good photo required. Phone # optional. Box 6931LF

**BOOTED BIKER TO FUCK HIM**

Country boy needs fucking by booted biker. Boy is 32 years old, 5'7", 150 lbs., cleancut. Call or write. Tel: (415) 543-3407. Box 6939

**YOUNG TOP WANTED**

Me: 37, 5'6", 150, W/M, hairy, goodlooking professional. You: 25-35, smooth, creative into B&D, C&BT, hoods, light S/M in bedroom, friend/lover out. Photo & letter gets mine. Box 6933

**WORTHY MAN SEEKS SAME**

Clean-cut, masculine, regular guy with nicely-defined 5'8", 140 lb. body, into leather, levis, B/D, would be proud to serve and satisfy very masculine, well-built, taller man capable of dominating and deserving of respect. No fat, drugs, drunks, or unsafe sex. Please write Boxholder, 6166 Merced #194, Oakland, CA 94611

**BUTCH LEATHER BUDDY**

Central CA masculine stud seeks guys can't get enough and can keep pace. working out leather fantasies, light bondage & muscle work, video, safe play, united horny talk and attitude. You must be on par. Photo. Box 6908.

**SMALL FISTED MASTER**

W/M, 39, seeks small-fisted hairy fist-M for steady connection. Baldness a plus. 285-5449.

**FACESITTERS, PISS & JO**

Gd/kg W/M 37 seeking hot young tops 1 to sit on my face. My mouth is your toilet and urinal. Fart up my nose, shit into mouth. Regular action possible weeker evenings. Smoke OK. No pain or humili. Write: Bill S. #237, 2215-R Market St. Francisco, CA 94114.

**HOT FUCK**

Slim, "All-American" boy seeks mature Man to fuck and play with my tit ass. Boy is 24, 5'11", 160 lbs. Safe On Drugs. Photo appreciated. Box 6946

**SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA****HOT WHITE MASTER/TOP/DAD**

wanted by white slave bottom, 37, 5'11" lbs, husky, hairy, brown hair, hazel moustache. Am into leather, levis, uniforms, being G/P, F A/P (front/rear) B/D, W/S, toys, tit play. Sincere only. Sirs orders & info to Jay, PO Box 67E06 Angeles, CA 90067. (LF5349)

**HOT HORNY HOLES**

WM, 43, 6', 160# seeks sensual versat fuckers for erotic mutual ass, cock, b play. Novices OK. Palm Springs (619) 2819.

**LONG THICK CIGARS/COCK**

Muscular WM, 28, 5'8", 150 lbs., Cigar-smoking top into leather/uniform bondage, and rough, rough sex. I want sweaty and abusive. We'll both scream pleasure. You should be white, 25-45 experienced (moustache preferred). Call 889-5475 or send letter w/photo. 6777LF.

**LEATHER MAN READY**

Experienced bottom, 47, into serious bo (mummification, immobilization, iso sensory deprivation) and S&M (CB/T Ass/T) scenes. Safe sex only. Have a equipped playroom. Waiting for that s Top. No calls between 11pm-9am. (818) 5428. Burbank. Box 6767LF.

**DOCTOR NEEDED**

W/M, 5'11", 165, 41, slender, needs Doctor to give me a nude physical ex tion. Especially my genital and rectal Must be as realistic and complete as po Box 6741.

**SAFE W/S, SPANKING**

Very hung, masculine, attractive, mu and HIV negative. 5'7", 28 yrs. Danny, Santa Monica Blvd. #109-361, West wood, CA 90046.



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**WHIPMASTER**

Seeks slaves and prisoners 21-35. Am white, 33, 5'11", shaved head, mustache, hairy body, sadist. Moderate to very heavy scenes in private playroom. Into whips, belts, bondage, cock & ball torture, tit torture, full hoods & gags. If in Southern California call: Paul (213) 657-5327. All others send detailed letter with current picture (A MUST) & phone to: PO Box 691074, Los Angeles, CA 90069. (LF5903).

**PISS SLAVES WANTED**

Goodlooking Top wants to meet slim slave bottoms into beer, weed, fantasies, safe sex. I'm 5'9", 150 lbs, br/bl, good shape. Write Bill, Box 6891. Pix?

**EXHIBITIONIST**

33, Bi/W/M, horny and sexy; hung and hot; built and beautiful. Experienced. Seeking opportunities. Any scene OK w/other hunk(s). Cue the spotlight, open the curtain, and give me S/M, B/D, W/S, imagination. Give (accept) the challenge, let's blow our minds. Greg (714) 499-4079. (No J/O calls) Box 6562.

**MASCULINE YOUNGER BROTHER**

Very masculine big brother, W/M, 42, 6'1", 250#, dominant, very possessive, wants younger brother to take under the wing. Lil' brother must be 25-35, G/W/M, masculine, muscular Marine-type guy. Big guys are a big plus. Living in Pomona-Ontario also an asset. Letter-photo to: Tom, 12475 Central Avenue, #154, Chino, CA 91710 714/597-8095. Box 6560LF

**SO. CA PUPPY NEEDS TRAINER**

Training might include VA, bondage, boots, TT/CBT, wax, shaving, and milk bones. Puppy can be reached at "Puppy," Box 148, 7985 Santa Monica Blvd #109, West Hollywood, CA 90046.

**HOT SURFER STUD**

Blond bodybuilder, 29, 6', 180, extremely goodlooking, hung and experienced, wants hot bottom for sweaty workouts and submission. Photo a must. 8721 Santa Monica Boulevard, Apt. 644, West Hollywood 90069.

**COUPLE SEEK BUTCH BOTTOM**

Hot hairy masculine Sir and his boy looking for butch masculine bottom with good attitude in the right place. Must be in shape, healthy, and willing to take orders. Sir-boy both handsome, 210 lbs, 185 lbs, good hunky build, well hung. Novices welcomed, will train. Respond with photo. Boxholder, PO Box 1572, Paramount, CA 90723.

**FIND A REAL MAN IN DEAR SIR****SUBSERVIENT BLONDE JOCK**

30, wants long-term relationship with dominant man 28-45. I'm goodlooking, muscle-bound, educated, masculine, employed, honest. Ready to share my life with one MAN who is as caring and loving as I am, but knows who's boss when it counts. Serious. PO 16813, San Diego, CA 92116.

**JAIL SCENES SOUGHT**

Clean-cut biker 6'1" 180, bl/bl, 38, seeks strict Top for arrest-incarceration scenes. Uniforms, steel restraint, white line brig type rules, cells, cages, hard labor in irons, shaving are turn-ons. Overnt., weekend or longer-term. Box 6808.

**ANIMALS**

WM, 33, 5'10", 165 lbs, very hot, horny, wants to meet experienced/novice in scene, returnable photo/letter gets same. Box 6726 LF.

**SHARE THE ADVENTURE**

If you are the master of your life and want to be the master of mine. I'm 34, bottom, husky and honest; looking for a dominant man in his 30s to 40s, and successful. Looks are less important than attitude. I offer a genuine commitment to the one who can accept true submission. I don't expect perfection but I'll treat you as if you are. Sammy, (714) 220-0513 (6566LF).

**WANTED: HUNGRY COCK-SLAVES**

Currently taking applications for cock-boys & sex-slaves, to service my 9"X7" mastercock. Must be 18-30, possess a well-maintained physique. Experienced in extended servicing sessions. I am 28, 6'5", 220#, dk hr & eyes, mstch & hry. Have live-in, full-time, KEPT, positions avail. Serious slaves lknng for a serious commitment, should send application, w/photo & phone to Marcus. Box 6728LF.

**HOT FAT GUY**

Goodlooking young chubby seeks men. All scenes. Call (213) 285-3327

**PRIMO ASS**

Wholesome, muscular WM, 30s, craves to explore his submissive fantasies of being spanked and dildoe fucked. Muscular friendly stud needed as steady. Tim Hunt, 1187 Coast Village Road, #1-134, Santa Barbara, CA 93108-2794

**BAKERSFIELD/KERN CNTY BOYS**

Sought by big brother/Daddy 31, 6', 190 lbs, br/hzl, moustache & masculine, educated & professional HIV. Looking for hot All-American white boy, 18-28, for possible relationship. Must be submissive in bedroom but has own mind out of it. Boy must have great ass and love to be fucked. No fats, drugs, sissies or barflies. Write Boxholder, PO Box 748, Bakersfield, CA 93303

**HEAVY B&D & HARD SPANKING**

Submissive W/M 29 into: tight, elaborate restraint/imprisonment. Leather, ropes, chains, irons, masks, hoods, racks, stocks, suspension. Classic and ritualistic torture/punishment scenes. Medieval, Inquisition, etc. Hard bare butt spanking: strap, crop, cat-o-nine, hardwood paddle, cane, Birch, etc. Strict, merciless! No sex, just discipline! Meet or correspond. Box 6806.

**ESCAPED PRISONER NEEDS CAPTURING**

San Diego Area GWM 31 6'1" 170 needs shackling, handcuffing, confinement, humiliation. Will become guard's prisoner and slave if I don't escape. Looking for long term confinement/relationship. I'm HIV neg and clean, same a must. Send detailed letter/photo. Occupant, Box 1652, Solana Beach, 92075. Box 6838LF.

**COCKY MASTER/SON SOUGHT**

by successful, trim-bearded, hunky San Diego W/M 42, masculine, loner, 5'10", 165, 8". Son: to 5'11", slim, 7 1/2" plus, 22-37, Levi/Leather w/boots to bring Dad to his knees for discipline/humiliation, heavy cock-ball-body-boot service. W/S, dog training possible! Should like cuddling, affection, smoke, poppers. Write w/pic if possible & phone. Box 6932LF

**COLORADO****YOUNG WHITE/ASIAN**

for lite bondage and spanking. I'm GWM, 51, versatile, tennis, run, hike, travel. No S/M. (303) 972-4177

**FIT TO BE TIED!**

and ready to be abused. Novice, 48, 170 lbs., hungry and submissive, seeking expert, level-headed top who respects limits to fulfill my bondage fantasy to be stripped, immobilized, tied up, chained, spanked steadily, but not brutally, til my tight, round firm buns glow; then use a condom to fuck me. Dominate with ropes, rack, paddle, whip, chains and expose my ass to heavy workouts with you and/or friends. Toys, some tit work, but no heavy pain. No WS, FF, scat, shaving, drugs, damage please. Submissive and respectful, but not humiliated bottom. Box 6780LF.

**CONNECTICUT****FISTING BUDDY WANTED**

WM, 5'10", 170 lbs., muscular, versatile, seeks similar for mutual safe/sane action. Novices welcome. PO Box 37, Riverside, CT 06878. (203) 856-2053. 9-9:30 a.m., M-F.

**LEVIS, FLANNEL SHIRTS 4x4s**

Bear, trucker type, self-employed carpenter, WM, 5'4", 160, 36, bearded hairy, pierced cock. Into levis, recycled beer, sweat, catheters, piercing, tattoos, piss hole work, hot wax, cock modification, electricity. Right stud will try? Blue collar, bearded blonds a plus. 06776 locals & photo/phone same. Box 6677LF.

**HARTFORD TITS AND ASS**

GWM, 47, 6'4", 200 lbs., into tit, ass and CBT workouts. Slow and long. No games, just men. Hard safe sex. HIV neg. If you are in shape and ready for the experience, write a descriptive letter. PO Box 95, East Glastonbury, CT 06025. Box 6632LF.

**DELAWARE****THE MAKING OF MEN**

I'm really not a Leather-Daddy. I just like boys who need to be serviced by a man. Prefer young, slender buns, proportionate structure. No smokers, drugs, drunks or live-ins. You don't have to serve me. I'm tall, stout, white, non-racist, experienced. When was your last good service job? Will travel, photo appreciated. Box 6326LF

**DC-METRO****DEDICATED LEATHERMAN**

GWM, 40, 5'10", bl/bl, 150 lbs., mustache, goatee, seeking other men into good kinky but safe sex, brotherhood and friendship. Am versatile and intelligent with many interests both sexual and nonsexual. Special turn-ons include titwork, hair, tats. PO Box 2341, Manassas, VA 22110. (LF4696)

**BODYBUILDER SLAVE**

WM, 42, 5'11", 175, 45" chest, 30" waist, well built, together, loner, erotic. Lean/muscular, nonsmoker; use/abuse, whipping, safesex. Ex-military special warfare. Relate to Lawrence of Arabia, Mishima, "Story of O," "9 1/2 Weeks," "Image," "Beauty" Trilogy. JW, PO Box 44029, Ft. Washington, MD 20744. (LF5030)





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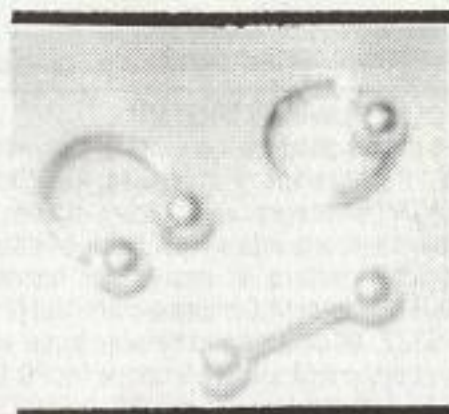
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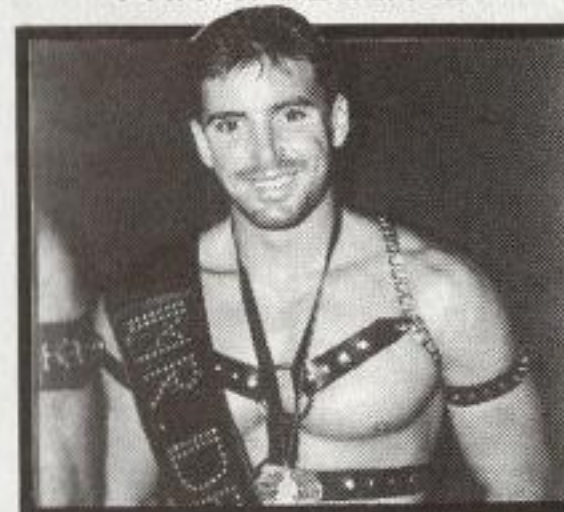


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**KENTUCKY****KENTUCKY NIGHTCRAWLER**

Leatherbottom, GWM, 35, 5'9", 145 lbs. beard. Versatile, openminded and stable. Likes leather, porn, cigars, cyclists and fantasy scenes. Looking for a healthy man for shared interests. Reply with photo to Box 5515LF.

**MAINE****SADIST**

Sane experienced gay white male master, 45, seeks masochistic gay male slaves for medium to heavy S&M, B&D, torture sessions, tit torture, cock & ball torture, anal work, fistfucking, whipping, shaving, hot wax, endurance & most safe scenes & sex. Must be trim, masculine, clean & willing, a few limits OK. Send pix. Location, southern Maine. Box 6431LF.

**MARYLAND****PART TIME MASTER NEEDED**

By slave/bottom with lover who doesn't like to dominate this 34, 6', 175 Baltimore WM. Need to serve and service leather-clad or uniformed master (his dick, boots, body) as he demands. Not into FF, scat, shaving. Photo appreciated and returned with mine. Sir. Box 6625LF

**TORTURE METHODS**

Seeking GWM interested in creative, safe experiments with torture devices and methods. You must be under 30, in good shape, willing alternate between top and bottom roles. Novices OK if interested in real torture, not merely fantasies. Box 6825.

**WRESTLING/BONDAGE**

East Cst WM, 6'3", 36, needs challenge from a bruising BB/bully who isn't afraid to punish his opponent. The match: no rules, no timeouts, no mercy. Then: real ropes, real toys, real head-games. Itchin' to taunt, torment & teach somebody a major lesson in respect? Box 6696LF.

**HEAVY NIPPLE ACTION**

Masculine, muscular, 37, 6'2", 170, versatile inspired Tit Torture addict. It's like having two extra dicks! Prefer them on muscled pecs overlooking washboard abs. Photo and phone a must. Live east coast—travel nationwide and Canada. Possibility—pierce my tits... anyone experienced? Box 6704LF.

**BOOT SLAVE AVAILABLE**

to service you and your friends. Slave craves total abuse. Bondage, discipline, humiliation. All aspects of safe kink desired. Let me be your boot and shoe slave, Girl Box 6947

**MASSACHUSETTS****HOT LEATHER MASTER NEEDED**

by submissive bottom for heavy ass beating, CBT, VA, TT, Dildos. Fantasy or reality scenes. Give me an order and I will obey GWM 38. Also into cuffs, spread-eagled, willing to try new things. You—tough, masculine, nasty. Box 6773LF.

**HOT HAIRY UNCUT COUPLE**

Top: 30, 5'10", dark hair & eyes, moustache, 175 lbs. Uncut & hairy. Bottom: 28, 6'1", dark hair & eyes, beard. 200 lbs. Uncut & very hairy. SM, BD, TT, CBT, WS, wax, assplay. Equipped "Pump Room" with sling. Facial and body hair preferred. Tops, bottoms, Masters, slaves call (617) 282-7196. Box 6690LF

**MASTER SEEKS SECOND SLAVE**

Master 60s, sexually 40s, and slave 20s are looking for second GWM slave. Applicant should be about 6', weigh about 160, NO facial hair. Master and slave are into leather, HEAVY rubber, bondage, SM, etc. Applicant must have driver's license, be able to work part-time. Be able to relocate immediately. Call (413) 267-5278 before 10 PM EST.

**SLAVE WANTED**

by GWM, 45, 5'8", 150, slave must be into BD, CBT/T, shaving, enemas, spanking. Master can be affectionate or demanding. Photo, phone to: Box 6372LF

**LEATHER BIKERS**

Healthy, fun-loving, fit dudes, 20-40, interested in joining leather bike buddies club. Do you enjoy cruisin' in black jacket, boots, worn Levis, Gauntlet gloves, chaps? Meet some good biker friends. Framingham/Metro West area. Sane, straight acting guys. Not a sex ad. Ideas, suggestions, interests, write John, PO Box 1021, Framingham, MA 01701-1021

**NEW ENGLAND SON**

WM, 5'9", 160 lbs., full beard, blond hair, very attractive, masculine, educated in US and in Europe. Seeking dominant Father-Master type figure for an honest one-on-one relationship. Son is professionally employed, independent, and intelligent, heavy into Leather and obedience, but capable of stepping out of the sex scene. Prefer mature monogamous attitudes. This is a quality ad, photo, phone will be answered. Box 6559LF.

**RUBBER MASTER**

WM, 30, 6', 180, well-built, handsome, clean-shaven, very masculine. I'm an experienced rubber/latex Master who believes there's no such thing as too much tight shiny rubber/latex. I specialize in heavy V/A, B/D, boots, slave training, marathon cock sucking on my thick rubbered 8" cock. You're a clean-shaven rubber slave 40+ who knows how to kneel before and service a Master's boots & bulging rubber codpiece. Detailed letter & pic. Box 6907.

**SLAVE DOG**

Novice slave wishes to be claimed by strong handsome owner. Need training, discipline, humiliation. Please, Sir, make me your dog, your maid, your property. Your slave is 34, 5'9", 155, attractive, intelligent. Please safe and sane only. Your slave does not drink, drug, smoke. Desire same. Box 6929LF.

**MICHIGAN****HOT MASTER**

has opening for recruit. Send resume and photo to: Rear Admiral Mark, PO Box 50014, Novi, MI 48050.

**SON SEEKS DADDY**

24-yr-old WM, 145 lbs, 5'8", attractive, seeks the guidings, discipline and affection of his daddy. Son's interests include light to heavy bondage, TT, CBT, toys w/lots of assplay, safe sex, spankings, shaving?, rubber? Son needs muscular dad who is under 45 and has same interests. Box 6832LF.

**BODYBUILDER SLAVE**

Well trained bottom seeks experienced Master-Top. Pain, fantasy, exhibitionism, 3 ways. Reply w/pic. Box 6889.

**MINNESOTA****WANT TO RENT DUNGEON**

Playroom in Twin Cities area. Top from North, bottom from south of state. Need place to play in cities every 8-10 weeks. Box 6941

**MISSISSIPPI****MANHUGGING LEATHERS FOR US**

Balding, bearded, booted professional lives and sleeps the leathered life. Looking for mature, sensitive man who's also sensually attuned to balls, bikes, jockstraps, bodybuilding. Harold, mid-40s, enjoys classical music, leather-bikini yardwork, home and crafts-related hobbies. Join me for smoke/drug-free weekend of leathered togetherness. POB 5172, Biloxi, MS 39534-0172. (LF6386)

**MISSOURI****2 TOPS-HUNG-HOT-HORNY**

Looking for bottom into rough, active, verbal sessions in our well equipped "playroom" with sling, restraints, mirrors and lots of toys. Turn-ons bondage, discipline, cock/tit/ball work, fisting, W/S. Both 40s, 5'10", 170 lbs., attractive, tested neg. Dig young son/BB type. PO Box 3931, Springfield, Missouri 65808. JO letters answered. Box 6565 LF.

**LEATHER RUBBER UNIFORMS**

GWM, 37, 5'10", 160lb, brown hair, clean shaven, hairy body, trim, healthy and hot; needs buddy/daddy; mutual fantasies; only masculine, legitimate men who love man sex need respond; I want to learn from a safe, hot dude what my limits are. Box 6697LF.

**DESMODUS—THE BROTHERHOOD OF S/M PUBLISHING****FUCKBUDDY WITH LARGE NIPPLES**

wanted. Age not important if you have big nipples and a muscular body. Must be into TT, SM, WS. Dungeons a plus. I'm HIV positive, 5'9", 150 lbs, muscular and wild. Reply with photo. Kevin, Box 753 Belton, MO 64012-0753. Box 6681LF.

**LEATHERMAN**

Looking for another leatherman who is into the feel, smell, sight and taste of hot black leather. Dressed in leather from head to toe all the time and cannot get enough of it. Send photo with reply—all answered by 6', hung, 190, 39 yo. Box 6468LF.

**NEVADA****WORK HIM OVER**

Experienced masochist, WM, 32, 6', 140 lbs. craves punishment. Men who take pleasure in C/B/T torture, heavy bondage, beatings, gauntlets, wax, buttwork, face slapping, unusual punishment—this loner needs an intimate partner in southern Nevada. Box 6754.

**NEW JERSEY****TORTURE TURN YOU ON?**

Experienced sadist seeks young (18-30), well built captives man enough to endure imaginative and heavy bondage, pain and torture. I have my extraordinarily equipped dungeon. Lingerie, toys, and more. More interested in classic torture scenes than leather sex. (201) 874-6725, after 8 PM (LF4769).

**NJ DRUMMERS**

Tattooed, pierced, boot-wearing, ci-chewing closet leatherman loves hats, hogloves, chains, and tape. Am alone, bored, getting fat. Desire communication with other amateur NJ Drummers. No pros, please. Interests include bondage, discipline, endurance, exhibitionism, photography. Privately respected, same expected. Call Boots McBoots (201) 279-6450, Tuesdays. Or write to Box 6779LF.

**NEW YORK****PRIVATE LEATHERMEN'S CLUB**

CELL BLOCK 28, 28 Ninth Avenue, New York City, NY 10014 (downstairs). Meets every Sunday from 3PM to 3AM. Also meets every Monday through Thursday from 8PM to 10PM and parties on 'til ??? FREE CLOTHES CHANGING AND SODA BAR. BYOB. Bring in this ad for FREE MEMBERSHIP. For more information stop by, write or phone (212) 733-3144

**SUCKING DADDY'S ASS**

Manly WM Daddy wanted by rimming-obsessed bottom. Can take piss. Will learn shit for man. Me: (28, 5'9", 170, br/gr). No skinning trolis. NYC/LI. Box 6298LF

**ATHLETIC TOP**

Dad seeks bottom (son) for serious relationship. GWM, 46, 5'10", 170, BB, muscular, aware, sensitive, adventurous, into B/D, spanking, safe Gr/A, Fr/p, ass play, toys. any race, good body, serious about controlling. Phone (necessary) photo to Box 263A W 19 St., NYC, NY 10011.

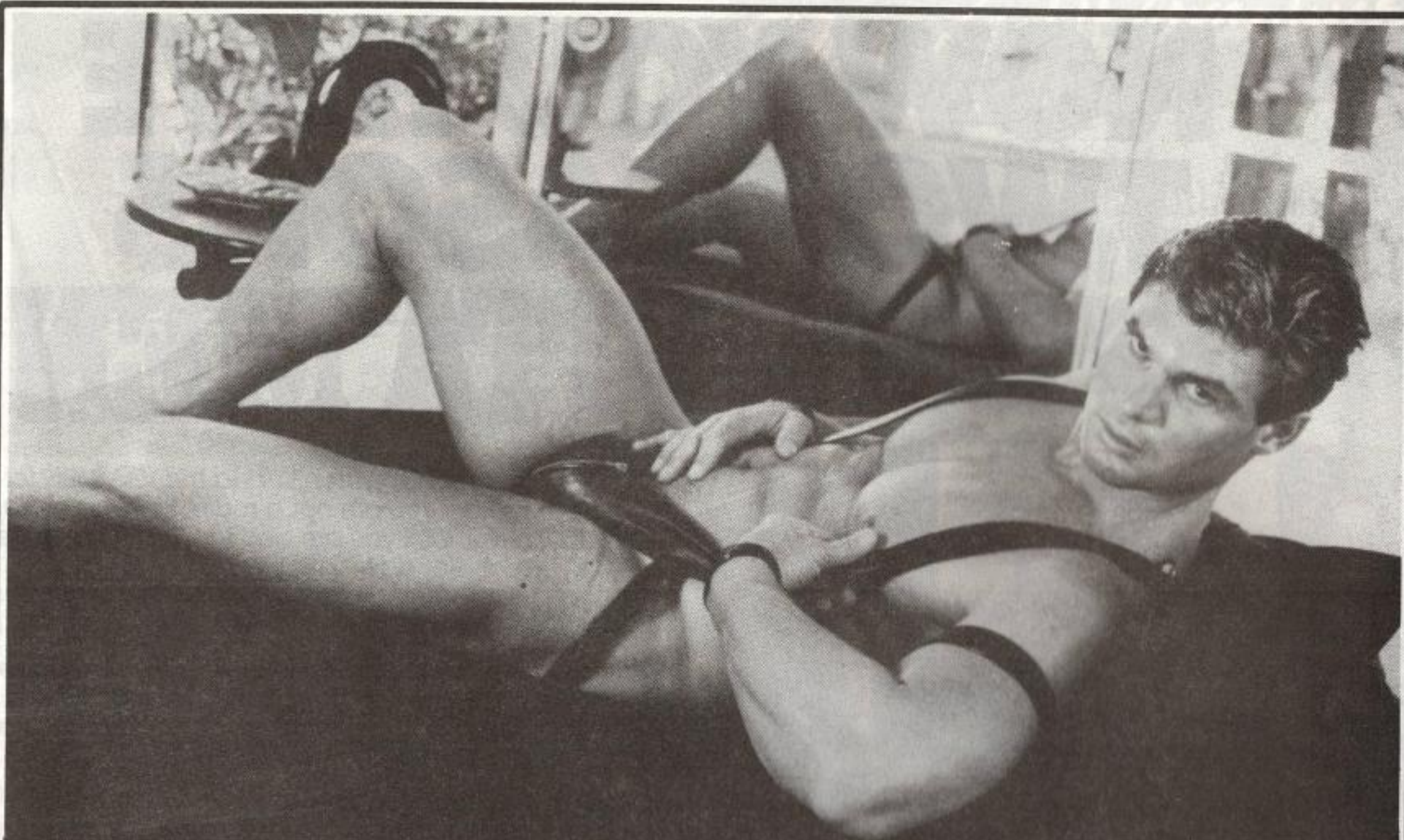
**PUSSY BOY SLUT WHORE**

This pussy boy has a hot wet mouth, nice tits and a real tight pussyhole. Love to service a daddy and his friends, love w sports and getting fucked. Especially love black cocks. Reply Lennie, Box 650, c/o 132 W 24th St., NYC, NY 10011 (LF638) call (212) 367-7484.

**STOCKY BUTCH SLAVE**

Italian, 33, 5'9", 210, solid, very masculine, cut, healthy, humpy, seeks dominant, belly chunky brute, cut & hung, into dominating a dog collared slave. No hangups. Snappers, anything else, a-ok. Photo/photo Box 6506LF.





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San Francisco, CA. Dealer inquiries invited.





#### SADISTIC SICILIAN MASTER

37, 5'9", 190, seeks dog or pig into heavy, heavy V/A, whippings, pleasurable torture, CBT, TT, FF, W/S, scat. A complete piece of shit that likes to be treated like one. Prefer experienced short chunky types. Photo and letter of qualifications to Box 5814LF

#### HOT FAT GUY

Goodlooking young chubby seeks men. All scenes. Call (212) 629-1990

#### MASOCHISTS WANTED

32 YO sadist has insatiable appetite for seeing welts and bruises while listening to screams and moans coming through a gag. Call (212) 777-2632, but keep it short.

#### BODYBUILDER SLAVE

Well trained bottom seeks experienced Master/Top. Pain, fantasy, exhibitionism, 3 ways. Reply w/pic. Box 6889.

#### YNG RAUNCH DUDE

W/M, Bklyn, 26, 5'8", 150, seeks same age or younger, trim, into mutual bondage with hvy scat, piss, puke and foot worship. All letters w/photo answered. Box 6817.

#### DEAR SIR, YOUR PERSONAL SLAVE MARKET

#### SPANKING WANTED

GWM will grope fully dressed man (25-young 65). You give me a firm, barehanded spanking as punishment for groping you without permission. Accompanying safe sex optional. No drugs, pot, heavy drinkers, hustlers. If my place, no parking problem. But write to Box 660, 132 W. 24 St., NYC 10011.

#### LEATHER UNIFORM MASTER

49, 6'1", trim, cleanshaven disciplinarian will inspect men for duty who understand the meaning and value of discipline over indulgence, obedience over arrogance, ready to bare ass and bend their back out of strength not weakness, and who recognize corporal punishment as a time-tested but often denied ritual of manhood to insure and reinforce proper attitude and behavior. Box 4781LF

#### HOT SON/BOTTOM NEEDED

by hot Daddy/Top, 47, BB, athletic, 5'10", 170, masculine, sensitive, for serious, lasting relationship. Into S/M, B/D, all assplay, (safe) Gr/A, spanking. You: any race, good body, serious about relationship and commitment. Photo/Phone (must) to Box 774, 263A W. 19 St., NY NY 10011. Box 6771LF.

#### SLAVE SEEKS MASTER

to train him for service in relationship centered on Master's cock, with Master's pleasure, comfort, convenience to come first. Perhaps a deeper relationship will follow. Slave is Irish, 34, 6', 190#, NYC & upstate. Non-live-in, on call or scheduled to start. Box 6842LF.

#### HOT SPANKING

needed for X-football jock with fat, beefy ass, experienced top guys only. PO Box 232, Ellicott Station, Buffalo, NY 14205

#### TOILET AVAILABLE

38 year old pig craves shit, piss, snot, b.o, smegma, verbal abuse, humiliation, degradation and lots more from imaginative filthy stinkin' Topmen to 45. Send photo. Occupant, Box 1725, West Caldwell, NJ 07007-1725. Looking forward to a disgustingly good time.

#### GANG RAPE

WM, 37, 5'9" assussy needs rough assplowing and mouthstuffing rape, piss, V/A, spit by cops, uniforms, frats, street gangs, rough tops. Healthy and expect same. Also into tough topman domination, armpits, foreskin, B/D. Bluecollar, hung, noisy roughfuckers a plus. Detailed action, photo to Box 6427LF

#### FIND YOUR BAD BOY IN DEAR SIR

#### CAVERNOUS SHAVED MAN HOLE

Gym workouts keep my body in shape and daily bike riding keeps my melon ass cheeks molded hard. But, this healthy 41, W/M Scorpio pig's ass has a deep hungry hole that craves attention. Man is 5'7", 135 lbs., bearded, pierced tits-cock-balls, shaved chest, ass-c/b. Into mutual heavy ass work, ass toys, ball and foot fucking, L/L, mouth and tongue drool to extra special turn-on of feet, boots, socks, and jocks. Absolute turn-off to over-weights, inexperienced, and men who only have fantasies but are unable to live them. Communicate by phoning (212) 255-3138, 7-12pm EST or write Box 1440 Madison Square Station, NYC, NY 10159 with photo, phone, description. Experience a real MAN! LF5575

#### STRICT DISCIPLINE

Men will be men and therefore, on occasion, require firm, no-nonsense discipline to improve their behavior, strengthen their character, or break their bad habits. Agree? If so, then write this 6'2", mustached, serious white male with your ideas/experiences. Lives upstate—does some traveling. Photo. Box 6768LF.

#### UPSTATE LEATHERMAN

Hot, leatherclad, booted man into the smell, taste, and feel of black leather, seeks same. Masculine, handsome, white, 36, 6ft, 165, blonde, mustache, good build. Full black leather, jacket, chaps, gloves, boots, uniforms, muscles, like SM/BD, safe action only. Poughkeepsie area. Letter, phone, photo to Box 6845LF.

#### DADDY NEEDS USE

Sturdy WM 38 needs hot arrogant sadistic cock studs, jocks, bikers, mechanics, red-necks to work over/use me. Muscled hung U/C shit stomping ball busting WM 18-20s have me as total bootlick, toilet, punchbag, suck machine, fuckhole. Filthy boots/levis, leather forced buddy use a +. Box 6844LF.

#### HOT HAIRY ASS

ready for your pleasure, Sir. Me: 26, redhead, 5'9", 150 lb into bondage, W/S, etc. You: Black or Latin, hung and into hot white ass. Box 6875.

#### BANG THIS BONDAGE NOVICE

Some fuseburners: soulkissing, titnibbling, cockchewing, ballmassages, holespanking. WM, 37, 5'11", 160, beard, muscular, versatile desires lean, solid, captivating, trusted, virile, condombuddy. Box 6881.

#### LEATHER N UNIFORM LATINO

Macho-Handsome-Tough 30, 5'8", slim, defined, 135 lbs. Black hair, brown eyes, thick stach. Wants: slim handsome hung VERY Macho Top 25-45. Who craves prolonged oral service n action—both in Total Leather/Police uniforms. Light V/A-B/D-TT pot & poppers SS. Photo gets same! NYC & NJ & USA. Box 6557LF.

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I realize these cards do contain nudity and it is alright to mail them to me at the address above.





#### THE REAL THING

Master, 38, has opening for slave-trainee under 35. First, collar and leash. Later, cuffs, chains, heavy B/D. Ultimately, shaving, piercing and chastity belt. You can keep your day job, but you will still be my property. True commitment offered, mutual respect assured. Photo, phone, sincere only. Box 6678LF

#### PUNISHMENT SLAVE

Good-looking Italian needs correction and will service tough sane White, Black, Hispanic men in work clothes, uniforms, wrestlers, boxers, rubber, 3 piece suits, leather, gut punch, catheters, enemas, cock & ball, verbal, safe sex, can be top. No phonies. Tel: 1-718-SM-80-408. Dave, PO Box 150 634, Brooklyn, New York 11215 or Box 6687LF

#### FOOTBALL TEAM CAPTAIN

Hot WM, 33, 6'1", 185, very attr., masculine, and works out, seeks tall/big guy who was or wishes he were a TEAM CAPTAIN to act out sweaty lockerroom, frat-hazing, foot, and other explosive fantasies. Call Hank, btwn 8 pm-12 mid, to meet in NYC (NO phone j/o) at (212) 675-7352. Box 6688LF

#### WESTERN NY RUBBERMAN

Rubberman, 6ft., 175lbs., 37 yrs. old, full beard and stach, pierced tits and dick, needs Master, Lover or playmate on a regular basis. heavy into rubber, latex, leather, sports gear and uniforms,

water sports, verbal abuse, shaving, diapers, used rubbers, hot kinky sex. Tell me what turns you on and let's give it a try. Box 6699LF

#### FF BUTTHOLE STRETCHING

Wanted by a good-looking, WM, 33, 6'3", 165 lbs., brown hair, eyes, mustache, into leather, FF, TT, dildoes, looking for a Top or versatile, hot attractive man under 48 for good times and more. Answer with photo for fast reply. Box 6706LF

#### ALBANY AREA

Hot, arrogant bodybuilder 25-40 wanted by submissive son/little brother (novice-24). You are hot, superior to most men, know it, and flaunt it. You are arrogant, macho, and very straight acting and you enjoy this magazine w/o letting it take over your life. I am of average looks and build (6'1", 185) with a lot of potential looking for someone to give me the discipline I need. Please, Sir, develop my mind and mold my body to your level of perfection while I service your every need. Uniforms, cops, gym teachers, boots, Italian/Latin, a plus, Monogamy and HIV negative a must. Enclose phone, photo, all expectations. Box 6882

#### 18 TO ?

Hot men sought by photographer to appear in pix and video. ALL types, 18 to ? Here's your chance to show off your best. Tony C. Photography (212) TU1-1437.

#### BIG, PIERCED TITS, UPSTATE

BERKSHIRES. Pierced, bearded Leatherman, mid-thirties, 6'4", 200 lbs., handsome and in good shape, into sensual and/or heavy tit play and piercing. Seeks handsome Leatherman with similar interests. Box 6620LF

#### POLICE BUFF

wants to meet MOS to horse around with (nothing heavy) in and/or out of the bag. I have flexible hours. No heavy drinkers. Parking is easy (If I am to contact you at a public phone, allow several contact times.) Box 6605

#### BIG TOUGH MUSCLE SON WANTED

by New York City Daddy. Live in with secure, stable sadistic GWM, 40 and take CBT, pec and nipple work, gut punching, and stand on abs. Use your powerful muscles to serve dad's every need and train for competition. Ph/Ph a must for this hairy bear with good build. Box 4717LF

#### FISTING BUDDY WANTED

Experienced, WM, 35, 6", 160 lbs, in shape hot, leather Top, looking for buddy for all-night, deep FF Mutual and other scenes possible with the right person. Photo gets faster reply. Box 6922

#### BB SEEKS VERY TALL

5'10", 195, 41, very muscular, seeks in-shape men 6'4" or taller for mutual S&M. Rick, 496A Hudson, #H24, NYC, NY 10014.

#### FRIEND/MASTER WANTED

Very goodlooking college student 5'7", 185 lbs. You're under 30, over 5'11", 185 muscle. Together we'll hang out, party, you love making me beg, lick feet, CBT, inexperienced, need good buddy. Ph. Phone. Box 6925

#### WHITE COMET/BLACK HOLE

Hot white leatherman, 38, seeks Black for raunch ass scenes, toys, shaving. 6906

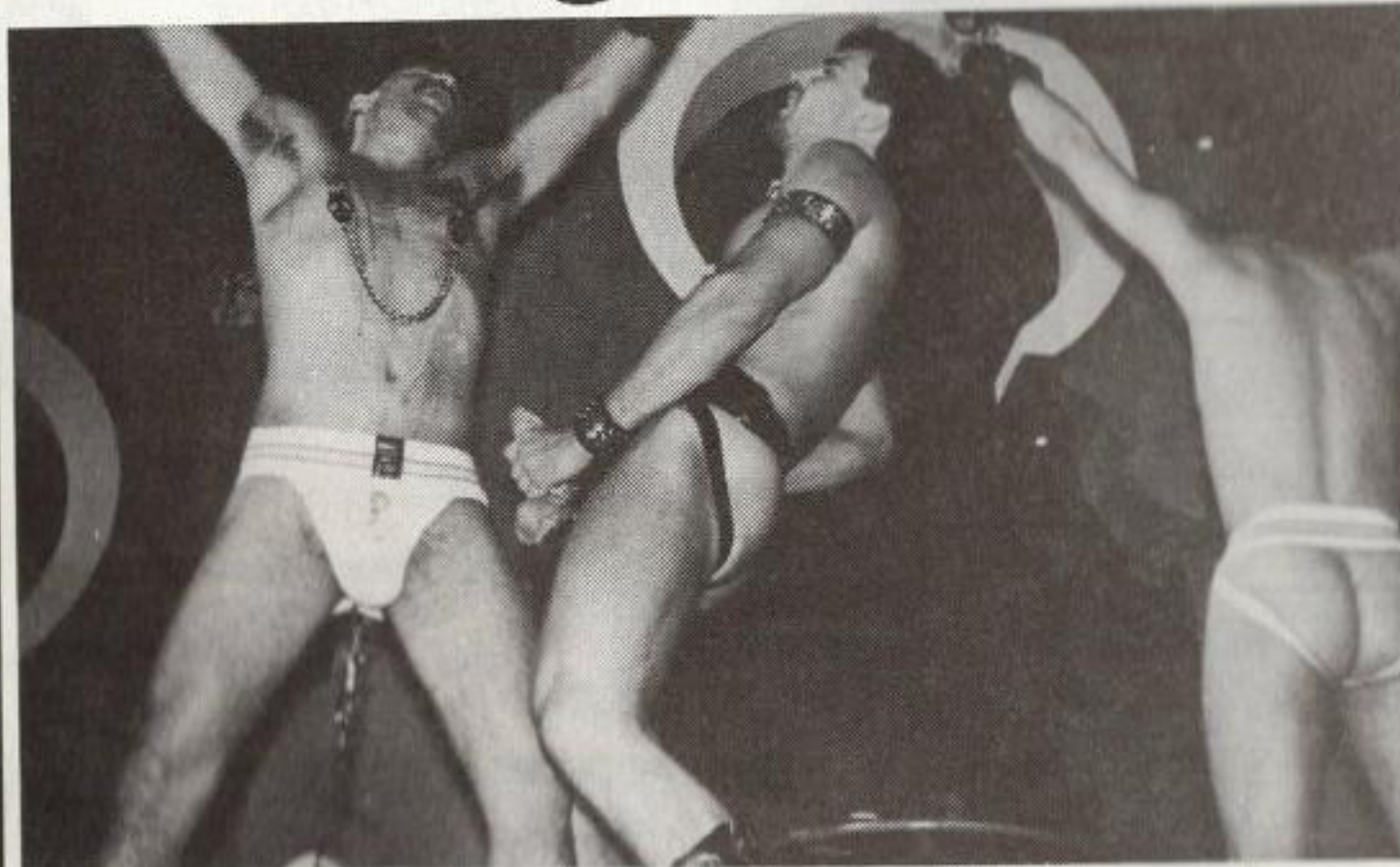
#### WHITE FISTING HOLE

Submissive, hot, attractive, masculine. TOM into FISTING, stretching, spanking, enemas, worship, more, eager to please, generous, imaginative, healthy, versatile, not go to bars, willing to learn, but always HEAT for pleasing BLACK, LATIN and W Top MEN. Serious Fun. B.B. and Big FAT M a plus. (39, 5'10", 165, Bi/Bi, shaven W Apt. #4, 205 East Broadway, NYC, NY 10002)

#### SLICK HAND/WILD HOLE

NYC FF expert, 38, 155, 5'10", smooth bod with playroom & sling seeks trim, clean-cut local fist buddy 20-35, to 16 into intense body worship, JO, oil, s aroma and great safe mutual hole action to repeat workouts. Serious student O Box 3035, New York, NY 10185.

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**A CHALLENGE TO A REAL MASTER**

Bottom/passive is seeking to serve, expand and learn from knowledgable Master(s). Young acting and thinking 45, educated, it blond hair and blue eyed. Wishes to continue previous training in the leather and S/M arts. Needs to be a captive of a Master who is not bound to any rigid "method" but is able to use a good mind and willing body for his pleasure. Age and appearance secondary to ability. Based NYC, travel WNY often, other areas occasionally. Phone and photo helpful. Box 6930LF.

**INITIATE A PREPPY!**

Collegiate, clean-shaven, 28, 5'9", 150 lbs, reddish-blond, cut, Joe-College look. Dirty talk, assplay, spanking, nipples are a turn-on. Show me how a real man jerks off. Photo required. Tell me how you'd show me a safe, hot, masculine time! Box 8501, FDR Station, NYC 10150.(6936LF)

**MUTUAL RAUNCH**

Kissing, licking, sucking, rimming, sweating, pits, nipple stretching, 69. Total oral—no Greek, no condoms. W/M pig, 46, 6'1", 185, 6" cut, grey hair & beard, bear hairy, big nipples. You must be a bearded mutual pig, 35+, & into nipples. Need a steady fuck buddy/lover. Box 6499

**RAINMAKER WANTED**

This year's drought has left this 38 yr old, 5'9", 175# athletic, WM, parched. Like W/S, lite BD, jockstraps, leather. Hairy pits and chest on beefy guys given special service. Box 19659, Rochester, NY 14619

**NORTH CAROLINA****PRIVATE VIDEO MAKERS**

GWM, 34, 5'11", 160 lbs., wants to be violently beaten and brutally gang-raped on camera. No limits. Am discreet, well-insured and will sign any necessary releases. I would like a copy of the edited tape for myself, what you do with the video after that is your business. Box 6343LF

**OHIO****INTENSE**

ME: Gwm, 40, 5'10", 162, Bn, Bn, Dominant, Sadistic, Master, Moustache, Thinning Hair, Independent, Masculine, Hairy you: gwm, submissive, masochistic, slave, younger, shorter, hot slim or hunky body, bubble butt, masculine, blond, swimmer, student, jock, bodybuilder, construction, farm or bluecollar punk, but open to others. DRESS: Leather,

Levis, Uniforms, Cowboy. INTEREST: SM, CBTT, Bondage, Discipline, Hot Wax, Spanking, Ass Beating, Whipping, Flogging, Electrotorture, Constriction, Spit, Sweat. TOOLS: Whips, Belts, Paddles, Straps, Canes, Cuffs, Restraints, Ropes, Chains, Gags, Blindfolds, Hoods, Clamps, Candles, Generators, Violet Wands, Cattle Prods, Rawhide, Collars, Brushes. CONDITIONS: Me: Drug Free, you: non-abuser, Safe, Sane, Consensual, Brutal Prolonged, Intense. RESPOND: SIR, PO Box 0821, Cincinnati, OH 45210. Box 6837LF.

**DADDY/MASTERS NEEDED**

GWM, 35, 185 lbs., 5'11", beard, brown hair, green eyes, 7" cut, A/Fr, P/Gr, submissive. Seeking hot, hung, muscled hairy tops. 25-45, for SM, BD, WS, TT, C/BT, FF, shaving, enemas. Expand my limits, while I worship your body, Sir, and fulfill your leather fantasies. Dayton/Cincinnati, OH Box 5514LF

**LEATHER FANTASIES BECOME REALITY IN DEAR SIR****HUNKY OHIO DADDY**

Handsome W/M, 40s, 6'3", beard, hot, hairy. Seeks bottoms to discipline, caress, and use your body to explore our sexual fantasies. If you're W/M bottom fat/slim, novice/older/bi/couples send a letter with photo. PO Box 970, Westerville, OH 43081. (6063LF)

**CALVIN KLEIN SPORT**

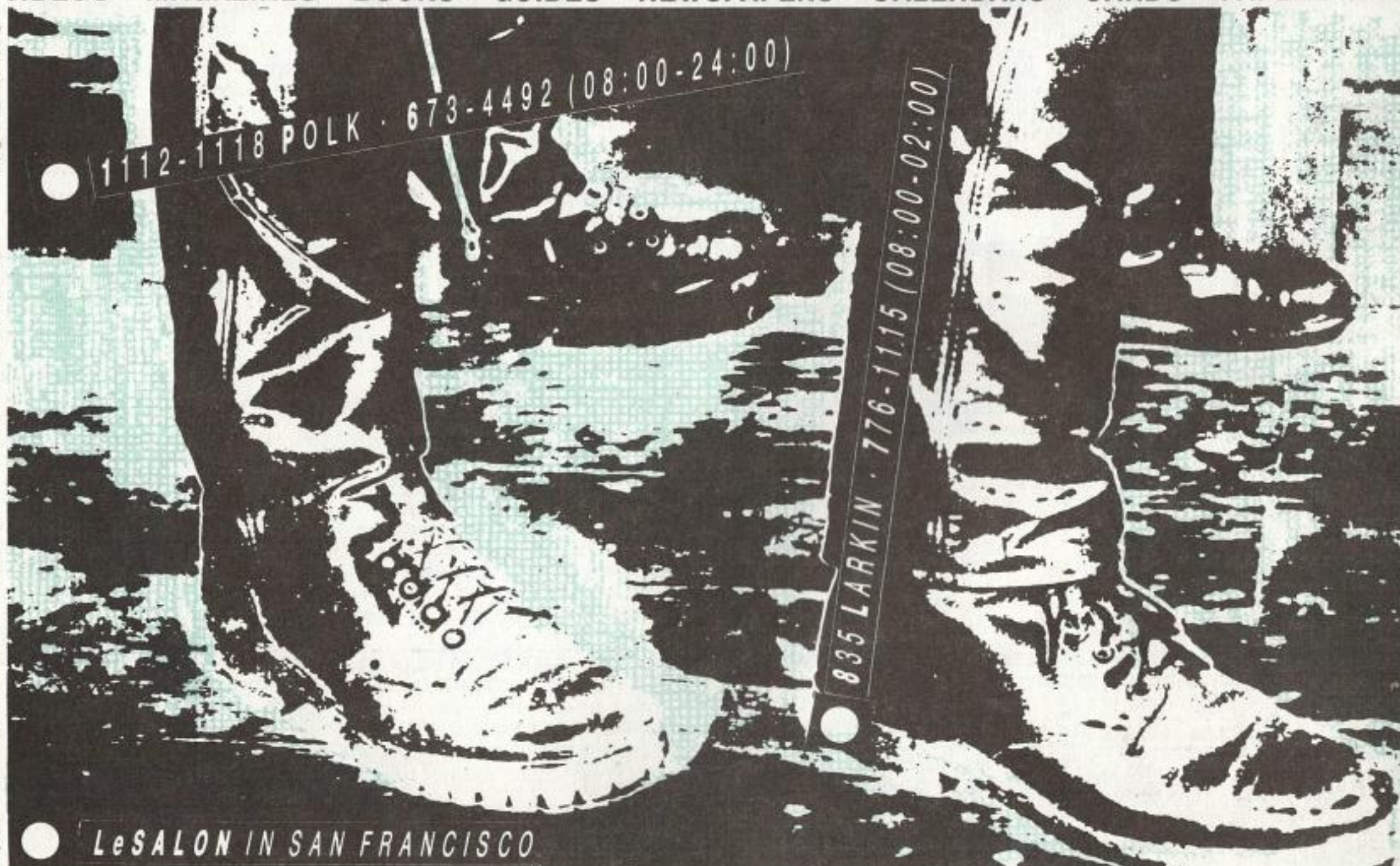
WM, 27, husky, attractive, very Madison Avenue, very GQ. Professional, fun, kinky and aggressive. Looking for HOT muscular body-builders with HUGE COCKS and ego to tie down to my SOLOFLEX machine and use as I SEE FIT! S&M, Bondage, hoods, gags, whips... the whole fucking 9 yards! Feel my wet mouth and tongue work over your tits as you strain against your leather restraints. Feel my tongue run down your stomach, over your balls and into your hairy ass. Squirm and feel the ecstasy as I fuck your ass with HUGE DILDOS. Let my experienced hands fist fuck you for hours on end. Interests include: photography (you will be photographed), WELL HUNG BLACKS, Calvin Klein underwear, anything Armani or Gianni Versace, and young chicken. I'm caring, sensitive, in control, Republican and looking for that "PERFECT" relationship. If you enjoy being dominated write: A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO BEACHWOOD PLACE, PO Box 381, Lakewood, OH 44107.

**ENGLISH DISCIPLINE**

Former English Prep School Prefect seeks U.S. butts for strap, paddle, cane and belt. Here's your opportunity to experience the trauma of the British schoolboy. GWM, 41, PO Box 14056, Cleveland, OH 44114 (LF6895).

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**OREGON****MATURE M.C. LEATHERMAN**

Harley-riding bootmaster seeks safe sex relationship with bottom into on-going leather experiences. No pain or far-out kink. Just healthy leather sex, boot-licking fantasies. If young, you are mature and masculine. If my age, you are affectionate, intense in your dedication to the boot/leather lifestyle. Box 6764LF.

**ARE YOU A SLAVE?**

Inexperienced, but feeling a commitment and need to serve a dependable, imaginative Master? White-collar Master will allow a large measure of independence while enforcing discipline and control. Progressive limit increase training. Must relocate in Salem, Oregon, without delay. Describe interests, photo, phone for reply. Box 5954LF.

**CIGARS AND SWEAT**

Uncut, bearded dude, hung thick with big balls, lookin' for mature, hairy hunk into man-to-man action; C&B/big nipple work, long, slow, smokin' sessions (no anal or kink). Beard/uncut are musts. Just natural, laid-back, let 'em hang sex. Bare-ass leather men welcome. Box 6618LF.

**Q:** How is **Max Bear** different from his fellow bears?

**A:** Max is the one in the jockstrap.

**LEATHER DADDY/DADDY BEAR**

35 yo. bearded attractive WM wants leather Daddy or Daddy bear for morning or afternoon sessions of manly safe sex, playing with tits, ass, balls, and mind. Box 6937LF.

**PENNSYLVANIA****LEATHER/BOOTMAN**

looking for young slim submissive cocksuckers that need to have their face plowed. If you need long rough sessions, verbal abuse, and having a man hold you on while you service him, get off your ass and write. Leatherman is 45, 5'11", 160 and healthy. Photo and phone a must. Box 4840LF.

**Q:** Yogi Bear has a weakness for picnic baskets. What kind of basket does **Max Bear** like?

**A:** Look between your legs, dummy!

**ASS-EATING ADDICT**

Goodlooking expert ass-eater, seeks tops, bottoms for regular action weekends & possible evenings in Philadelphia area. Pluses clean and shaved & stretched holes, uncut. Into arm pits, tit play, W/S, FF. Race not important, photo and serious minded answered first. No fats or feds. Box 6902LF.

**ENEMAS & SPANKINGS NEEDED**

Submissive sissy needs a tough Master or male nurse to give me hot and heavy enemas and spankings. CBT, too. Please send me your photo and I'll reciprocate. I'll do anything for you. Art, PO Box 58339, Philadelphia, PA 19102.

**RHODE ISLAND****MASTER/DAD NEEDED**

Master/Top needed by WM submissive. Need training in SM. Please, Sir, use my hot masculine muscular body for your pleasure. Interest: bondage, tit/cock play, obeying, pleasing demanding Master. Sir, I need teacher; to be naked; expand my limits, train me. Hard-working, good-looking. Box 6342LF.

**HUGE BUNS**

400 lbs. or over. Any age to 75. I will lick your huge smooth buns. Send nude photo. Box 6862.

**SOUTH CAROLINA****ORAL SLAVE SEEKS TOPS**

WM, 24, clean & healthy seeks tops/masters to serve their oral and other needs. I enjoy sucking a big cock, hairy balls and a hairy ass. I am looking for men who will give me orders and teach me the way serve him best. I would also enjoy learning more about FF, WS and BD. Any dominant men who are interested please write with photo, phone to: KM, PO Box 6947, Columbia, SC 29260. Dominant couples & groups also welcome. No drugs or pain. Box 6698LF.

**SOUTH DAKOTA****NOVICE WANTS HOT TOP**

33. Needs patient Top to teach Light S/M, TT, CBT, Light Bondage, Spanking. Like Top in full leather or policeman uniform. Can travel some weekends. PO Box 994 Aberdeen, SD 57402-0994. 605-225-0375. Leave message. Travel Twin Cities. Picture if possible. Phone JO OK. Box 6674LF.

**TENNESSEE****YOUNG EAST TENN. SLAVES**

Hot, cruel, master-daddy, trim executive, mid-fifties, seeks total sex slave in East Tennessee area. Slave must be under 25, well built and prepared to be on call at any time for heavy, demanding scenes. Serious only. Submit detailed letter with photo and telephone number. Box 6490LF.

**MASTER SEEKS BOY/SLAVE**

For weekend/occasional use and abuse. Possible permanent houseboy. Safe, sane, clean and can travel some. Boy must be under 29, prefer smooth swimmers build. I am 37, 5'11", 170, br/br, professional. Submit picture, phone to: Sir, POB 21561, Chattanooga, TN 37421. Box 6549LF.

**SEEKING BOTTOM/COMPANION**

Mostly top wants mostly bottom for moderate to heavy SM, kink, passion, pain in Nashville. Top is 35, 5'9", 175#, professional, beard, very hairy, intense, caring, enjoys leather bonds, straps, whips. Desires sexual bottom/slave, but in other respects, partner/companion, willing to explore, experiment and expand limits. Box 6833LF.

**DEAR SIR—DRUMMER'S CLASSIFIEDS GET RESULTS!**

**REAL MEN GET REAL SERVICE**

White male, 6'1", 220, 6½" uncut, needs Masters to serve. W/B truckers/bikers, hairy a plus. Mid-Tenn on I40 between Nashville/Knoxville. Have play room, lite to heavy SM, FF, W/S, domination and much more. Only REAL MEN call. No j/o, bullshit. Travelers welcome. Have place to park big rigs. Call (615) 528-5128. John (Perm Master/slave possible). (6943LF).

**TEXAS****SLING ROOM VACANCY**

Urgently needs filling! Goodlooking horny leatherman, 30, 5'9", 150, dark hair/eyes, hairy chest, deep throat, fat cock, and hungry hole seeking dominant stud, under 40 for long, slow buttstretching, bondage, light S/M and mutual exploration in my Dallas playroom or yours. Box 6675LF.

**NAKED RANCH STUD**

willing to work outdoors naked to be stable, breed, enslaved. Hitched to plow as work horse. Keep naked in barn or hay loft as work horse. Contact this fall. Steven Paladino, POB 130, Carrizo Springs, Texas 78834. Ph. 512-876-3263. Box 6781LF.

**MEDICAL EXPERIMENTATION/KINK**

GWM, 50, 5'9", 145, excellent health. Seeks qualified doctor/medic to invade bladder, ass. Stretch my holes with catheters, scopes, fists. Testicular manipulation. Aroma okay. No permanent damage. Your examining room. Dallas, but will travel. Your description of self, qualifications, scene gets mine. Absolute discretion assured. Box 6686LF.

**WANTED: BONDAGE MASTER**

Hot, muscular jock WM, 5'8", 160, 34 yrs. enjoys heavy restraint, bondage, wrestling, forced safe sex or no sex, but lots of tying and gagging. Mostly bottom but can be versatile. Novice in TT and CBT but eager to expand limits. Discreet and safe, expect same. Box 6158LF.

**LOOKING FOR DADDY/MASTER**

GWM, 26, 5'10", 163, brown hair/blue-grey eyes, moustache, submissive and obedient, looking for Drummer Daddy/Master (30 to 45) to help me expand my limits. Will travel/possible relocation. Sir, please reply to Box 5265LF.

**NEED BIG COCKS/DILDOES**

GWM, 6', 185 lbs, 6" cut, smooth, HIV neg, brown/blue, wants top/mutual buddy for prolonged assplay. Big cocks/dildoes/fisting with right person, hairy asses/thighs, big cocks and balls, tit play, aroma, smoke turnons. Box 6804.

**NEED SMALL HANDS/BIG DILDOES**

Attractive GWM, 40, 5'11", 175 lbs., into ass stretching activities w/big toys or small hands. HIV neg. Let's have safe, exploratory fun in San Antonio. Write w/photo (returned): PO Box 290243, San Antonio, TX 78280-1643. 6547LF.

**WANTED: DADDY**

GWM, 6', 150#, BR/BR, 38, seeks man 30-45 who seeks loyal son. You must be strong, confident, yet flexible. 713-526-6188.

**VERMONT****HOT HOLE NEEDS FILLING**

38, 200 lb, hot, shaved hole needs hot you fist or foot. Can accommodate anything I have and that means toys, too. Also have shaved tits that need a lot of work. Can't stand awful thirsty. Kit, Box 886, Bradford, VT 05033.

**VIRGINIA****BOTTOM TRAINING SOUGHT**

Bi/W/male, 34, seeks training by experienced top into BD, light SM, watersports, toys, mind control. Me: Br hair, hazel eyes, 240, football player's build. You: 24-35, experienced, good build, clean-shaven, into sex. Thanks. Box 6414LF.

**2 MASTERS SEEK SLAVE/SON**

GWM 33, 5'10", 165, 10" uncut cock; GWM 30, 6'1", 180, 8" cut cock. Seek slave/son training. Anything goes. We demand, provide. Photo, phone. David Miller, Box 5, Portsmouth, VA 23703.

**EXPANSION WANTED**

One 5'4", 130 WM, 40s, seeks experienced Daddy/Master to have limits expanded. Looking for good teacher for training in the giving/receiving the joys of gay sex. Sir, please send detailed lesson plans to: Training, P 13428, Richmond, VA 23225 (LF6555).

**WASHINGTON****VERSATILE LEATHERMAN**

34, 5'7", 130, smooth body, short hair, n clean shaven, into enemas, shaving, discipline, spanking, humiliation, B&D, C&B to blindfolded, WS and a lot of other kink too. Greg, PO Box 71003, Seattle WA 98103. Non-smoker only. (6680LF).

**LEATHER TOP**

If you're into the feel, smell & taste of black leather dominating you, maybe you serve me. Must be into S/M, B/D, T/T, VA, ass whippings, leather, Levis & Limits expanded, always safe & no permanent marks. You: WM, 21-28, NO wimps, fem, fats, drugs, smokers. Hairy/muscular. Me: 25, 5'10", 145 lbs, gymnast build give it, you will take it! Send letter/photo and phone number for prompt response. Box 6921.

**WISCONSIN****SUBMIT**

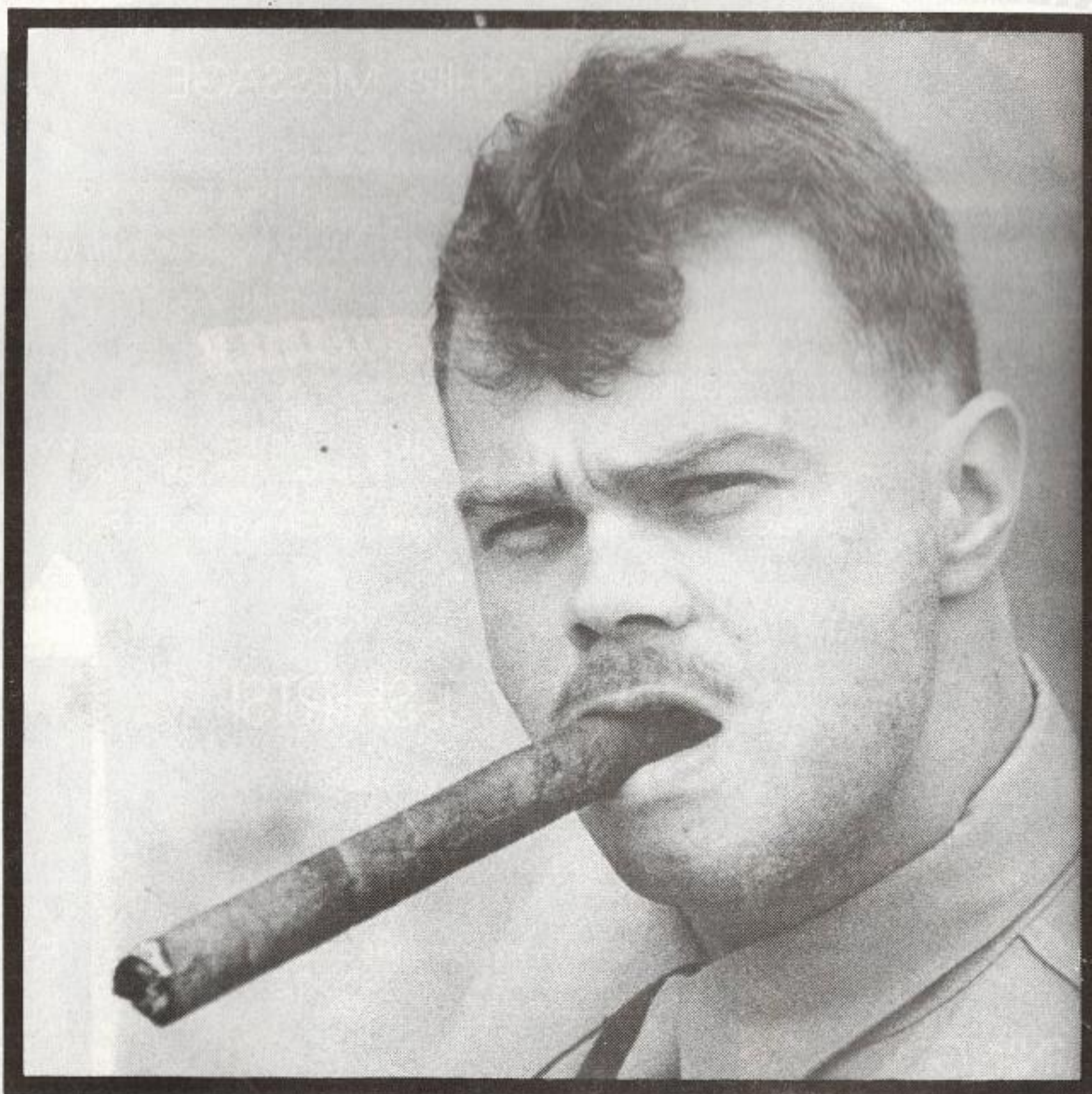
Submit to those desires inspired by current reading and mail a letter of a submission. Degree of experience not as important as degree of willingness. Box 4876LF.

**BOTTOM NEEDS LESSON**

GWM, 35, 6', 180 bottom looking for a leatherman to teach him the ropes. Experienced in fisting, titwork, bondage a mission. Milwaukee. Box 6782LF.



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- ☐ ZIPPER BIKINI CIRÉ s/m/l (17.95) Size \_\_\_\_\_
- ☐ STUDS, SPIKES ARM BAND (17.95) Size \_\_\_\_\_
- ☐ COLOR JOCKSTRAPS (Color \_\_\_\_\_) s/m/l (9.95)
- ☐ FIVE POUND DILDO (19.95)
- ☐ CONDOMS: ROUGH RIDER (4.00)
- ☐ MALE TO MALE (4 Pkg./12/\$4)
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VISA

**SOURCE!**

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Send the above checked items and make it snappy!

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CITY \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_

ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

## METHOD OF PAYMENT:

- ☐ Check ☐ Money Order in the amount of \$ \_\_\_\_\_
- ☐ VISA ☐ MASTERCARD ☐ AMERICAN EXPRESS

CARD NO. \_\_\_\_\_ Exp. \_\_\_\_ / \_\_\_\_

SIGNATURE \_\_\_\_\_

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Use street address for UPS delivery when possible for speedier delivery.

**ADD A BUCK (THAT'S \$1) PER ITEM FOR POSTAGE!**





# ZEUS VIDEO



## RECAPTURED

STARRING "OFFICER" SCOTT ANSWER/1988 ZEUS MODEL OF THE YEAR; AND MUSCLE BIKER "COP BUSTER" BRIAN DAWSON/1988 INTERNATIONAL MR LEATHER 2ND RUNNER UP. PLUS ZEUS VIDEO PREVIEWS. APPROXIMATELY 60 MINUTE VIDEO.



## TIGHTROPES III

STARRING SCOTT ANSWER IN "SORE NIPPLES," AND GOLD'S GYM MUSCLEMAN TONY MYKOS IN "GOLDEN GREEK," BOTH TIED UP AND FORCED TO SHOOT IN SOLO MUSCLE BONDAGE SESSIONS. APPROXIMATELY 60 MINUTE VIDEO.

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☐ RECAPTURED/ZV-1004/\$45.00  
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 CALIFORNIA RESIDENTS ADD 6 1/2% SALES TAX  
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SIGNATURE \_\_\_\_\_

(YOU MUST BE OVER 21)

CHARGE TO MY ☐ VISA ☐ MASTERCARD

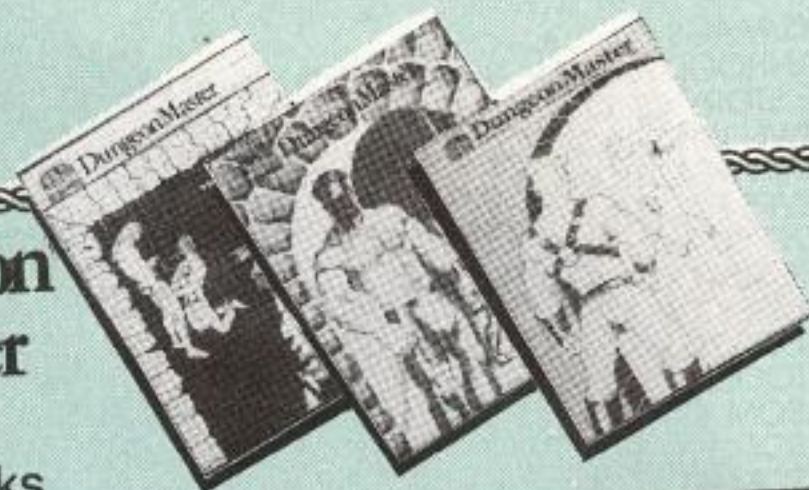
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EXP DATE \_\_\_\_\_

ZEUS/BOX 64250/LOS ANGELES CA 90064

## Dungeon Master

Year  
Books



### YOUNG MASTER WANTS SLAVE

Me, 23 Hot & Hung, wants hot and together young bottom into B&D, C&BT, TT, hoods, gags, light S&M and extended bondage. Muscles, Masochism & Intelligence Mandatory, photo helpful. Kink, leather & rubber IN bed. Can you be friend or love OUT? (Shaving, piercing, live-in ownership negotiable) Box 6769LF.

### INTERNATIONAL

When answering foreign ads with box numbers, remember to include the correct amount of overseas airmail postage. Current rates are 44¢ per 1/2-ounce. Letters without correct postage will be destroyed.

### COCKSUKIN' ITALIAN DAD/IRISH SON

Short, hairy, beer-gut, bear Dad and 6'5" red-headed obedient son want more than they've already had. We host hot parties/will add plenty of action to yours. If you've got a dick, we want to see it. Photo of yours gets a photo of ours. Box 2251, SF, CA 94126.

### CRUCIFIXION

Anytime, anywhere. Committed strong trim healthy English masochist seeks ultimate fulfillment. Offering total mental, physical and sexual surrender for any and all kinds of enslavement, torture, depravity, carnal and Satanic abuse. Help me embrace the cross and my destiny. No ties, just say where and when. Quite genuine. 6299LF.

### 32" CROTCH-HIGH ENGINEER BOOTS

This leather stud is booted to his balls and looking for a special slave to kneel and worship before him. Write today with picture and phone # and pray that I call. Box 6467LF.

### COLLEGE JOCK & U.S. NAVY

Leather living young couple seeks international penpals to visit (no sex). Box 270616, San Diego, CA 92128.

### SWISS TOP LEATHERMAN

muscular, dark-haired, bearded, early 50s. 5'11", 160, in good shape and perfect health (HTLV neg., reg. tested) wants to meet you—either at his place or on his frequent visits to USA and Canada—if you are 28-50, a willing kinky bottom, masculine, muscular, preferably hairy and with facial hair and a well-trained, receptive rear for extensive assplay, FF, titwork, lots of raunchy action inc. W/S, scat and mainly long mutual rimming sessions. Perfect health essential. Also Europeans corresponding to above requirements welcome. Write w/photo Boris Rahm Hardstr. 58, CH-4052 Basel, Switzerland (LF 5048).

### HOTTEST BONDAGE SLAVE

The ultimate slave seeks Master(s) to expand limits. Serious S/M, (CB/T, T/T, Ass/T); heavy bondage to total immobilisation, F/E, extreme tit work, shaving (total), dildoes, ball stretching, catheters, medical trips. My HOT HOLE needs expanding thru prolonged ass play. Interested in cock modification, experimentation. Genuine only. Write explicitly: Chris A, 113 Fern Hill Road, Cowley, Oxford, OX4 2JR, England. Call 0865-779524. (6934LF).

### CAPTAIN

Master, age 39, moustache, well hung, may consider your application for training period. I'm waiting for you, soldier. Brutal and/or tender, but always serious. Headquarters: A. Capitan, AP 4022, Madrid 28080 Spain

### FOR ABUSE BY HUNGRY GANG

Luxembourg located masochist (28-180-76) handsome, muscular, needs gang of well-built men (leather/jeans/boots/uniform) to give him a hard time: bondage, whipping, tit-balls, cock torture, hot wax, shaving, dildoes, pervers. Only safe sex. No scat, blood, anal sex. Letters with photo only (will be returned). Box 6916.

### CANADA

Canadian postal rates are now 30¢ for the first ounce, 22¢ for each additional ounce. Letters without correct postage will be destroyed.

### LTL/BROTHER WNTS BIG BROTHER

GDLK, HOT, 25, 5'11", 160 lbs, 9" cut. respect, worship, CBT, V/A, fantasy, cated w/four (4) degrees. Seek redemption self-worth from authoritarian Dominant V/GDLK, arrogant, butch, V/HOT TOP 'Total-control', roles, worship. Will write w/letter and photo to Mark, #4008, Vancouver, B.C. V6B-3Z4. (6900)

### DR. SOUGHT

Good-looking, 33, 6'3", 210, dark hair/seeks "doctor" to give me a complete physical examination, paying particular attention to cock, balls and ass. Looking for a that's as realistic as possible. Photo preferred. Vancouver. Box 5658LF.

### LEATHER TOP NEEDED

WM, 29, 5'5", 135 lbs., bottom, looking tough demanding TOPS into S/M, B/D, T/T, whips, electricity, leather, boots, toys, rooms, poppers, torture scenes. Any expand all limits. Prefer tall arrogant Leather into all facets of S/M. Willing to try anything. Live in Vancouver but can travel. Photo is possible. Beards and motorcycle plus. Box 6619LF.

### Q: What does Max Bear need

to make him happy?

A: Only the bear necessities of...

### B&D/S&M COMES FROM T

To me, B&D/S&M experiences can come out of really knowing and trusting me. I have no interest in "fantasies" or strangers, or with people who only come from their "fantasy role." I'm versed as a top and a bottom in all scenes, and I'm seeking contact with whole persons (tops, bottoms, or experienced or not, who want to grow each other as people first, and then into "trust" scenes. I'm 36, 5'10", considered goodlooking, Vancouver. Prefer non-smokers, my age or younger. Seattle area. I will contact all (or who reply with a photo and a photo) PO Box 3874, Vancouver, BC Canada

### LIVE-IN SLAVE REQUIRED

by experienced Master in SW Ont. B/D interest, university graduate. Seeking slave under 30, novice, experienced, any race. Absolute required. Total surrender necessary. period suggested. Serious only. E





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The CONNECTER, Inc., charges ten cents—or less—per minute (some services charge up to \$27 per hour)



# Dungeon Master

## DENMARK

### DANISH LEATHER & TALL BOOTS

Two Danish leathermen, 46, 42, masculine, versatile and insatiable for black leather, invite traveling leathermen in complete black leather gear from cap to boots to visit them. Hot tit and C/B play and most safe-sex scenes. Extremely tall black boots a special turn-on. Photo welcome. Box 6357LF

## ENGLAND

### BUSINESS TRAVELLER SEEKS MATES

A beautifully pierced, 41-year-old cock, surrounded by tattoos is looking for compatible mate. Owner travels widely in Europe, and East Coast. Holiday promised to right prospect. Photos, letters, calls all appreciated and answered. Box 6282LF

### RAPE

Bearded 35 Bottom, 6' needs roughfucking face and ass, by Cops, Uniforms, Bikers, Leather Guys, Rough Tops, Workmen, B.B.'s. One or a gang. Heavily into Bondage, S/M. Also need Hung Dominant Topman for regular Rope/Leather sessions. Not into play-acting, just getting used. Travelling U.S. Australia 1988/89, U.K. and Europe regularly. Like Socialising with Top also. Photos and details of action please. Box 6230LF

### SLEAZE SLAVE

WM, 36, slave, seeks strong minded slob. UK or Europe. Into bondage, water sports, shaving, dirt, wax. My tongue licks sweaty feet & armpits in return for spit. Box 6923

## JAPAN

### DADDY SERVANT

Japanese, healthy, intelligent, clean daddy, 50, 5'5", 143, wants young son Master, aged 20-30, who is healthy, good-looking and well-built. I am a worshiper of your feet and want safe sex. If you visit Japan, you can be my guest. Box 5419LF

## NEW ZEALAND

### LEATHER DAD DON

Waiting for another chance to serve you. Our home in San Francisco is your home any time. Looking forward to the pleasure of your pleasure again soon.

## WEST GERMANY

### HELL BENT FOR LEATHER

Uniformed Leatherman, 38, 6'1", 195. Looking for other Tops who live leather, uniforms, rasslin' and BMW or Harleys. I'm the Man of your dreams and the Man of your nightmares. Macho Men with Moustaches a Must, all others save your stamps. Write "Major Mauler" Box 6410LF

### SUBMISSIVE SLAVE SOUGHT

Southern Germany Leathermaster seeks slave who needs training in light to heavy B&D, shaving, TT, CBT, humiliation, etc., as I see fit until you become the perfect boot-licking leather slave. Age not important. Application with photo and phone. Serious only! Box 6553LF

## GERMAN LEATHER TOP

Leather and S/M turn me on. German, 42, 6'4", 185 lbs., uncut, wants to get in touch with interested leathermen top/bottom. Into CB/T, TT, B/D, shaving, breathcontrol and other forms of the leather scene. Will be in USA Oct. 88. Letter with photo to Box 5755LF

## U.S. MUSCLE

Stationed here. BUILT, dominant, W/M seeks built W/M's, 7 to 30, for wild, safe time. Can travel or host. PHOTO! Box 6798

## K-TOWN AMERICAN

Biker into leather, uniforms, B/D, Top or bottom, can take what I dish out. All military, MPs, SPs especially welcome. Safe, sane, discreet. Cops, bikers, write too, Stateside or in Europe. (Often in US) Here's your chance—sit on your ass and we won't meet. If you're legit, write! Box 6770LF

## COMPUTERS

### S/M COMPUTER

Bulletin board system kinky message base private male matchmaker surveys and more. (213) 393-4713 modem only. System password is DRUMMER

### HAVE A COMPUTER AND MODEM?

Then call into PC Bears Lair (RBBS) at (415) 572-9563, and then into Wally World (Opus) at (415) 349-6969. Both support 8N1 300/1200/2400 baud, Echo Mail, and LOTS of Read Mac images, stories and more. Immediate access to entire board. Available 22 hours a day. No validation required!

### HARD CANDY

BBB. Hot & horny men, games, files. NYC (212) 787-4787. N/8/1-24 hours-300/1200/2400. Immediate access.

## MAIL ORDER

The California law reads that anyone conducting a mail order business, or offering items for sale through the mail and using a post office box or mail drop service, must reveal, in all advertising, the address at which the business is being conducted. To advertisers, this address must be included in all ad copy. To readers, the address that appears at the end of a mail order ad (in parentheses) is the address required by state law. Most firms still prefer that correspondence be sent to the listed box number.

Q: How do you tell Max Bear and Yogi Bear apart?  
A: Max never makes a Boo-Boo!

### DRAWINGS BY ETIENNE

Your private fantasies drawn to specification. Describe what you want: Etienne will draw it for you! Send stamped self-addressed envelope for prices and information. Etienne, PO Box 229, El Dorado Springs, CO 80025.

### BOUND & GAGGED

Hot bimonthly magazine contains accounts of true-life adventures in erotic male bondage, collected by the founder of the New York Bondage Club. Second year of publication. Write for subscription to The Outbound Press, Suite 167, 496A Hudson Street, New York City, NY 10014

## DRAWINGS BY REX

Hot, horny, unrelenting front-line stud action captured in explosive drawings by one of the top erotic artists of our time. Send \$10.00 for five 8 1/2"x11" black and white samples plus full information on how to receive more. Send check or money order made payable to DRAWINGS BY REX to Post Office Box 347, San Francisco, CA 94101. State that you are over 21 years of age and wish to receive this material.

## THE HUN

For information on Hun Art, send a stamped self-addressed envelope and a statement that you are over 21 years of age to: The Hun, PO Box 11308, Portland, OR 97211.

## CASH FOR USED LEATHERS

All gear: boots, jackets, etc.  
CALL (801) 359-5145.

## BEST IN AUDIO TAPES

Fantasy tapes like (Whip Fire) (Porn Calls) (Marine Brig) and information tapes like (Master) (slave) (Interview with Teen-Aged Prostitute). Each tape \$9.95. Send for list. Hatfield House, PO Box 1329, Guerneville, CA 95446

## HAD ENUF CUM? TRY PISS

Still pix of hot guys pissing on each other, themselves and anything else that gets in their way! Please send \$3 for 28-page catalog w/pix of 12 mouth-watering studs and descriptions of 36 wet photo-sets. State: "Over age of sexual consent. For personal use only." Michael Schein, 80 Cregar Road, Highbridge, NJ 08829.

## MASTERS FIND THEIR SLAVES IN DEAR SIR

## HARD COUNTRY BUDDIES

Active penpals, infopac \$2.00. To: Drumpy, PO Box 130872, Houston, TX 77219 (1211 Jackson)

## THE CRUCIBLE

Monthly newsletter: Magick, Metaphysics, S/M, Fiction, Wicca. Contacts: PO Box 80053, Minneapolis, MN 55408. Sample \$3 & \$20/yr.

## ON OUR BACKS

the sexual entertainment magazine for lesbians, is 48 pages of erotic fiction, features, pictures, plus timely sexual advice and news columns. We are quarterly, national, unique and provocative. \$15/yr. sub. or \$5 current issue to: On Our Backs, PO Box 421916, San Francisco, CA 94142.

## FORESKIN FORUM

A whole bunch of big, fat, uncut dongs on muscular, buffed-out dudes—bodybuilders, surfers, polo players, firemen, ruggers, daddies. Do stretching, chewing, blowing, vacuum pumping, pissing & rich, thick, creaming. Beautifully detailed close-ups, 90 mins. VHS/Beta. \$28 to: Scorpion Productions, 1801 Lincoln, Suite 106, Venice, CA 90291. VISA/MC. (213) 550-1303 or (213) 202-4342.

## YOUNG HORNY COMPETITIVE BBs

From Gold's Gym, Venice, CA, pose, shower and J/O for you. 2 hours. VHS/Beta. \$35 complete to: REELBEEF, 1801 Lincoln, Suite 106, Venice, CA 90291. MC/VISA. (213) 550-1303 or (213) 202-4342.

## FOOT WORSHIP

Young, horny, big-dicked gymnast "does" big, beautiful, sweaty, smelly feet on muscular, good-looking men fresh from the gym—after slowly removing and savoring their shoes and sweats. Watch these six gorgeous dudes get off while "doing" each other's man-feet. 66 minutes. VHS/Beta, \$38 to: Scorpion Productions, 1801 Lincoln, Suite 106, Venice, CA 90291. VISA/MC. (213) 550-1303 or (213) 202-4342.

## CAN ONE GUY

take so much and still not be allowed to unleash his aching load? This non commercial video features 2 young models. The first half showcases Travis, a dark haired, smooth chested stud who's gym pumped body struggles against tightly knotted rope bonds in vain attempts to reach his throbbing piece of manhood. The second half presents Graham, a youthful blond put through his own paces by our previously tied stud. VHS or BETA. \$49.95 plus \$3 postage. Sign over 21. Send to J.A.G. Productions, PO Box 25209, Minneapolis, MN 55458 (4815 Upton). Void where prohibited.

## RUBBER BONDAGE

Inflatable helmet and gag shown in *Drummer* 64, page 12, and special helmet in *Drummer* 86, pages 20 & 112. 172 items, list \$3. Remawear, Sherwood House, Burnley Road, Todmorden, Lancashire OL14 7ET, England.

## SEX PORTRAITS

Mini-catalogs by sex photographers Mark I. Chester & Michael Rosen. \$5 gets you both and includes shipping. Cash to: POB 42501 San Francisco, CA 94101.

## RAUNCH TO ROMANCE

Contacts-Correspondence  
ALL AGES-RACES-TASTE!

100s of Highly Personal ads from HOT Guys around the World! Truly International! To receive current issue, send \$5 and state your age (over 18) with signature. LIBERTINE CLUB MAGAZINE, 11684 Ventura Boulevard, Studio City, CA 91604. (Foreign orders OK.)

## SAFE SEX CHUG-A-LUG

Indulge your fantasies safely with our thick cut, heavy hung drinking vessel and other erotic ceramics. Free Brochure. Viewpoint Galleries, Dept. 2, Post Office Box 460928 San Francisco, CA 94146-0928

## THE DEFENDER STUN GUN

You are in control with non-lethal defense weapon. Used by police to incapacitate violent individuals. Fits in pocket or palm. \$49.95 includes UPS & battery. Defender, PO 77018 Cleveland, Ohio 44107 (12700 Lake)

## TIRED OF HAIRLESS PORN?

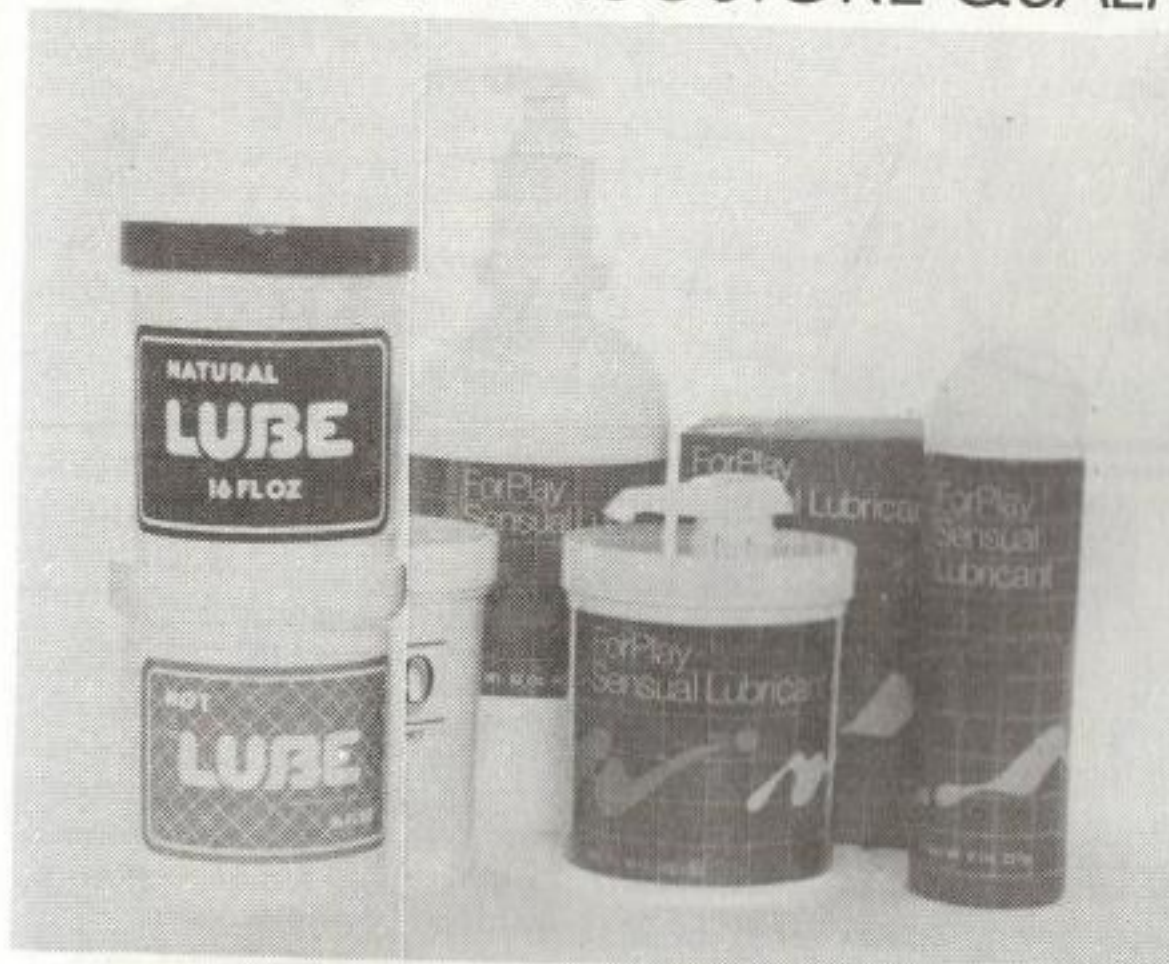
Subscribe to BEAR, the magazine for bearded or hairy men and their fans. Naked layout hot fiction, hundreds of personals. \$34.95 issues includes free ad. \$17.4 issues or \$6 for a sample copy. BEAR, 2251R Market #148, San Francisco, CA 94114

## HUMONGOUS LATIN DICKS!

Photography, erotic fiction, free personal advertising. Sample \$6.00: Hombres Magazine, 2215R Market #181DR, San Francisco, CA 94114



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ForPlay Sensual Lubricant is a water-soluble, greaseless, nonstaining gel. It is also colorless, odorless and gentle—nonirritating even on the most sensitive skin. This special lubricant is compatible with natural and synthetic materials. ForPlay's extensive laboratory testing and quality meet the highest pharmaceutical standards. Guaranteed.

### LUBE

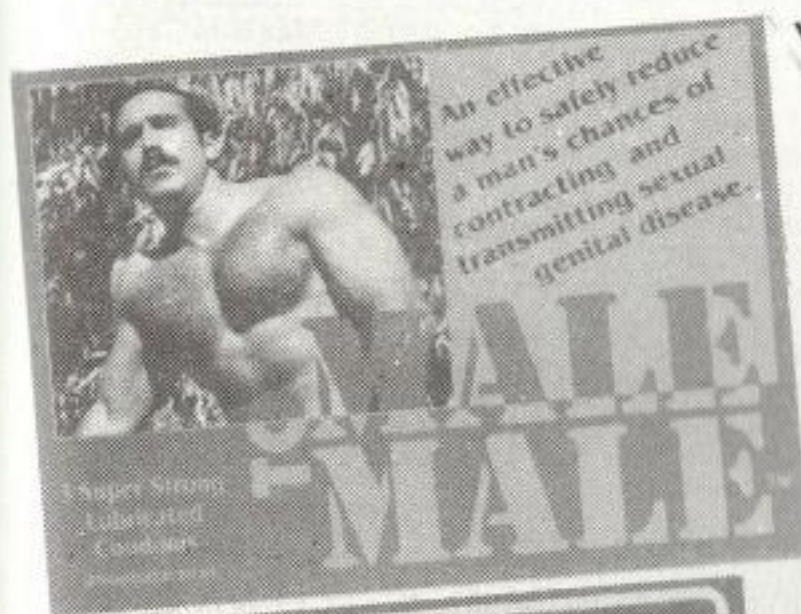
The all-time favorite in two sizes. Biodegradable, odorless, tasteless and water-soluble 100% food-grade ingredients, no additives. 16 oz. 5.95, 2 oz. 2/4.95. Specify HOT, ULTRA or NATURAL.

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The purest ingredients, the slickest of lubricants. Removes easily with soap and water. 16 oz. 5.95, 2 oz. 2/4.95.

**BUTTPLUG** keeps his hole filled. This solid dildo is crafted to insert and stay in place until it is removed. Make him conscious of his position during the day... or during the night. \*Regular 8.95 Extra-thick 9.95

FORPLAY 2 OZ. 3.50 / 8 OZ. 7.50 / 16 OZ. 12.50  
ELBOW GREASE 4 OZ. 3.95 / 15 OZ. 7.50



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Latex condom with a spermicide Nonoxynol-9. Ultra-thin for maximum sensitivity. A heavy-duty, yet sensitive performer. Packed three to a package. Twelve (four packages) for only \$4.



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FOR POSTAGE PER ITEM!

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CITY, STATE, ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

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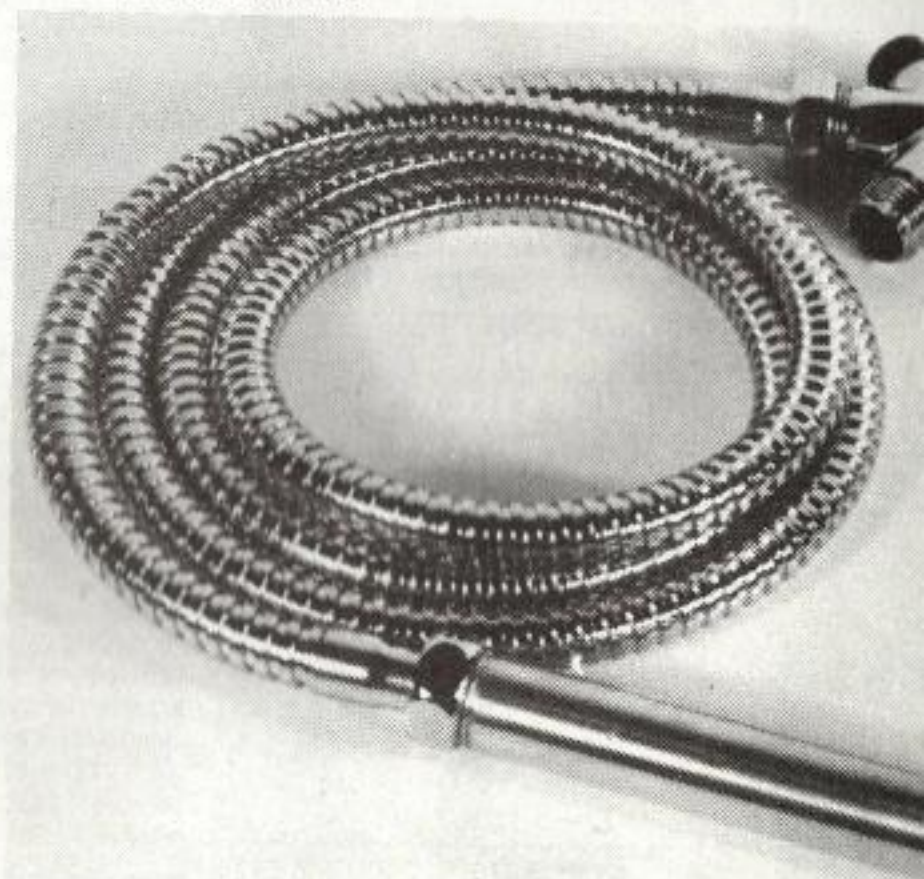
☐ VISA ☐ MASTERCARD # \_\_\_\_\_

Exp. \_\_\_\_ / \_\_\_\_ Signature \_\_\_\_\_

California residents add 6% sales tax.

Use street address for UPS delivery when possible.

(I am 21 years of age or older)





# MACH

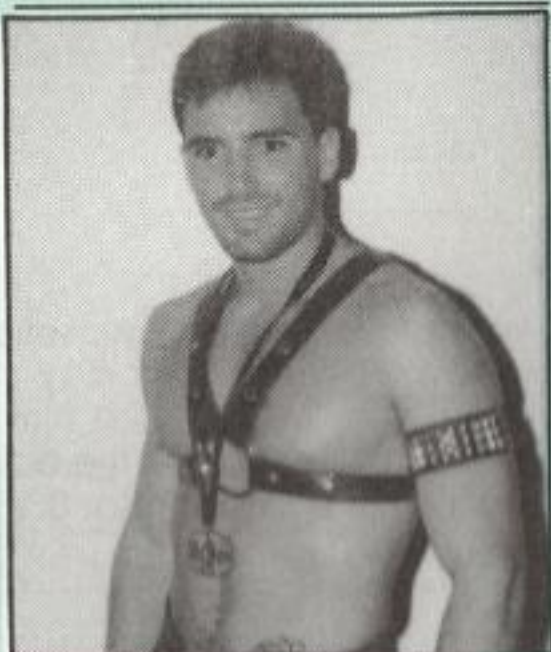
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Pierced, tattooed, gay warrior guide offers dark erotic rituals—radical sexuality and sadomasochism. (415) 621-0420. POB 42501, San Francisco, CA 94101

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Original leather bondage suit laced head to toe to fit you skin tight. (415) 621-0420.

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Sensually erotic to heavy pain. The Man. (415) 621-0420. POB 4622, San Francisco, CA 94101.

**ABSOLUTELY SAFE AND SOPHISTICATED S&M**  
Short, clean-cut bodybuilder, intelligent, safe, sane and discreet. Expert in sensual genital torture, restraints, mech & elec stimulation to deliberately stretch your limits. Not into fake "sex talk" or brutality—just real, sensual S&M. I don't fake a dominant "role." I am sadistic, dominant & no amateur. (415) 864-5366 ROGER.

## BONDAGE TRIPS

You can't go nearly as far as I can take you and return. Scenes from 4 hours to 5 days. Fully equipped South-of-Market playroom. Leather straitjacket, manacles, hoods, gags, police equipment, suspension, mirrors sensual trips or lite to heavy SM. Will videotape your session you get only copy. Call Leathermaster Jack, (415) 680-8959 or write PO Box 271403, Concord, CA 94527.

## MODELS SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

### BONDAGE TRIPS

See ad under Northern California Models. Master Jack. In LA often.

**SPANK WHIP PADDLE BEAT!!!**  
BEGINNERS OR BRUTAL  
I TRAIN OR PUNISH — YOU NEED IT  
A REAL MAN, 40, 6'3", 235, HUSKY, HAIRY  
JACK — 24 HOURS (213) 469-6020

### SILVER FOX DADDY

Use your mouth! Titwork! Spanking! CBT! Kink! Feet! 59 yrs, 6', 155#, Hair. Safe. Bob 24 hrs. (213) 851-5297

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with rim seat is now recruiting new slaves. Other trips OK. Mack (213) 651-5937

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### RITUALS OF MANHOOD

dispensed by young executive type master in well equipped bedroom/playroom with mirrors. Hang on an iron gate! Be spread-eagled on the bed, or bound independently. Have your balls tied and weighted, viced or flogged. Surrender your tits to ecstatic masterful pain/pleasure. Offer your ass, back, shoulders to the belt, paddle, whip, cat, or your master's hand. Give yourself to his personal care. Free yourself—step out of Drummer fantasy and experience Drummer reality. This master will inaugurate the novice, and expand the individual horizons of the experienced to a greater personal exploration of the limits of his manhood. Safe scenes only (NO piercing, enemas, W/S, racks or mummification). WHEN IN NEW YORK call. Phone verification will be required from the beginning! Sessions from \$100. After midnight from \$125. DO NOT PHONE BETWEEN THE HOURS OF 1:30 AM UNTIL 10 AM (rejuvenation time)—other hours call Luke (212) 772-1097.

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(Massage/B&D/Spankings) Let one of our hot men work you to a frenzy. (214) 528-0745

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### SIR JAY

Gentle rubdown by masculine leatherman. Can show you the "ropes" around Memphis. 6'3", 240 lbs, blk/brn. (901) 725-1872. After 6pm, out only.

## ORGANIZATIONS

### DISABLED?

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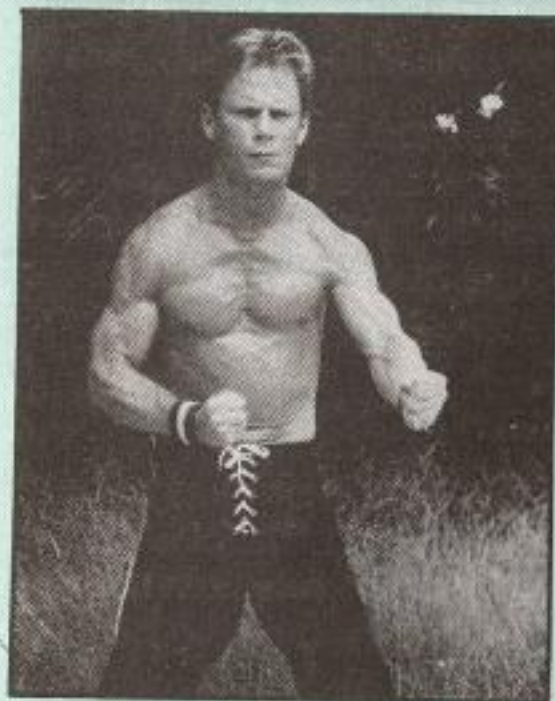
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# REAR VIEW MIRROR

Tony-DeBlase

## Exploring Our Leather Roots

You feel it at Inferno, at Golden Fleece, at Rosebud, and at dozens of other runs and events. You feel it at International Mr. Leather, at International Ms Leather, at Mr. Drummer. You feel it marching down 5th Avenue with GMSMA and LSM or marching down Market Street with Janus, the Outcasts and the 15 Association. You feel it at bar nights, panel discussions, demonstrations and parties from P'town to San Diego, from Vancouver to Key West. Most of all you feel it at Living in Leather. And it was the greatest thrill of all during the 1987 March On Washington. "IT" is the sense of community, the feeling of being with "family", the sense of fraternity with other leathermen (and leather women), of shared experience, of special understandings.

We are a community, a distinct subgroup, with a shared culture and history. Perhaps it is because of the age my friends and I have reached, perhaps it is because of the drastic changes in lifestyles brought about by AIDS and increasing conservatism, perhaps it is because of the maturation of our leather subculture. Most likely it is because of all of these things combined that there is increasing interest in our leather roots. Where did we come from, how have we arrived at where we are?

*The Rear View Mirror* is a new feature

that will appear in most issues of *Drummer*. Its purpose will be to explore our Leather Roots. The earliest leather/Motor Cycle clubs, like Cycle in NYC, Second City in Chicago and The Warlocks in San Francisco, were not only the first leather fraternities, they were among the first gay social clubs of any sort in the country. We will examine their history and the role they have played in bringing the community together. We will also explore the pre-Stonewall "old boy" networks, the origins of leather as the symbol of our sexstyle; the role that bars and other business have played in our development; the history and importance of T.A.L.L., FFA, GSA, and AUA; of Inferno, the Mineshaft and the Catacombs; of the Athletic Model Guild, Kris Studios, Royale, and Colt; of Tom of Finland, Etienne, Steve Masters, Quaintance and Rex; of Fernando, Fred Halsted and Val Martin; of Stompers, the Marquis de Suede, and a Taste of Leather; of the Gold Coast, the Eagle's Nest, Febe's and the No Name; of keyrings and colored bandannas; of the cult of the motorcycle and the black leather jacket.

Jack Fritscher has agreed to anchor the column, making frequent contributions to it, including reports from his collection of oral histories. Geoff Mains, Gayle Rubin and others have already agreed to write

pieces for it. I welcome everyone who would like to share a bit of our history. The articles will vary considerably in content and scope. Some will be broad surveys, others brief anecdotes, and all of the spectrum in between. Most will be primarily articles but some will be photo essays letting a selection of "thousand word" photos speak for themselves.

For more than twelve years now *Drummer* has been **THE** publication for the leather community. It is the history and antecedents of our readers that we will be discovering. We need your help. A few of the topics listed above have already been assigned but most are open and in need of someone to put them together. Are you interested in tackling one of these, or some related topic? Do you know someone in at the beginning, or in a position to know what it was like when? Let us know. Send us your ideas, your comments, your own views of our history.

Look into your own rear view mirrors and join us to examine your, our, past—our Leather Roots. □

**If you would like to contribute to this column or have any questions or suggestions, please write to us c/o Rear View Mirror, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314**

## STEVE MASTERS

creator of the drawing at right, was one of our earliest, best, and least known artists documenting the leather lifestyle

We are gathering as much of his art as we can for a forthcoming feature on his work

If *Drummer* readers have photos or prints of Steve Masters' work in their collection we would appreciate receiving copies for our files

We would also like to learn the locations of as many Steve Masters originals as possible

And we would like to interview anyone who knew Steve Masters personally, particularly those who played with him or posed for him

Any information you can send will be appreciated



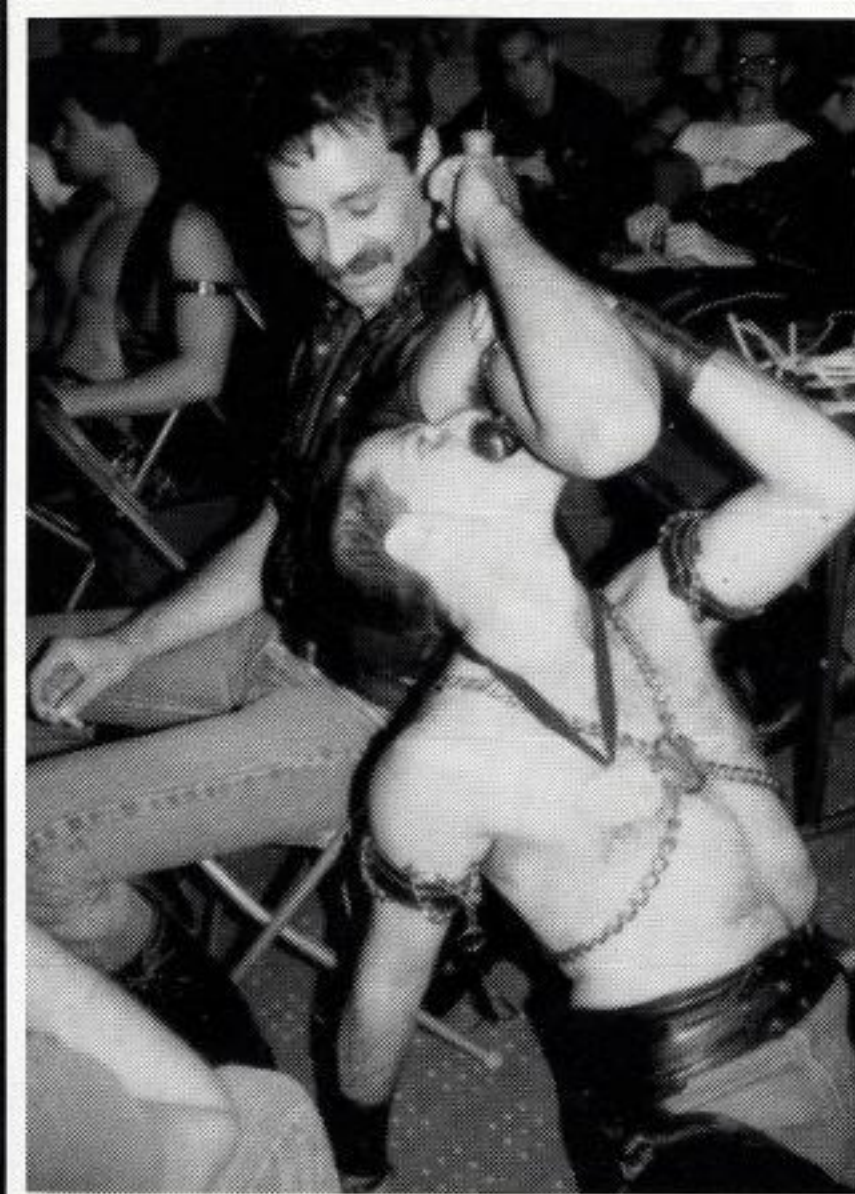
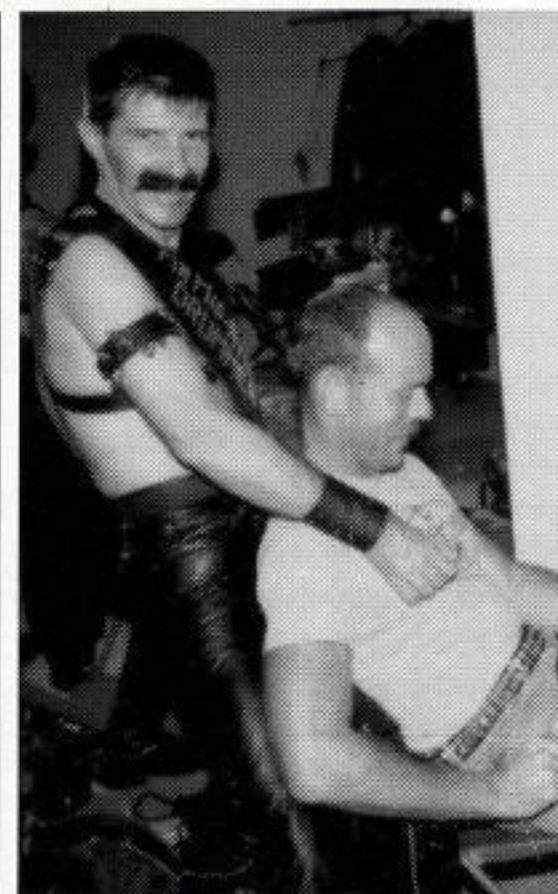
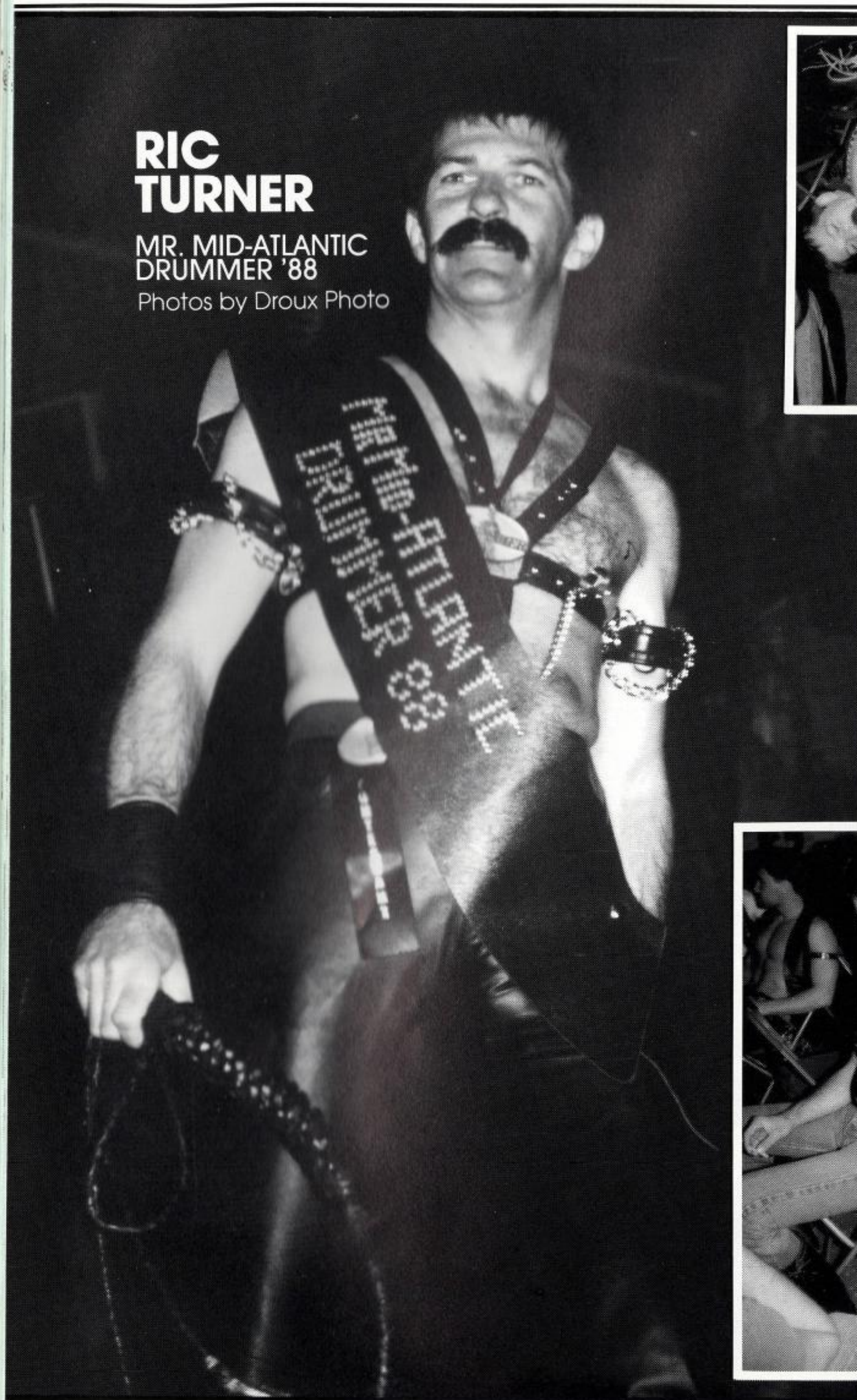




# RIC TURNER

MR. MID-ATLANTIC  
DRUMMER '88

Photos by Droux Photo



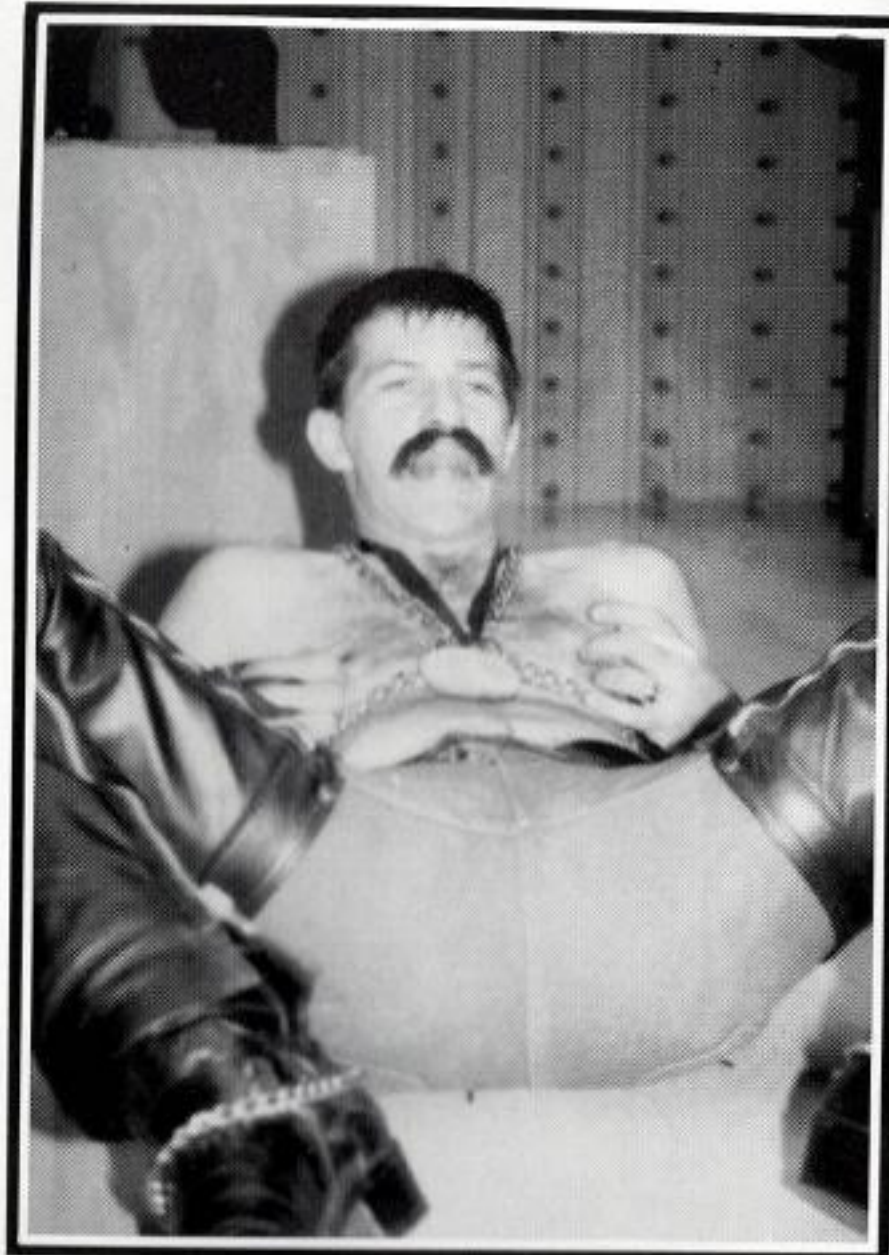


RIC has such a busy schedule that it's a wonder that he finds any time at all to get his pretty tits played with.

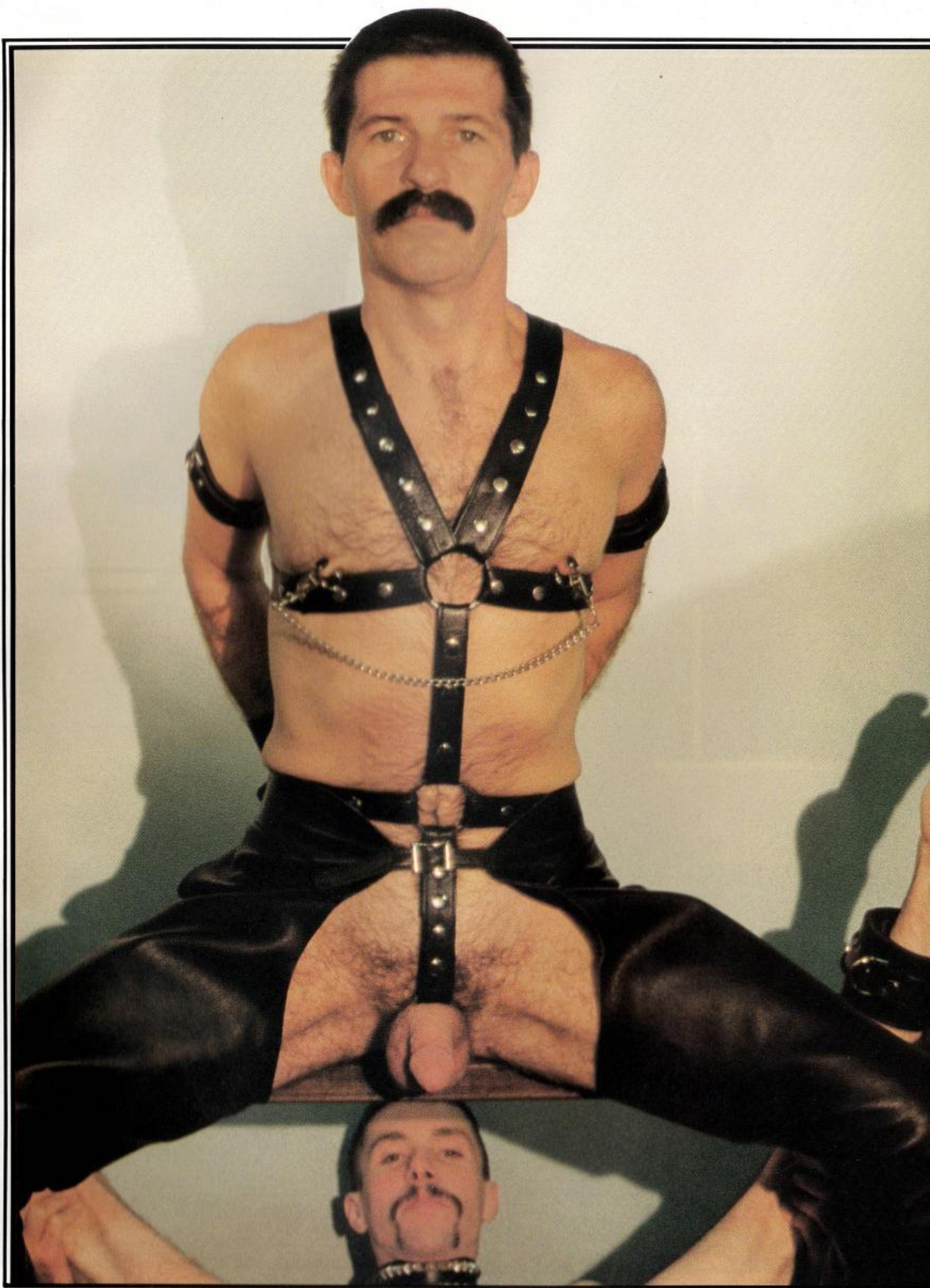
Fiercely committed to AIDS fundraising, Ric is active in the Vanguards MC, the Gay Men's SM Cooperative and the Philadelphia AIDS Task Force. He is currently at work on his fifth panel for the Names Project Quilt. On top of all this, he goes to school, and frequently travels to judge leather contests. So, when asked what he'd like to say to Drummer readers, what's on his mind?

"Please let them know that I am available for appearances at AIDS benefits, and can be contacted through Drummer." Ric is a top-notch example of why Philadelphia is called the City of Brotherly Love.

Ric will soon return to San Francisco to film a video for Palm Drive. . . Jack Fritscher has such an eye for talent! Speaking of talent, the young man pictured with Ric is Sam Schultz, Mid-Atlantic Drummerboy '88.









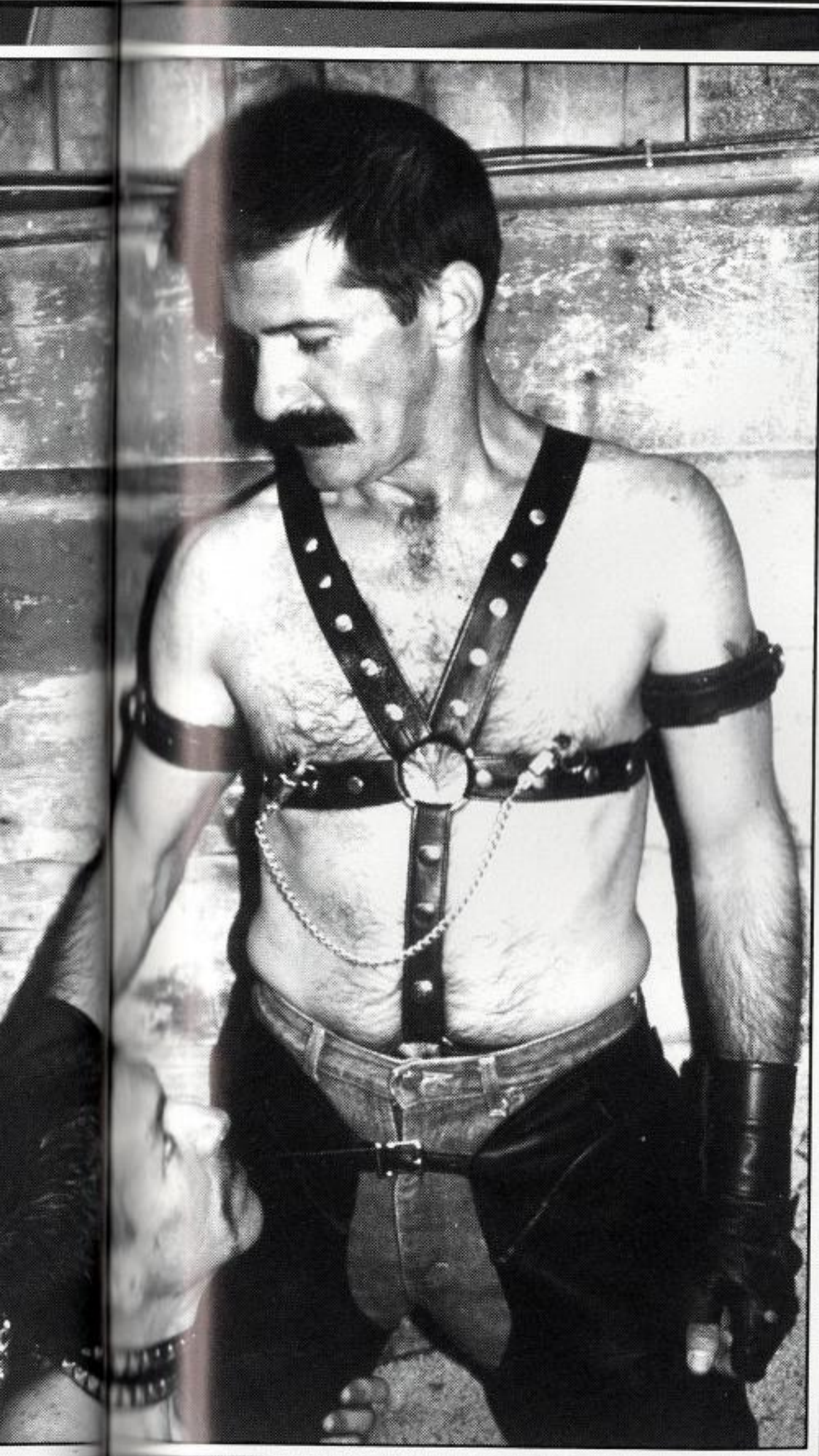




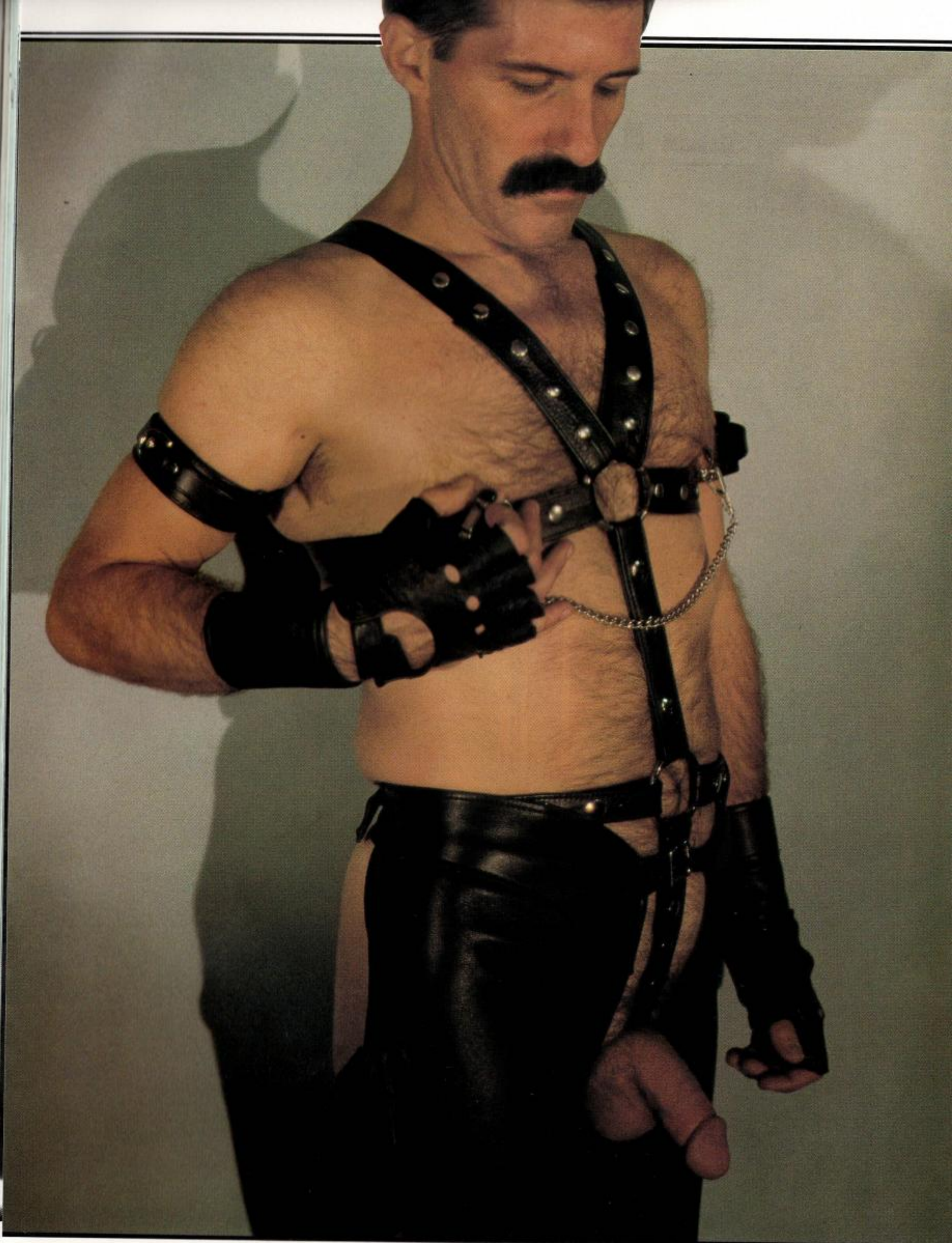


DRUMMER 125  
88











# LEATHER BULLETIN BOARD



Courtesy Disciples of de Sade

## DISCIPLINE IV:

Frontside, backside, standing up or lying down, the men at the Disciples of de Sade's fourth annual run enjoyed each other.

## DISCIPLINE IV

The Disciples of de Sade of Dallas Texas, held their annual Discipline run on November 4th, 5th, and 6th. The excitement started Friday night with a social greet and meet at the Trestle, the home bar for the Disciples. Soon afterwards, more than sixty men from all parts of the country were transported to a warehouse just outside the city limits.

The warehouse was busy both nights with men enjoying 13 different play spaces available to them. Scaffolding was installed to create three small areas which accommodated two slings and a floating bondage table. Within the open areas of the warehouse two crosses, two stationary bondage tables, a rotating rack and several whipping saw horses were put to good use. Pleasures included electrotorture, piercing, hot wax, clothespins and numerous bondage and whipping scenes.

As usual the Discipline run was an event that will be remembered. Information on future Discipline runs and other club activities is available by writing Disciples of de Sade, 3920 Cedar Springs, Dallas, TX 75219.

Jerry C., Associate Member Disciples of de Sade

## 6¾ PERVERTS PRODUCTIONS

On Dec 3 a slightly over capacity crowd packed San Francisco's SM House to witness 6¾ Perverts Productions' Theatre of the Depraved, An Evening of High SM Trauma, Carol and Steve, Mistress and Slave of Ceremonies respectively, introduced the acts. The program got off to a rousing start with The Torture Circus Is In Town, a 3+ ring extravaganza that included simultaneous presentations of Carla and Shari dancing with balls sewn to various parts of their anatomies, Brad on his bed of nails, Fakir on his bed of swords, Ms Kaye and her sensational flogging suspension act, and Sharon, Stacey and Pan all adding to the general festivities. The next act featured Fledermaus and AV as puppeteer and puppet respectively as clamps attached to long cords were attached to the limp puppet then used to manipulate his body. But the puppet took on a life of his own when more clamps were attached to his tits, cock and other sensitive parts of the anatomy. While the puppeteer manipulated the strings, the puppet rose to the occasion and nearly brought down the house, or at least the ladder.

Next Bettie, Candace, Gina and Ruth performed Sluts and Cops and a Nightstick as two sluts decide to enjoy the thrill of getting it on in Ringold Alley only to be busted by three female cops who manhandle the sluts in lots of ways, including some very graphic nightstick sucking—but it was SAFE nightstick sex. The nightstick wore a condom!

Later Hal, Gil and Lady Jane presented Fire At #7 or Use 911 With Discretion. Lady Jane saw smoke coming from her neighbor's house, again, and called 911 to report the fire, again. Hal, in full fireman drag responded and decided it was time to teach the firebug a lesson. Gil got stripped and spanked but that was obviously not enough, so Hal tied him down and repeatedly swabbed his chest with alcohol and lit it. Fireman Hal decided he's taught the kid a lesson—and he did but probably not the right one judging from the big grin on Gil's face and the way he kept flashing his lighter as the fireman left.

In the Western Fantasy Dick and Peter (those really are their names) dealt out some bullwhip punishment. Mother Wendy and Her Holy Helper presented a beautifully choreographed and executed erotic dance performance in You Called Her as the helper gave it up to the goddess he had summoned. The Switched-On Switches, Victoria, Youlanda and Jay, provided two intervals of Aural Abuse singing some strangely new and interesting lyrics to some familiar tunes. And in a rousing finale, In Doing It In The Rear, Gary, Ken, Ken, and Wendy showed what can happen on that long

BART ride under the bay. It's enough to make you want to move to Oakland!

6¾ Perverts Productions is a group of 8 Bay Area SM people who decided to "put on a show" to raise money for the AIDS Emergency Fund. With the help of many other volunteers, as performers, light and sound engineers, publicists, etc. etc., they produced an evening of great entertainment AND \$1400 for the Fund. Though the event was publicized only through the mailing lists of the various Bay Area SM clubs many people had to be turned away at the door due to the limited capacity of the space. 6¾ PP hope to do a second production in a few months in a larger space.

Fledermaus

## MR. DRUMMER 1989-90

The annual search for Mr. Drummer will start on January 27-29 with the first Mr. Eastern Canada Drummer contest sponsored by M.C. Faucon of Montreal. The contest is just a part of the Leather Fantasy Weekend MC Faucon has planned. The winner of this contest will be the first from his region to participate in the Mr. Drummer finals which will be held in late September 1989.

## NEWS BRIEFS

The Hartford Colts recently sponsored a household goods drive to furnish apartments being secured by the AIDS Ministries Housing Program for PWAs. The gathered donations of furniture, bedding, appliances, housewares and other items needed to make the apartments pleasant and livable. Good work guys!

Heritage of Pride, Inc. the organizers of New York City's Gay and Lesbian Pride March, Rally & Dance, are holding their 5th annual awards ceremony on Sunday January 15. The "Spirit of Stonewall Award" goes to GMSMA and LSM. Congratulations!

## KNIGHTS TEMPLAR

Quake '88, the San Francisco Knight Templar's 1988 SM run was held over Thanksgiving day weekend. Attended by nearly 75 men from all across the country the three day event was a smacking success.

However, for various reasons, the Knights Templar have decided to disband as of the end of 1988. Along with The 15 Association, the Knights have been very active in hosting monthly play parties in San Francisco. They will be missed.





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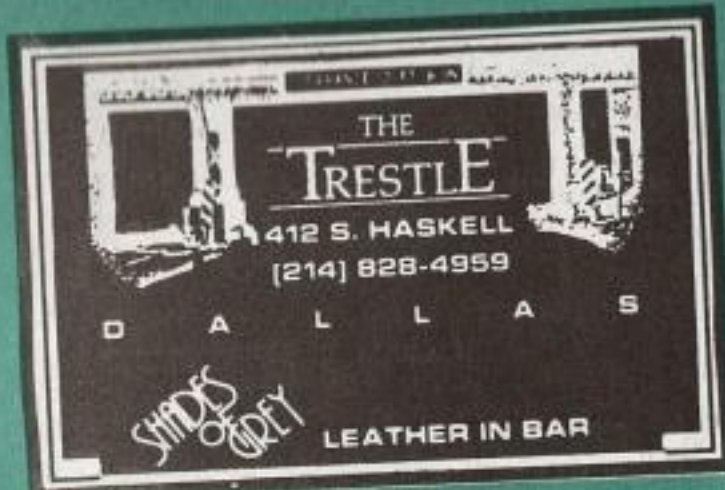
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Where Leathermen Meet.

By placing an ad in this section, a bar or other business is telling you that they welcome Leathermen.


By accepting their ad, *Drummer* is telling you that the bar has been recommended by a Leather/SM club or a recognized individual in the community as a good place to meet and socialize with other Leathermen. In larger cities, these will be THE leather bars; in other areas, they will be the more general purpose bars where Leathermen do go to socialize.

Help us alert *Drummer* readers and travelers to the RIGHT place to go to meet Leathermen in your part of the world. Send us your recommendations and talk to the right bar owners and managers about placing one of these low-priced ads. If you see a business listed here that you think shouldn't be, let us know about that, too. -Fledermaus



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COLUMBUS, OHIO 43215  
614-228-2804



306 PONCE DE LEON AVE.  
ATLANTA, GEORGIA  
404-87-EAGLE

# shooters

LA'S ONLY  
LEVI/LEATHER DANCE CLUB  
6112 VENICE BLVD. LA  
(213) 935-1275

## USA/CANADA CLUB LISTINGS M-Z

Club names marked with an asterisk (\*) are new to this listing or have an address change or correction. Club names listed in regular type, not bold face, have had mail returned from the address listed; if you can provide a correction, please do so.

(S/M) indicates a men's club with a primary interest in S/M; (W) indicates a women's leather-S/M club; (Mixed S/M) indicates an S/M club that includes men and women, hetero-, homo- and bi-sexual; (JO) indicates men's jerk-off or masturbation clubs; (F) indicates a special interest (or fetish) club, such as ones specializing in fisting, uniforms, bondage, wrestling, mud, etc.; (FN) is used for clubs that are primarily national or international, whose main activity is publishing ads or a roster—they may or

may not have periodic meetings; (FL) is used for clubs that primarily meet locally for active sessions, even though they may have a national or international membership. The nature of the special interest is usually evident in the name. No special indication is placed beside men's Leather-Levi-motorcycle or social clubs; (X) indicates those organizations that we want to list, yet which do not fit into any of the above categories.

If any club wishes to change its listing, please let us know. Send new listings or updates to Club Lists, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101. Notifications of incorrect addresses or defunct organizations will be appreciated. The US & Canada Clublist M-Z will appear in the next issue of Drummer.

**Academy Uniform Club (FL)**  
1044 23rd St.  
San Diego, CA 92102

**\*Ace**  
PO Box 261  
Annex Station  
Providence, RI 02901

**Adventurers—Suncoast MC**  
PO Box 8043  
St. Petersburg, FL 33738

**American Leather Federation**  
PO Box 5079  
Phoenix, AZ 85010-5079

**American Uniform Association (FN)**  
PO Box 1037  
Bowling Green Station  
New York, NY 10274

**American Uniform Association (FL)**  
PO Box 86086  
N. Vancouver, BC  
V7L 4J5

**Argonauts MC**  
PO Box 3331  
Los Angeles, CA 90028

**Argonauts of Wisconsin**  
PO Box 1285  
Green Bay, WI 54305

**Arizona Rangers MC**  
PO Box 13074  
Phoenix, AZ 85002

**A.S.M.C.**  
PO Box 2705  
Boston, MA 02105

**Atlanta S&M Solidarity (A.S.S.) (SM)**  
PO Box 56074  
Atlanta, GA 30343-0074

**Atlantic Motorcycle Coordinating Council**  
160 Overlook Ave.  
The Devonshire, #3A  
Hackensack, NJ 07601

**Atlantis MC**  
PO Box 54748  
Atlanta, GA 30308

**Atons of Minneapolis**  
PO Box 2032  
Dodge Center, MN 55402

**Avatar (S/M)**  
7869 Santa Monica Blvd. #316  
Los Angeles, CA 90046  
213/669-3302

**Ball Club (FN)**  
PO Box 1501  
Pomona, CA 91769

**Barbary Coasters MC**  
PO Box 14251 Station G  
San Francisco, CA 94114

**Baton Rouge/New Orleans Wrestling Club (FL)**  
840 Hearthstone Dr.  
Baton Rouge, LA 70806

**Battalion Motorcycle Corps**  
PO Box 191227  
Dallas, TX 75219

**Beer Town Badgers**  
PO Box 166  
Milwaukee, WI 53201

**B.G. Wrestling Club (FL)**  
B.G. Enterprise  
PO Box 5291  
Huntington Beach, CA 92615-5291

**\*Black Fire (S/M)**  
Box 1964  
Downtown Station  
Syracuse, NY 13201

**Black Guard**  
PO Box 8989  
Minneapolis, MN 55418

**Blackhawk MC**  
1025 12th St.  
Rock Island, IL 61201

**Black Star MC**  
c/o The Loading Dock  
3400 S. Orange Blossom Tr.  
Orlando, FL 32809

**Blazers Leather/Levi Association**  
PO Box 3166  
Venice, FL 34293

**Blue Max Cycle Club**  
PO Box 233 Main Station  
St. Louis, MO 63166

**Blue Max MC**  
PO Box 39522  
Los Angeles, CA 90039

**Boots (FN)**  
PO Box 48577  
Bentall #3  
595 Burrard St.  
Vancouver, BC  
V7X 1A3 Canada

**Border Riders MC**  
PO Box 21152  
Seattle, WA 98111

**Bound & Determined (W)**  
PO Box 602  
Hadley, MA 01035

**Branding Iron Club**  
PO Box 190471  
Dallas, TX 75219

**Briar Rose (W)**  
PO Box 44  
Westerville, OH 43081  
**Brotherhood of Man MC**  
PO Box 57  
Hollywood, FL 33022

**Buccaneers MC**  
1901 Waters Edge Dr.  
Cartier, MS 39553

**Bucks MC**  
PO Box 99  
Buckingham, PA 18912

**Button Up (FN)**  
(501 Levis Club)  
PO Box 65643  
Los Angeles, CA 90065

**California Eagles MC**  
PO Box 14665  
San Francisco, CA 94114-0665

**California Motor Club**  
Box 981  
San Francisco, CA 94101

**\*Castaways MC**  
PO Box 1697  
Milwaukee, WI 53202-1697

**Centaur MC**  
PO Box 53174  
Washington, DC 20009

**Centurions LL MC**  
c/o Tradewinds  
717 Franklin Rd.  
Roanoke, VA 24061

**Centurions of Columbus**  
PO Box 09208  
Columbus, OH 43209

**Cheaters MC**  
130 Hancock St.  
San Francisco, CA 94114

**Chicago Cossacks**  
PO Box 2512  
Chicago, IL 60690

**Chicago Hellfire Club (S/M)**  
(Windy City Hellfire Club, Inc.)  
PO Box 5426  
Chicago, IL 60680

**Chicagoland Discussion Group (Mixed SM)**  
PO Box 25009  
Chicago, IL 60625

**Cigar Studs (FN)**  
PO Box 742513  
Houston, TX 77274-2513

**Cincinnati Chaps**  
PO Box 3104  
Cincinnati, OH 45201

**Cin City Cycle Club**  
PO Box 1151  
Cincinnati, OH 45202

**City Bikers MC**  
PO Box 9816  
Denver, CO 80209

**The Club (S/M)**  
PO Box 1292  
Omaha, NE 68101-1292

**Club Mud (FN)**  
PO Box 277  
Rio Nido, CA 95471

**C.M.S.**  
2635 Collier  
San Diego, CA 92116

**Cocksuckers Club of America (FN)**  
PO Box 723  
Sun Valley, CA 91353-0723

**Colorado MC**  
441 Knox Ct.  
Denver, CO 80204

**Colorado Gay Rodeo Association (X)**  
PO Box 2558  
Denver, CO 80201

**Colt 45s**  
PO Box 66804  
Houston, TX 77006

**Committee to Preserve our Sexual & Civil Liberties (X)**  
PO Box 1592  
San Francisco, CA 94101

**Companions Club**  
PO Box 2301  
Philadelphia, PA 19103

**Conductors Leather Levi**  
PO Box 40261  
Nashville, TN 37204

**Conquistadors MC Inc.**  
PO Box 5591  
Orlando, FL 32805

**Constantines MC**  
PO Box 4964  
San Francisco, CA 94101

**Copperstate Leathermen's Association**  
PO Box 44051  
Phoenix, AZ 85064

**Cornhaulers**  
416½ E. 5th St.  
Des Moines, IA 50309

**Corps of Rangers**  
PO Box 1952  
Los Angeles, CA 90028

**Corpus Christi MC**  
PO Box 3532  
Corpus Christi, TX 78463-3532

**Country Men**  
PO Box 1362  
Dearborn, MI 48126

**C.S.C.M.C.**  
1320 N. Stanley  
Los Angeles, CA 90046

**D.A.D.S. (FN)**  
PO Box 573  
Winfield, IL 60190

**DAD/S (Mixed SM)**  
PO Box 76  
Denver, CO 80020

**Dallas MC**  
PO Box 19525  
Dallas, TX 75219

**DC Wrestling Club (FL)**  
PO Box 1205  
Washington, DC 20013

**de Sade and Men**  
PO Box 71426  
New Orleans, LA 70172

**Desert Leathermen**  
PO Box 1586  
Tucson, AZ 85702

**Diablo Deviates (S/M)**  
PO Box 27672  
Concord, CA 94527





### INTERNATIONAL MS LEATHER

On Saturday, March 25, 1988, the Third Annual International Ms Leather contest will be held in San Francisco at the San Franciscan, 1231 Market St. The winner of this competition will represent leatherwomen at events worldwide, and assist in the promotion of a positive image of women in leather and the fund-raising for AIDS service organizations and other charities which is the basic purpose for IMSL, Inc. For information on entering, sponsoring a contestant, getting tickets, a T-shirt, etc. contact IMSL, Inc., PO Box 460504, San Francisco, CA 94146 or phone 415/863-1386.

### HOCUTT-FERGUSON PWA ASSISTANCE FUND

GMSMA has established an assistance fund to provide direct financial aid to people with AIDS in the SM/Leather community. The fund is named for two former presidents of GMSMA, Richard Hocutt and Geoff Ferguson. Up to \$500 per person may be provided for help with pressing obligations such as medical bills and rent. First priority will be to GMSMA members, then to other men known to be involved in SM and living in New York, New Jersey and Connecticut. All administrative expenses will be paid by GMSMA, guaranteeing that 100% of contributions will be used for the benefit of PWAs. To send a donation or for further information write GMSMA, Attn: Treasurer, 123 W 24th St. New York, NY 10011.

### S/M UNIVERSITY

Several years ago Fledermaus founded Sandmutopia University in Chicago. We held classes every other Tuesday during the academic year on the second floor at Touche. While virtually all of the Sandmutopia U faculty were members of Chicago Hellfire Club there was no formal connection between the university and the club. When Desmond moved west to San Francisco a few years ago the classes ended.

But the faculty still had the urge to teach and there are always students eager and willing to learn, so now Chicago Hellfire Club has officially founded S/M University which will meet on the first Wednesday of each month except September at Touche. Contact CHC, PO Box 5426, Chicago, IL 60680 for information on upcoming topics, times, tuition fees, etc.

Fledermaus

## USA/CANADA CLUB LISTINGS

**Diaper Pail Fraternity (FN)**  
Suite 164  
3020 Bridgeway  
Sausalito, CA 94965

**Disciples of de Sade (S/M)**  
3920 Cedar Springs  
Dallas, TX 75219

**Disciples of De Sade (S/M)**  
3121 Hamilton Way  
Los Angeles, CA 90026

**Dreizehn (S/M)**  
PO Box 1486  
Boston, MA 02117

**Eagle MC**  
3311 Liddy Ave.  
West Palm Beach, FL 33316

**Empire City MC**  
PO Box 2543  
New York, NY 10001

**Entre Nous MC**  
PO Box 2063  
Boston, MA 02106

**E.N.I.G.M.A (FN)**  
2329 N. Leavitt  
Chicago, IL 60647

**The Eulenspiegel Society**  
(Mixed S/M)  
PO Box 2783  
Grand Central Station  
New York, NY 10163

**Excelsior MC**  
PO Box 1386  
New York, NY 10274-1130

**\*EX-COPS (Former Law Enforcement Officers)**  
PO 61813  
San Diego, CA 92116

**Falcons MC**  
PO Box 23023  
Kansas City, MO 64141

**Fall Festival Association, Miami Chapter (FL)**  
PO Box 500  
Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33302

**FFA, Tampa Bay (FL)**  
1230 East Mohawk Ave.  
Tampa, FL 33604

**FFA, Washington DC (FL)**  
PO Box 461  
Washington, DC 20044

**Faucon MC**  
C.P. 833 Station A  
Montreal, P.Q.  
H3C 2V5 Canada

**The 15 Association (S/M)**  
PO Box 421302  
San Francisco, CA 94142

**Firedancers LCC**  
5214 Fleetwood Oaks, #206  
Dallas, TX 75235

**Firedancers LCC**  
5214 Fleetwood Oaks, #206  
Dallas, TX 75235

**The Foot Fraternity (FN)**  
PO Box 24102  
Cleveland, OH 44124

**Footmates (FN)**  
c/o RS Enterprises  
496A Hudson #H24  
New York, NY 10014

**Gateway MC**  
PO Box 14055  
St. Louis, MO 63178

**Gladiator MC**  
PO Box 2194  
Toluca Lake, CA 91602

**GMSMA (S/M)**  
Mail: 132 West 24th St.  
New York, NY 10011  
Meetings: 208 W. 13 St.

**\*GMSMC (Gay Male SM Cooperative)**  
PO Box 58694  
Philadelphia, PA 19102

**Gauche MC**  
3219B W. Obispo St.  
Tampa, FL 33609

**Golden Gate Wrestling Club (FL)**  
63 Whitney St.  
San Francisco, CA 94131-2742

**Golden State Gay Rodeo Association, Inc. (X)**  
PO Box 90873  
Long Beach, CA 90809

**Griffins MC**  
214 N. Market  
Wilmington, DE

**Gryphons**  
PO Box 181 Mid City Sta.  
Dayton, OH 45402

**GSA (Golden Showers Association) (FL)**  
132 W. 24th St. Box 112-DMS  
New York, NY 10011

**Harbor Masters, Inc.**  
PO Box 4044  
Portland, ME 04101

**Harley Stokers MC (FN)**  
(Harley-Davidson Owners)  
c/o Barry's  
PO Box 06706  
Portland, OR 97206

**Hartford Colts MC**  
Blue Hills Station  
PO Box 12201  
Hartford, CT 06112

**Hearts of the West MC**  
PO Box 674  
Santa Fe, NM 87504-0674

**Hijos del Sol**  
3014 Truman N6  
Albuquerque, NM 87110

**Hot Ash (FN)**  
AWS  
PO Box 20147  
London Terrace Station  
New York, NY 10011

**Houston MC**  
c/o Mary's Lounge  
1022 Westheimer Rd  
Houston, TX 77006

**Illustrated Men (FL)**  
Box 7091  
Burbank, CA 91510

**Inn Men**  
1428 Riverside Dr.  
Akron, OH 44310

**International Mr. Leather, Inc. (X)**  
5025 N. Clark St.  
Chicago, IL 60640

**International Ms Leather, Inc. (X)**  
PO Box 146504  
San Francisco, CA 94114

**International Roadmasters**  
3146 Grayson  
Ferndale, MI 48220

**Iron Cross MC**  
PO Box 1721, Sta. A  
Montreal, PQ  
H3C 3A5 Canada

**Iron Guard NYC**  
PO Box 291 Village Station  
New York, NY 10014

**Iron Tigers MC (FN)**  
(Harley-Davidson Owners)  
International Headquarters & California Chapter  
PO Box 7091  
Burbank, CA 91510

**Iron Tigers MC (FL)**  
Arizona Chapter  
1406 E. Brill  
Phoenix, AZ 85006

**Iron Tigers MC (FL)**  
Ohio Chapter  
PO Box 572  
Worthington, OH 43085

**It's 'Bout Time**  
616 N. 4th Ave.  
Tucson, AZ 85702

**Joint Venture (FN)**  
(Prisoner Contacts)  
PO Box 26-8680  
Chicago, IL 60626

**Kansas City Pioneers**  
PO Box 23025  
Kansas City, MO 641

**Kingmasters MC**  
PO Box 236  
Los Angeles, CA 900

**Knights D'Orleans**  
PO Box 50812  
New Orleans, LA 70

**Knights of Leather (X)**  
PO Box 10601  
Minneapolis, MN 55

**Knights of Malta MC**  
737 N. Edinburg A  
Los Angeles, CA 900

**Knights of Malta M**  
Central Valley Chap  
PO Box 4162  
Fresno CA 93744

**Knights of Malta M**  
Pony Express  
1818 P St. #12  
Sacramento, CA 95

**Knights of Malta M**  
Stockmen Chapter  
PO Box 9386  
Denver, CO 8020

**Knights of Malta M**  
PO Box 7726  
Reno, NV 89502

**Knights of Malta**  
Cascade Chapter  
PO Box 8375  
Portland, OR 972

**Knights of Malta**  
Jet Chapter  
PO Box 21052  
Seattle, WA 98

**Knights of the Se**  
(SM)  
12226 Victory B  
N. Hollywood, C

**Knights Wrestling**  
PO Box 161  
Jackson Heights

**Lake Ontario L**  
Association  
PO Box 465ME  
Niagara Falls, N

**Lashmates (FN)**  
c/o RS Enterpris  
496A Hudson  
New York, NY

**Leather and L**  
PO Box 54644  
Los Angeles, C

**The Leather P**  
Desmodus, In  
PO Box 1131  
San Francisco

**The Leatherm**  
PO Box 8595  
Atlanta, GA 3

**Der Lederme**  
1172 W. On  
Syracuse, NY

**\*Links (Mixed)**  
Box 989  
San Francisco

**Lion Regime**  
PO Box 441  
Boise, ID 83

**LL Steelwor**  
PO Box 40  
Nashville, T

**Loboc MC**  
PO Box 83  
Long Beach

**Long Islan**  
PO Box 26  
Massapequ

**\*LSM (Lesbi**  
PO Box 9  
Murray H  
New York



# LEATHER CALENDAR

If you'd like your organization's events listed here, send us the appropriate information at least two months in advance.

## FEBRUARY

- 4 •Black Hearts Ball—NLA:Seattle—Seattle, WA
- Eine Nacht in Venedig—MS Panther Koln—Cologne, West Germany
- 8 •Staying Together—GMSMA—LGCC, New York City
- 10 •Novices Seminar—GMSMA—New York City
- 15 •Anniversary 9—The 15—San Francisco, CA
- 17-19 •Black Frost Goes Country—Black Guard—Minneapolis
- 17-20 •Miami Hot—Phoenix Levi-Leather of Miami & Florida Brotherhood of Clubs 9th Anniversary—Miami, FL
- 22 •Quiz Show: Test your S/M IQ—GMSMA—LGCC, NYC
- 25 •Demo—VASM—Vancouver, BC

## MARCH

- 4 •Dungeon Party—GMSMA—Paddles, New York City
- Formal Dinner/Ball—NLA: Seattle—Seattle, WA
- 8 •Flogging & Whipping Demo—GMSMA—Paddles, NYC
- 10 •Spanking/Flogging Workshop—GMSMA—New York City
- 18 •IMSL Regional Sendoff—NLA: Seattle—Seattle, WA
- Whip/Flog Night—The 15—San Francisco, CA
- 22 •SM Erotic Art—GMSMA—LGCC, New York City
- 23 •Fetish & Fantasy Night—Alan Selby—Endup, San Francisco
- 23-26 •International Ms Leather Weekend in San Francisco
- 24-27 •Ostern 1989—CFLM—Vienna, Austria
- 25 •International Ms Leather Contest—San Francisco

## APRIL

- 1 •Demo—VASM—Vancouver, BC
- 2 •Rocky Horror Picture Show Party, NLA: Seattle—Seattle, WA
- 12 •Shaving—GMSMA—Paddles, New York City
- 14 •Shaving Workshop—GMSMA—New York City
- 15 •West Coast School of Lower Education—The 15—San Francisco, CA
- 26 •The Power of the Uniform—GMSMA—LGCC, New York City
- 28-30 •May Day III & Mr. & Ms NLA Contest—NLA: Seattle
- 28-30 •National Advisory Committee Meetings—NLA: National—Seattle, WA

- 29 •Dungeon Demo—GMSMA—Paddles, New York City
- Demo—VASM—Vancouver, BC

## MAY

- 10 •S/M and the Law—GMSMA—LGCC, New York City
- 12 •Basic Bondage Workshop—GMSMA—New York City
- 14 •Blacksmith Tour—GMSMA—New York City
- 20 •IML Regional Sendoff—NLA:Seattle—Seattle, WA
- Armed Forces/Military Night—The 15—San Francisco
- 24 •Pain, Power and Limits—GMSMA—LGCC, NYC
- 27 •Demo—VASM—Vancouver, BC

## JUNE

- 9-11 •Cruising with the Thunderbolts—T-Bolts MC, Hartford, CT
- 17 •Corporal Punishment Night—The 15—San Francisco, CA
- 24 •Demo—VASM—Vancouver, BC
- 24-25 •GAY PRIDE WEEKEND
- 28 •Bondage—GMSMA—Paddles, New York City
- 18 •Pride Night—GMSMA—New York City
- Pride Festival—NLA: Seattle—Seattle, WA

## JULY

- 8 •Annual Picnic—GMSMA—Hauska House, Pocono Mts., PA
- 15 •Bondage Night—The 15—San Francisco, CA
- 22 •MR. B.C. DRUMMER CONTEST—VASM—M's T's Cabaret, Vancouver, BC

## AUGUST

- 19 •Spanking Night—The 15—San Francisco, CA
- 26 •Demo—VASM—Vancouver, BC

## SEPTEMBER

- 16 •Branding—The 15—San Francisco, CA
- 23 •Demo—VASM—Vancouver, BC

## OCTOBER

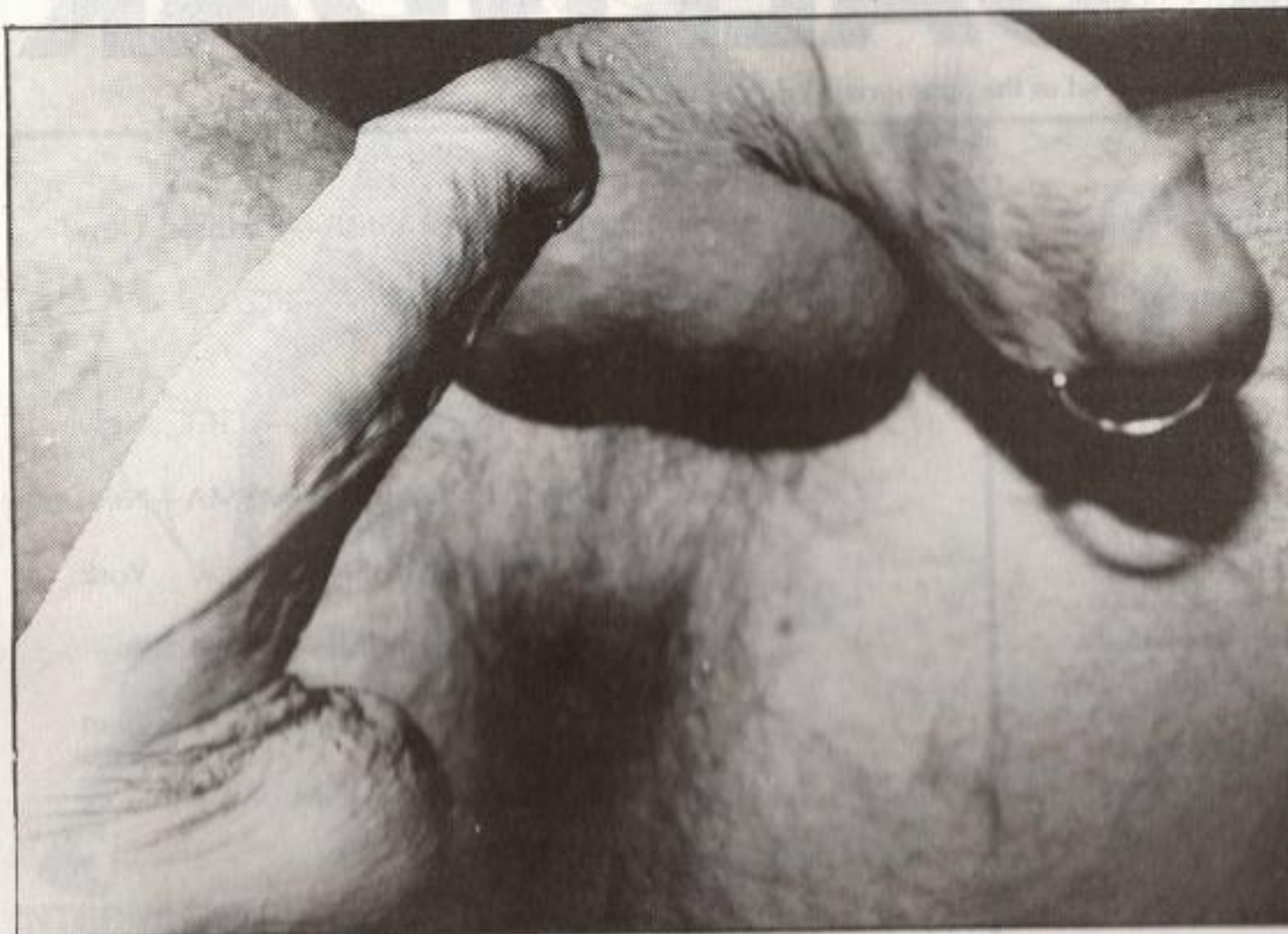
- 21 •Cock, Ball & Tit torture Night—The 15—San Francisco

## NOVEMBER

- 18 •Mad Doctor Party—The 15—San Francisco, CA



# TOUGH CUSTOMERS



## HIS CAVITY NEEDS FILLING TC1335

"I consider the dominant/submissive relationship to be the ultimate romance. I'm uninhibited and will try anything!" So claims TC 1335, a smooth blond Bay Area beauty with multiple piercings. "My butt picture shows me crying out to be filled by a masculine, together guy." Answer his cry in the dark by writing TC 1335.



## AND THE MEAT GOES ON. . . AND ON

Send your descriptive letters and explicit photos to TC 1336 if you're attracted to men, not boys and are interested in a relationship without role playing. He hails from a tiny New England state, and we suspect his dick has its own zip code! If you like it thick, write TC 1336.



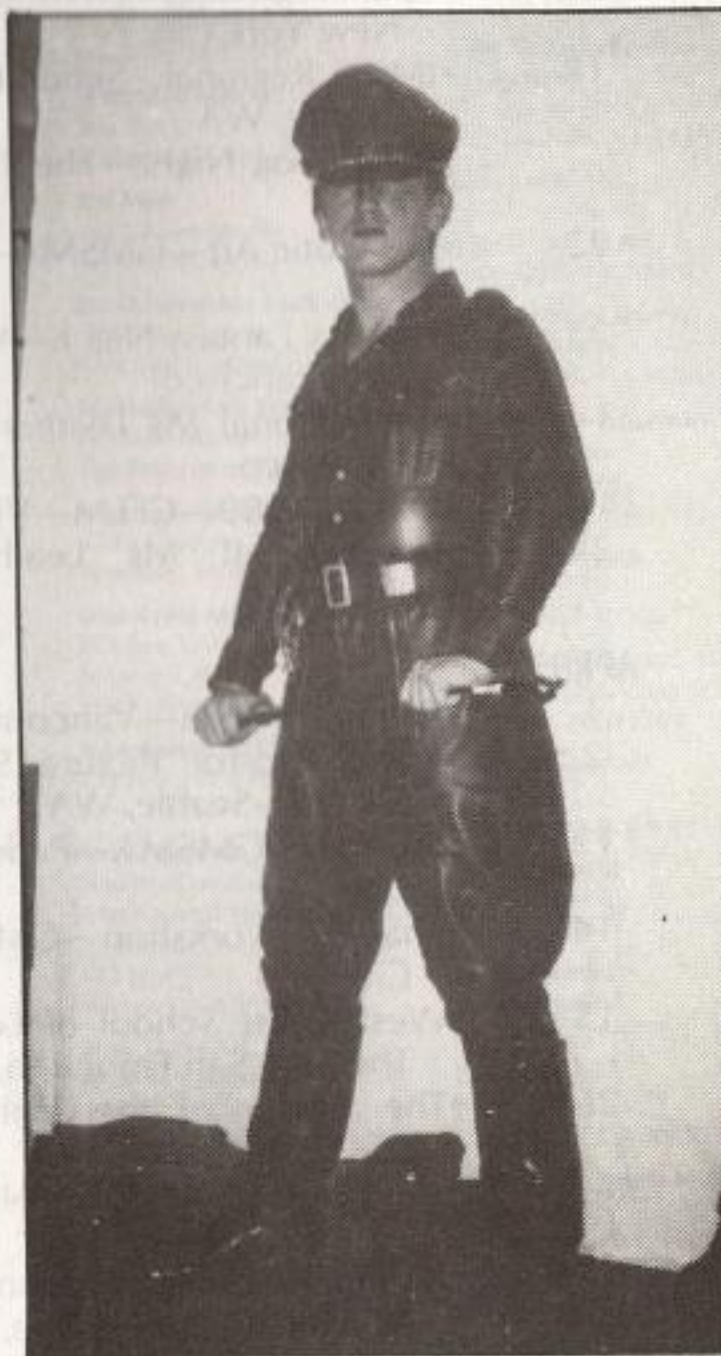
## THINK YOU'RE A HOT DRUMMERMAN? CAN'T FIND THE RIGHT STUD OR THAT PERFECT BOTTOM?

Each month we pick the hottest candid photos for Tough Customers. Send your *black and white* photos (color photos are acceptable but do not reproduce well) with your name and address *printed* on the back, state that you are of legal age, sign your name and we will assign you a confidential TC Box number. (Photos are not returnable.)

To answer a TC ad, put correspondence in an envelope, seal, apply postage and write (in pencil) the TC number on the *back flap*. Put this inside another envelope along with fifty cents for handling, and mail to Tough Customers, PO Box 11314, SF, CA 94101-1314.

## HE HAS WAYS OF MAKING YOU TALK TC 1334

TC 1334 is from West Germany, and plans to visit the US. He seeks submissive slaves on both coasts who will serve him as guides (and who knows what else!) during his stay. Only serious slaves with nice asses for his whip need apply to TC 1334.





# Twenty Questions

Mail to: **Drummer Questionnaire**  
**Post Office Box 11314**  
**San Francisco, CA 94101-1314**

At **Drummer**, we're well aware that our magazine is read by a wide variety of individuals who collectively have a broad spectrum of interests and tastes. If there's one thing that's probably true of **all our readers**, we suspect it's that you all **have opinions on how the magazine can be improved**.

This is a survey which, we hope, will be a convenient way for you to express those opinions and let us know what you like and dislike about **Drummer**. Whether you've got a beef or a bouquet, here's your chance to get it off your chest.

**Please** take a few minutes to complete this questionnaire and drop it in the mail. You'll be helping us to bring you an even better magazine, a magazine which more closely reflects the desires of our readers. Thank you for your participation!

1. Please list the first three digits of your zip code:

\_\_\_\_ \_

2. What is your age? ☐ 21 to 30 ☐ 31 to 40 ☐ 41 to 50 ☐ 51 to 65 ☐ Over 65

3. Do you receive **Drummer** by: ☐ Mail on a subscription basis? ☐ Purchasing single copies at your local newsstand?  
☐ Borrowing a friend's copy?

4. Local newsstand where **Drummer** is NOT available but you would like to see **Drummer** there.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Address \_\_\_\_\_

5. If you are not a subscriber and buy **Drummer** at a newsstand, approximately how many issues do you buy in a year?

☐ 3 or fewer ☐ 4 to 6 ☐ 6 to 9 ☐ 10 to 12

6. What influences you to decide to buy a particular issue?

☐ The Cover ☐ The Fiction ☐ The Interior photo spreads ☐ Fetish or other theme

☐ Other (please list) \_\_\_\_\_

7. How many people ordinarily read your copy of **Drummer**? (Circle one) 1 2 3 4 5 More? \_\_\_\_\_

8. Please circle the publications you read frequently. Underline those you read only occasionally.

Sample Drummer Mach

Advocate Men	Advocate	Bear	Bound and Gagged	Christopher Street	DungeonMaster				
First Hand	FQ	Honcho	In Touch	Inches	Jock	Leather Journal	Mach	Mandate	
Manifest Reader	Manscape	Mr. SM	New York Native	On Our Backs	Playgirl	Playguy			
RFD	Sandmutopia	Guardian	Stallion	Stars	Stroke	Swan	T.R.A.S.H.	Torso	Toy

Local Gay Publications Other (please list and include address if available)

Publication \_\_\_\_\_ Publication \_\_\_\_\_



9. For the following features in **Drummer**, please mark an "A" if you ALWAYS read it, "S" if you SOMETIMES read it, or "N" if you NEVER read it. Circle the one you read first..

☐ MaleCall    ☐ Ties That Bind    ☐ Fiction    ☐ Leather Notebook    ☐ Tough Customers  
☐ Off The Top    ☐ Dear Sir Personals    ☐ Drummedia    ☐ Leather Bulletin Board    ☐ Drum

10. How do you feel generally about the fiction published in **Drummer**? EXPLAIN

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

11. Do you generally prefer: ☐ Photography or ☐ Artwork ; ☐ Fiction or ☐ Non-Fiction

12. What was your favorite piece of fiction published in **Drummer** during the past year?

\_\_\_\_\_

13. Which **Drummer** covers were your favorites in the past year? Issue numbers

14. Which **Drummer** Model/Photo Spread was your favorite in the past year?

Issue Number  Model name or name of photo spread

Why

15. Would you like to see more color photography in **Drummer**?

☐ Yes    ☐ No (if no, explain why)

\_\_\_\_\_

16. Have you ever made any purchases from our advertising pages? If so, have your experiences been favorable?

☐ Yes    ☐ No    EXPLAIN

\_\_\_\_\_

17. Have you placed a personal ad in the past year in **Drummer** or DungeonMaster? ☐ Yes    ☐ No  
Elsewhere? ☐ Yes    ☐ No

In what publication(s)?

18. Have you responded to a personal ad in the past year in **Drummer** or DungeonMaster? ☐ Yes    ☐ No  
Elsewhere? ☐ Yes    ☐ No

In what publication(s)?

19. What would you like to see more of in **Drummer**?

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

20. What would you like to see less of?

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# CUMMING UP DRUMMER

ISSUE 126

A stiff-dicked salute to motorcycles and the men who ride them!



photos by Jim Wigler

## WE LOVE A MAN ON A MOTORBIKE!

From the lens of Jim Wigler, we'll bring you hot and sweaty color photos of International Mr. Leather 1983, Coulter Thomas, astride a gleaming Harley, slowly stripping out of his biker's leathers to reveal his cock—for the first time in publishing history! If blonds or bikers—or both—press your buttons, you won't want to miss this!

## So who the fuck IS Max Bear?

From the dripping pen of Robert Roberts (AKA the infamous tattoo artist, Mad Dog) comes a unique party animal who's definitely hotter than the average bear!



PLUS pud-pounding fiction from Jack Ricardo, Hoddy Allen and David May, a special selection of Biker Tough Customers, and lots more to pop your load and race your motor!

Longtime DM columnist and contributor T.A. Feldwebel assumes the editor's helm from Tony DeBlase, who, as this photo attests, has his hands full of electrified pornstar J.D. Slater. Look for more of the same from the "Popular Mechanics" of the Dungeon: straight-forward, authoritative S/M techniques and information.

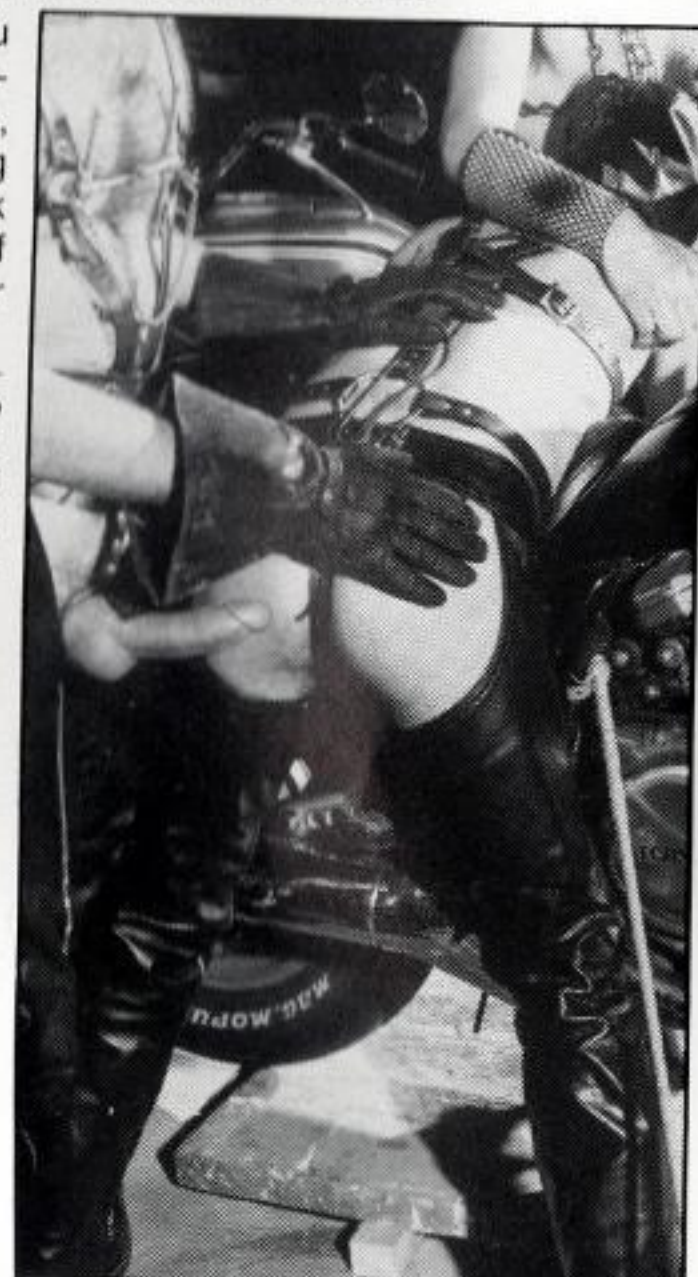
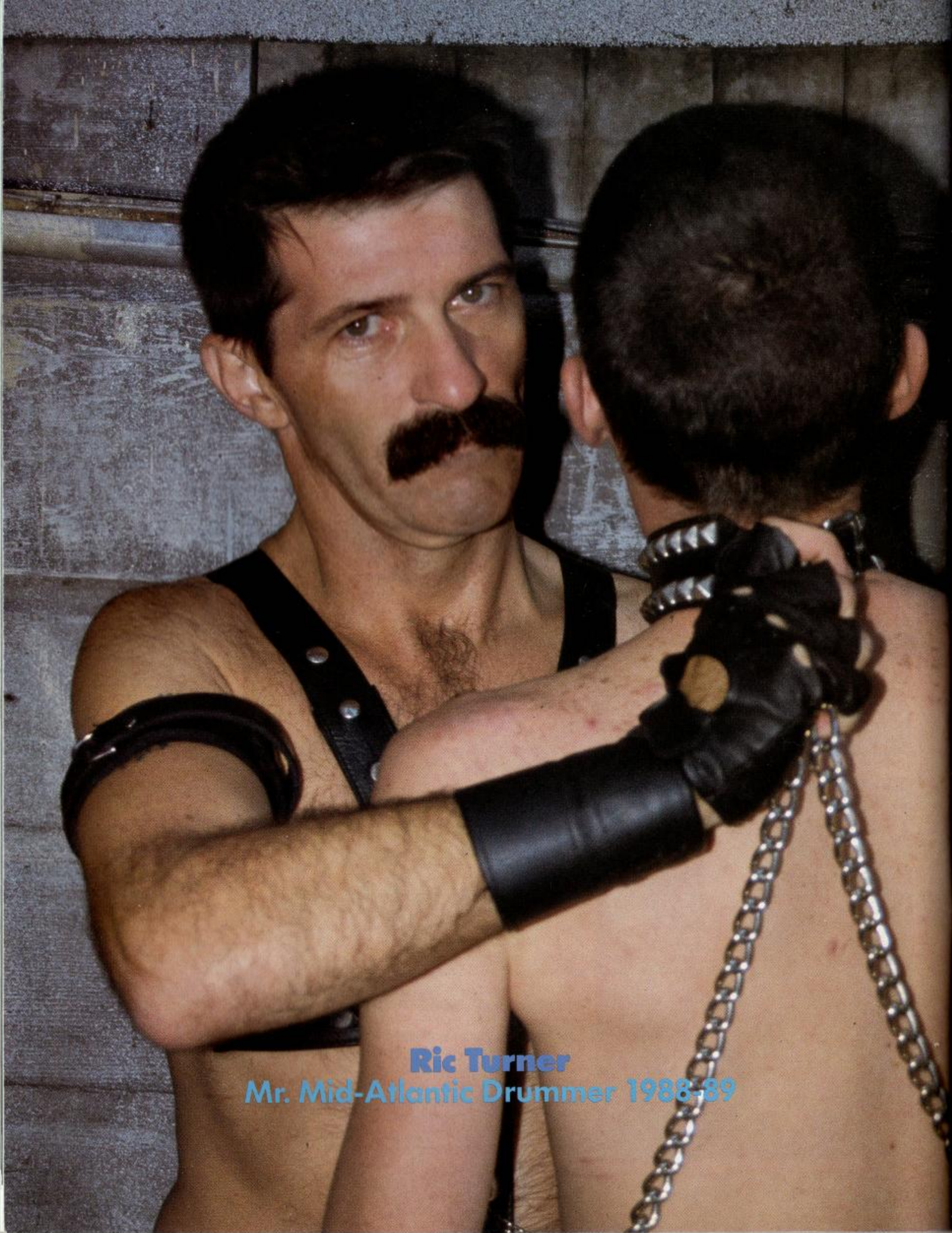


photo by John P. Kenny







**Ric Turner**  
Mr. Mid-Atlantic Drummer 1988-89